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FROM CLOUDLAND.

The New Year opens with a promise of enduring peace, founded on a stable world-order based on equitable settlements, and a new covenant binding on all the nations of the world, great and small. As the individual submits all disputes to a set of laws, so are all the nations expected to abandon arbitration by war and submit to an International Law to be framed by the consent of all the great nations. It seems as if the days of aggrandisement and conquest are gone, and humanity is coming to recognise that real prosperity and perpetual peace rests in the peace and prosperity of mankind. The war has brought home to the powerful nations of the world that might is not right, and diplomatic balancing of power only leads to competition in peace and war. Nearly twenty hundred years ago Jesus Christ preached peace "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another." Man failed to follow this teaching and is, today, as far from the kingdom of Heaven, which is his *heritage*

on earth, as he was two thousand years ago. Has the war in four short years brought the lesson home? Who can say?

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The statesmen of great countries throughout the war proclaimed the new ideal of International Peace. Mr. Lloyd George and President Wilson have spoken in an unmistakable language. Even that hard-headed individual, the man of the world has not yet begun to scoff at the idea. President Wilson has been personally conferring with the statesmen of the associated powers, and Reuter has announced that there is no serious difference as to rebuilding a new world on the foundations of justice and freedom. The Peace Conference, therefore, will meet with large principles definitely defined. It will mean a great advance towards human happiness if the ideals can be even partially realised. Human nature remains much the same, and claims of self and nationalities have not lost in power. The inner change, the conversion of the heart from paths of self assertion to paths of renunciation and love, can only take place slowly. The promise of a golden age is distant and uncertain, but in the words of "The Times", "we can prove that we have borne the sword of God only if we hold the scales of His Justice."

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Will militarism die with the signing of peace? "Nay, rightly considered, what is your whole military and police establishment, charged at uncalculated millions, but a huge scarlet-coloured, iron-fastened Apron, wherein society works (uneasily enough); guarding itself from some soil and stithy-sparks, in this Devil's

smithy of a world?" said Carlyle years ago. A war cannot end war, a cause defended by the sword and determined by the sword becomes iron souled, almost beyond the possibilities of reconciliation and love. The moods of the moment will pass, the past will assert itself and perhaps before the Peace Conference dissolves, there will be sparks flying about and munitions workers busy with charging the magazine with dry powder. Victory has not changed her well-known terms. There is a danger that the austere determination to right all wrongs, to undo by self-renunciation the crimes and follies of self-assertion, and to lay the foundations of a nobler human policy may become the topic of an immense and confusing debate which may swallow up the issues and trip the nation unawares into old moods again.

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Hitopadesa defines the old Indian ways of making peace. "I am come to conclude peace, not to claim your kingdom. By what mode shall we conclude it?"

The Terms of Peace.

"How many modes be there?" asked King Silversides.
 "Sixteen" replied the Vulture.

"Are the alliances numbered therein?" asked the king.

"No these be four" answered the Vulture, namely, of mutual help, of friendship, of blood and of sacrifice."

"You are a great diplomatist," said the king. "Advise us which to choose."

"There is no peace like the golden *sangata* which is made between good men based on friendly feeling and preceded by the oath of truth," replied the Vulture.

"Let us make that peace," said the Goose.

"Farsight accordingly with fresh presents of robes and jewels accompanied the Goose to the camp of the Peacock king. The Raja Jewelplume gave the Goose a gracious audience, accepted his terms of peace and sent him back to the Swan king loaded with gifts and kind speeches." These were the old royal ways of ending war and concluding peace. And according to these old canons, Germany would be admitted as a fallen sister not to be despaired of, and helped to purge herself of her madness, and regain her sisterhood through repentance and reparation.

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The one great change that has come over the world is that kings and captains have departed in one long procession. The door of authority has been sounded. Democracy has stood the ordeal, while autocracy has broken under it. Democracy has come to its own. What is Democracy? It is a Government of the people for the people, by the people, say the enthusiasts, but in reality, man is like the Grasshopper, who in spite of his many leaps, still sings its old song in the long grass. France was the first to raise the banner of freedom, fraternity and equality, and, is no nearer to the ideal today. Rampant Bolshevism in Russia is seeking along the old roads the new heavens. The German Socialists will follow the same road. Discipline and renunciation are roots of freedom. It is by virtue of self-restraint, sacrifice and wisdom that individuals and nations rise to power, and it is from these that Demos seeks freedom. The individual must learn conscious self-restraint, and discipline, and self-renunciation.

for larger national interests before democracy can become really fruitful. The democratic leaders must have authority, and use it too, and the people who have shaken off authority cannot see the need for obedience, hence disorder and misrule. The meaning of consecrated service, working without any desire for fruit is the ideal which Krishna preached in the battlefields of Kurukshetra. The Kshatriya was supposed to carry his bow in order that distress might not exist upon earth. The ruling classes must recognise their duty to their weaker brethren, and the Demos must learn to govern itself, before ideals of democracy can be realised.

“ Since little states annoy big states, when they can do so with impunity, and since big states plunder little states if the exertion does not promise to cost them too much trouble, since humanity is this kind of humanity, common sense has

**If You Wish For
Peace Prepare
For Peace.**

invented the maxim “ If you wish for peace, prepare for war.” The Roman Empire established its famous peace by making itself formidable, and the condition of military preparedness in India is the best possible discouragement of aggression upon the frontiers. So also it was in modern Europe. The fact that every nation in the European *comity* was armed to the teeth, and that war whenever it broke out would be extravagantly costly in lives and treasure to all participators in it, was regarded as the best guarantee that peace would be preserved. The Great War came, the best possible guarantee was found to be insufficient, and in her present mood Europe seems to have discarded her ancient maxim in favour of another one. “ If you wish for

peace, prepare for peace." This is the revised common sense which is expressing itself in the proposal for a League of Nations, and in Mr. Lloyd George's announcement that it is desirable at the Peace Conference to strive for the abolition of Conscription throughout Europe. When Great Powers are all but equal in strength and there is no bond between them, preparations for war can lead to nothing but war. Conscription in one country imposes conscription in all, and mutual fear and suspicion are the directest road to mortal conflict. Hence, if the peace is to be preserved, conscription must be abandoned, and if conscription is to be abandoned there must be a League of Nation, not for the sake of a defensive alliance but for the sake of peace. Hence Europe, with the participation of the United States, is perhaps upon the eve of a new departure in the preparations against war. May it be so.

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England has not remained unchanged, nor has India.

**The Change in
England.**

We have emerged out of the war with changed values. We cannot remain as we were. The Parliament that ruled England and India has changed.

A new franchise bill has increased the labour vote, and women for the first time are to take their seats in Parliament. The old ruling classes retain their hold and will perhaps continue their influence for a few years longer. But here again Demos is going stronger with new demands of fixed hours of work and minimum wages and avowed impatience of capitalist control. The labour is organised, and expects not only to rule England, but the Empire. If we seek the Kingdom of Heaven and its righteousness, then, we may wait in full faith that all other things will be

added unto us, otherwise we must take a clear measure of the new forces now at work, and provide for the future. Europe, in fact the whole world, is in the grip of social forces far more powerful than any war that has ever disturbed the world.

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**The Change in
India.**

India has changed and will change rapidly. Both Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Asquith have promised the fulfilment of the pledges given in the historic pronouncement. The change which is visible in the cities is about to invade the villages, and with it will disappear the historic contentment of the East. Men will no longer be satisfied to live and let live and seek salvation in the end of desire. They will be driven by desire to their doom and explore hills and mountains in their search of gold. I am growing old I suppose, and the past is acquiring a charm. The old Indian social arrangement with its defined duties for all classes seems to have been well ordained. It has been declared by a great teacher that ease leads to disease, and disease is an attempt to cure. Perhaps India was steeped in sloth and has to find her soul like other nations of the world through stress and storm. Times are changing, and with them old India. Will India retain in the new times some of her old world loyalty reverence and grace? The odds are against her. Indian thought and culture play no part in the new education.

**The Need for
Reform.**

There can be no doubt that the changed outlook in India calls for a corresponding change in her Government. The millions, for whom officials profess such love and affection, can only be helped, if they learn to help themselves. The new and enlarged councils

as first steps towards responsible government will give them these opportunities. They will no more be like dumb driven cattle in the Empire where labour is acquiring predominant voice, but men with men's tasks and men's duties. They must learn to become arbiters of their own fate, and there is no better school than the school of experience which the Reform Scheme provides. In a new world, India cannot be ruled by the old machine, the driving force has changed. India, too, must have a modern machine of Government with representative Government responsible to the people.

The truest patriotism is not that of the talker, but of the worker, and the best kind of work for one's country may have nothing to do with politics, but be that which is best for the whole of mankind. Some such thoughts as these must have been revolving in the mind of Pasteur, whom many Frenchmen esteem as the greatest French man who ever lived, when after the downfall of France in 1870—1871, he applied himself with the explicit intentions of doing his best for the restoration of his native country to her position among the foremost nations of the world. He had been rejected for the army for medical reasons: nothing was possible for him, therefore, except to serve his country, even while the war was going on, the same way as he had been appointed by his natural faculties to the service of the world. He would manifest his patriotism, so he said to himself, by applying himself without counting the cost in personal hardship, to the study of microbes, "*Laboremus*." "Let us work", he said to himself when difficulties placed apparently insuperable obstacles

in his way, when his strength flagged, when his experiments failed, when the sense of strain threatened to be too much for him. One of the results has been the Pasteur Institute in India, which has redeemed us all from the fear of hydrophobia. Another result was that the leadership in one of the most important branches of science passed questionably to France, and she shone again notwithstanding her defeat at the head of the European nations. Is there not food for thought here for young Indian patriots? Can't they set to work in new fields and discover new magic words to open the gates of hidden treasures of nature's?

Sir Harcourt Butler has a way of going to the heart of things. He has imagination and vision, and is not afraid of betraying his great gifts. He takes no pain to conceal, that to him the Indian problem is a human problem to be approached in the same spirit as in any other country, this is the secret of his success, and the secret of the failure of some of his compeers, who though no less gifted, are afraid to make use of their gifts. They yield submission to the current creed, forgetting that in human affairs victorious thought is always making and unmaking forms, and old creeds die with the old times. Nature is always renewing itself. Shiva is destroying and re-creating and re-vivifying the incommunicable thrill of things. Sir Harcourt Butler is thrilled with the Imperial idea, and is communicating his enthusiasm to others. In Burma a committee investigated the whole question and in his speech at the Muir Central College he spoke again of the

Imperial idea with enthusiasm. "The British Empire," he said "did not rest on the idea of forcing peoples into one mould but in developing them into fuller and greater nationhood on the basis of Self Government and freedom," and he confessed that his imagination was powerfully affected at the thought that "the two great streams of Aryan civilization which parted in the mist of ancient history, should meet once more in this land and should enlist in one great Imperial effort, all that was best and most enduring in ancient culture and modern progress." Indeed it has been something of a faith with me that God has brought East and West together for a great and mysterious purpose, and in their unity will be found the true path to a golden age of which great minds have dreamed in all ages, and not dreamed in vain. It is only in the right understanding of the potentiality, and the importance of Imperial India, that paths of mutual understanding can be discovered, and links of unity permanently established and strengthened. Both rulers and the ruled must feel the thrill of the thing together, to be united in a common cause of making the world a better place for mankind.

Sir Harcourt Butler again struck the right note when he said, "The revolt of modern man
Amusements. was largely a revolt against the dullness of his life and surroundings, and very large issues in the future depended on whether they in India could brighten the lives of the people by devoting greater attention to the recreation and amusements of the people." The dreary dullness of Indian life is now only relieved by politics. Twenty years ago the villagers in the Punjab played under moonlit skies, and danced and

sang in spite of their many needs. There were wrestling matches every week, and the young and the old enjoyed the contests. The wandering musicians sang their songs of joy and sorrow. The well-to-do people had their nautch parties, their jesters and their story tellers. The sound of laughter and song was never absent. All that is gone now. There is more money in the country but there is much less enjoyment. India will be twenty times happier and less discontented if amusements and recreations could be revived, and laughter and song re-admitted into the lives of the people.

Sir Harcourt Butler's freedom from accepted dogmas of administration gives one hope for large policies of permanent good, Five years are much too short, and the questions of the moment often crowd out the more enduring and important questions affecting the permanent good of the province. Will Sir Harcourt Butler take up the Land Revenue question and place it on a higher level? Will he give the land some rest and allow all the districts to reach a common level? Will he discover new sources of Revenue by substituting export duties on grain instead of depending on Revisions of Land Settlement? Will he take up the Education problem and found a few model village and high schools, in which eastern and western culture co-mingle, inspired by a dominant Imperial idea? Will he raise the standard of education by providing foundation of good education in the villages, and making these schools complete, and teaching English from the very beginning, will he help the villages by greater attention to communications, and introducing standard weights and measures? Will he help the

**The work Before
Him.**

local Self Government by founding Local Government Board composed of men who know, and who are anxious to help the Local Boards? Will he help the landlords by founding a Liquidation of Land Bank and a Club which may bring the Taluqdars together and inspire them with common aims and objects? Man cannot live without bread, and nor with bread alone. Will he organise a National Industrial Trust and bring officials and non-officials together for the organisation of industries? The work before him is immense and yet he has always been known to tackle new problems and work for finer issues.

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To find the Western path,
 Right through the Gates of Wrath
 I urge my way,
 Sweet mercy leads me on
 With soft repentant moan,
 I see the break of day,

A New Day.

The war of swords and spears,
 Melted by dewy tears,
 Exhales on high,
 The sun is freed from fears,
 And with soft grateful tears
 Ascends the sky.

“WILLIAM BLAKE.”

THE MORAL ISSUES OF VICTORY FOR MANKIND.

"It is because we feel that this struggle goes down to the foundations of human government that we shall continue to the end." Lt.-Genl. J. C. Smuts.

NOW that the end of the war has come upon us with startling and dramatic suddenness, it behoves us to think, not merely of the ideals for which we have fought for four long years, but also of the consequence to mankind which the triumph of those ideals will necessarily entail. It was remarked by a thoughtful observer that scarcely less important than the material assistance which America brought into the war on the side of the allies was the moral effect exerted by the particular manner of her entrance into the struggle. At a time when the self-governing nations of the west were fighting their hardest against the forces of the autocracy, the United States, by inviting the opposing camps to formulate the ideals for which they were battling, helped the Allies to lift their heads, as it were, above the bloody mark of the death-grapple, and to fix their gaze upon the heights towards which they were painfully forcing their way.

Throughout all the dark days of the World-War, the heartening influence of the ideas for which the Allies have fought was never more marked than in the few months prior to the entrance of America. These ideals once definitely formulated the real issues at stake, for humanity could never again be obscured. The intervention of America, when at length it came, represented the deliberate decision of a great nation which, after the most meticulous examination of the quarrel between opposing ideals, had decided to throw its entire weight, moral and material, into the scales on the side where it was convinced that justice was to be found.

The importance of this decision can scarcely be exaggerated. It showed beyond doubt that the issues of the struggle were moral and not material, and those of a type which affected intimately the future of mankind as a whole. If we seek to analyse these issues, we shall find that they all depend ultimately upon a basic idea of *security*. We have heard reiterated time and time again President Wilson's statement that the war was being waged to make the world "safe for democracy," but few of us have paused to analyse the exact implication of that statement. It is generally taken to mean that the future of democratic institutions in government depended entirely upon the success of the present struggle against autocracy: that democratic government which seemed destined at one time to become the universal government of the future had found itself compelled to pause in mid-career and fight a life and death struggle with forces which threatened it with annihilation. But to confine the meaning of Dr. Wilson's phrase to such conceptions as these is surely to

narrow unduly its content. The President was not thinking so much of particular forms of government, of representative assemblies, of electoral machinery, of republican sentiments, as of the spirit which was in future to animate those forms of government, whatever might be the particular guise which circumstances should lead them to assume. This spirit was to be characterised by the predominance of the will of the governed quite irrespective of the particular institutions by which that will was to make itself known. As in Aristotle's conception, the spirit which animated the state transcended and transmuted the outward forms of government, whatever they might be, so in Dr. Wilson's idea, also, it is the spirit which matters. And the security of this spirit from violent interference from without, from violent impulses in directions whither it would not proceed, from violent compulsion to manifest itself otherwise than in the form which it chooses to adopt, is the security for which we have been fighting in the present war, the security which victory has assured to mankind.

At the beginning of the war this security, which is the idea underlying the much-abused word self-determination, was essentially threatened by what we have agreed to call *Kultur*, the doctrine of unrestricted Statesupremacy directed towards unlimited State aggrandisement at the expense of other nations. The doctrine of *Kultur*, is in its implications essentially anti-national, since it sets no store by the sanctity of natural rights when they come into conflict with it. It is essentially bellicose, since only by warfare, open or covert, can the State secure its own advancement at the expense of others. It is essentially opposed to World harmony, to amicable understandings, to international

co-operation, since only by securing the ruin of these things can it achieve its own ends. None the less, paradoxical as it may seem, the doctrine of *Kultur* has proved itself to be pregnant with good for humanity at large. The future historian will assuredly count it as one of the most potent influences which have contributed to the birth of the new world at which we are ourselves this moment assisting.

It is hardly necessary to explain that the beneficent influence exerted by the doctrine of *Kultur* has taken the form of a reaction. Prior to the outbreak of the present struggle, Western civilisation's leading characteristic was the organisation of the nations for warfare on a large scale: not necessarily warfare of the kind which is waged upon the field of battle, but warfare of the council-chamber, of the counting-house, of the factory. The spirit of nationality had become synonymous with this spirit of organisation for warfare, and the whole political and economic condition of Western Europe was such as to make the ultimate outbreak of a World-convulsion inevitable. Now it is not always realised that in its essence, the doctrine of *Kultur* is but the logical deduction from the principles upon which this spirit of national organisation for warfare ultimately depended. It was merely the most complete and the fullest expression of the *Zeitgeist* of the West. Hence it has followed that the exposure of the innermost implications of *Kultur*, the rending off of the seemly mask which concealed the hideous ape-face beneath, has involved far more than the mere discrediting of the doctrine of *Kultur* itself: it has also implied the discrediting of the entire spirit which for the last half century has shaped and moulded the outward manifestations of Western civilisation. We may perhaps make clearer our meaning by the use of

a metaphor. Before the war, Europe was in the position of a man pursuing a path plainly marked out before him, suddenly called upon to summon his utmost energies to defend himself from the attacks of a footpad. In the course of the struggle, the assailant's mask is displaced, when the traveller recognises, with a shock of surprise, that the robber is his own brother, degraded and brutalised by long sojourn in the wilderness towards which the path he is himself pursuing straightway leads. His encounter with the adversary has thus been providential, for it has shown him the danger of the course he is following. But for the desperate struggle which has left him maimed and weakened, he too would have undergone the brutalising influence which has changed his brother from a man to a beast.

Like our imaginary traveller, Europe has been awakened by agony to an intimate perception of the dangers attending the course of development so steadily pursued before the War. Western civilisation is now awake to the realities of life, and has cast aside the folds which hampered its vision. Compelled by the menace to their very existence, the free nations of the World have cast down the thorn-hedges which formerly divided them from their neighbours—those thorn-hedges upon which they blindly imagined their national security to depend—and have thrown their resources unreservedly into a common fund for the preservation of what they now know to be the essential foundations of their being. As a writer in the "Daily Chronicle" recently remarked: "In order to defeat the mighty engine of Kaiserism the free nations of the earth have been driven into, first, a union of their military strength, and, second, a union of their economic power." This pooling of resources, however, has represented only the material side

of the break with the older spirit of national organisation for warfare. Much more important for the future of the world is the moral side. Under the necessity of sustaining the crushing onset of Prussianism and autocracy, the free nations have passed through the furnace of God, and have emerged welded into a unity which is something new in the history of the world. National ambitions, national rivalries, national selfishnesses, have been so far purged by the fiery ordeal that the League of Nations has passed beyond the boundaries of the dreamer's Utopia, and has entered the finite horizon of the practical statesman. The spirit of national organisation for warfare has vanished, and in its place has grown up a spirit of international comradeship, of international co-operation, which is as different from the older "cordial understandings" between nations as the state of energy is from the state of rest. It is something active, and not passive: it is benevolent in deed and not in will alone: it is full of promise for the future of the world. Let us take a specific example. It must be obvious to all that at the present moment Great Britain and America are enormously superior in point of view of material resources to any other nations in the world. In the face of the food shortage with which mankind is menaced owing to four years of devastating warfare these two nations, so far from using their strength to secure their own national advantage, are joining hand in hand in a policy of pure altruism. Controlling as they do, directly or indirectly, the greatest proportion of the food supplies and the raw materials of the world, they have none the less agreed to contribute their great resources to the common stock. "Food is to be rationed, and raw materials are to be rationed. America and England will

get their share and no more: the least of the little nations will be provisioned and cared for by the mightiest."

It is thus a new world into which we are passing, a world made safe, indeed, for the prevalence of the will of the people, for all that is essential to the conception of democracy. But this safety is not the safety of isolation, the safety of the ring-fence, the safety of sterilisation. It is something active and vigorous, something positive rather than negative. As Lord Robert Cecil recently said: "Our aim must be a comprehensive arrangement of liberal intercourse with all the members of the association, by which each one of us, while preserving his own national security, may contribute to meet the needs and aid in the development of his fellow members." Just as in the old Greek state of the "Father of Politics," there was to be provided an atmosphere, mental, moral, and material in which the individual might achieve the highest development of which he was capable, might find a field which would engross his finest energies, and satisfy completely his noblest aspirations; so in the new form of the League of Nations is this uplifting conception carried into the international sphere. Within the wide and generous boundaries of the League each people, like Aristotle's good citizen, may find freedom to develop the genius which best represents its contribution to the sum total of human achievement, sure, not merely that there will be no hindrance to the process from the selfish ambitions of its neighbours, but sure also that its way will be smoothed and its progress hastened by the comradeships and co-operation of its fellow members.

"Selfishness has been weighed in the balance and found wanting. The rivalry of nations has been suffered until it

has burnt down the house of life. Henceforth men will discover a new way. The greatest of nations will be that nation which is servant of all. The greatest of statesmen will be that statesman who ensures the prosperity of the whole world."

This, in its essence, is the chief of the moral issues of victory for mankind.

L. P. RUSHBROOK WILLIAMS.

Delhi.

IMPERIAL FELLOWSHIP.

PART of an electric train, plying between central and outer London, managed by some mishap to run off the rails. Large numbers of passengers, alighting near an important junction, discovered, to their dismay, that, since the line was blocked, they were unable in the customary way to proceed homeward. An Englishman, anxious and perplexed, asked advice of an Indian. The latter replied instantly and to excellent effect; "you say, sir, you wish to go to Wimbledon Park, so do I. If you will accompany me, I guarantee to conduct you by the best and quickest route." The Indian traveller proved himself aware of the movements of tram-cars and motor-buses, their distinctive numbers, destinations and prices; of which information his interrogator, native though he was, was bound to acknowledge deplorable ignorance on his own part. He, holding a season ticket on the "Underground," had never had occasion to go to or return from town by any other conveyance. Here, assuredly, is an apt and true, if casual, illustration of the convenience and utility of Imperial Fellowship. Both men were delighted; he who required assistance and he who rendered it. The subtle yet strong thread of sympathy drew them together,

A letter to the present writer from an officer in the British Army may be quoted as a second illustration. "When I was stationed in India during the latter part of 1913, it was my pleasure to meet and befriend a Yogi of no mean order or ability. I did not know how soon I was destined to have the compliment returned to me in full and with interest. The matter I will relate to you. One afternoon, as I was strolling on the verandah of my bungalow, my friend came round with his bowl accompanied by a disciple or assistant. I was very much struck by his beautiful appearance, and the splendid look of intelligence which he bore stamped upon his features. He never spoke to any one at all with one exception, and that to me, as follows. It so happened that one of my men would have pushed him and his bowl away. I saw this and, happily, I was able to prevent the action. I said, a moment ago, the Yogi spoke, yes, with his beautiful eyes. If I live to be a hundred I shall never forget that look. It thanked me more than words can tell. However, the incident passed and was nearly forgotten, when, walking along in the bazaar one evening, I met my friend once more. Now, I was rather surprised and, putting my hand in my pocket, I drew out all the money I possessed. At first I thought I would pass him by. Then I thought again that I would give him a couple of pice. The feeling of meanness which stole over me I shall always remember. However, I gave him all that I had and I have often wished it had been more. Now, the chief part of my story lies in this; I had for some time been struggling with one or two problems of nature which no one outside myself knew, as I supposed. Imagine my surprise when the Yogi said to me in perfect English

"You don't understand, Sahib." I was startled at this and rather afraid. However, I stood my ground, but a greater surprise was in store for me and one which taught me not to play at trifles. He lifted his hand and touched my forehead just between the eyes. I felt as if my body had been filled with air; as if I had no cares or worries. The problems I had been studying answered themselves. I could tell you of much he taught me afterwards, but space does not permit of it. Nothing could efface his memory or his influence. It was his delightful talks that charmed me. My only regret is that I never enquired his name. I studied many practices with him."

Sympathy, subtly-strong, sublime in reach and in result. Writing of Saint Veronica in "The Path of Eternal Wisdom," John Cordelier remarks that she "because of her simple and pitiful love received the Divine Image easily, naturally almost. She offered a humble service to the suffering man and ever afterwards there dwelt with her the features of the loving God. As we go up and down the world, meet its pain, its weakness and its holiness, that Image awaits our first self-forgetting act of ministry. It awaits Science toiling in the laboratory; Art striving to give beauty to its brethren and save their souls by this infusion of reality. In and through the struggling world, the Triune God of Goodness, Truth and Beauty treads the way. He is served and discovered in each act of service rendered to that world, since He is its very substance, Life of its life, and there is no existence out of Him".

The sacred story of Veronica; and, let it be remembered there are sacred stories in the West as well as in the East; states that when Jesus of Nazareth, bearing his heavy

cross, toiled towards his Calvary, this sympathising woman beheld perspiration streaming down his face. Her soul suffered with his soul. Filled with desire to aid the convict in his agony, regardless of the malignant crowd and the callous soldiers, she wiped the dew of torment from that visage which was "marred more than any man's." To her astonishment and veneration, a portrait of Jesus the Chirst impressed itself ineffaceably upon her handkerchief. The lowly offering became a symbol of divine humanity and of the inalienable unity by which all creation is connected and maintained. Here again the subtle strong thread of sympathy drew two persons together notwithstanding, or because of, the strangeness of circumstance.

We have often been compelled to acknowledge the fine significance of words. Sometimes, it is true, "words divide and rend," sometimes, it is alleged, words serve the purpose of concealing thought. Yet each word of each language, accepted at its normal value, has a direct and certain meaning. It is fully possible, however, for some word, though very frequently employed, to lose part or even all of its worth and weight by means of misunderstanding wrought by carelessness or by untutored misconception. Since "sympathy" is and must be the cementing bond of Imperial Fellowship, we may for a brief space take that word as an example. Some Oriental acquaintances of ours have assured us that "sympathy"—the word—is not indeed generally apprehended in its completeness by other than Western intelligences. It is asserted that "sympathy" conveys some idea of condescension and of patronage. That conception should, with all care and all insistence, be

replaced by exactitude. Our dictionaries are commendably clear on this point, even when the description employed is not always notable for elegance of expression. "Sympathy", we learn, "is a feeling corresponding to that which another person feels; a feeling that enables a person to enter into and share in another's feelings." The position may be fairly formulated by the phrase, "Put yourself in his place." Think, in so far as possibility permits, as he thinks, and let adequate action follow thought. If, thus, "you" and "he" exemplify this principle, sympathy sets itself in motion and fellowship becomes an accomplished fact.

The extreme importance, the peerless beauty, of sympathy experienced and practised, was accentuated by William Morris;—

"Forsooth, brothers, fellowship is heaven and lack of fellowship is hell: fellowship is life, and lack of fellowship is death."

We perceive, then, that the connecting link of sympathy is the very certain hope and substance of Imperial Fellowship since, as Joseph Mazzini declared, "You are one in the law that governs you, and one in the goal that you are destined to attain."

Thinkers, poets, philosophers, men of action,— is not action realised thought?—, combine in upholding the standard we unfurl. *The Student in Arms*, by Donald Hankey, hero in life and in death, participator in the crucifixion compelled by the Empire's present agony, was gazing with loving eyes upon the royal standard of sympathy when he wrote, "Friendship" (fellowship) makes a man human; religion begins to make him divine." The context of that

phrase should, also, be read, because it applies to the great majority of our Imperial brethren whether of Bharata or Britain; "The typical Englishman hates heroics. If he has done a fine action, the last thing that he wants is for the fact to be exploited, advertised. It is not exactly modesty that prompts his instinct for reticence. He knows that the beauty of a fine action is like the bloom of the wild flower, elusive, mystical. To have a wide horizon is to inherit the earth. With a narrow horizon a man cannot be a sound thinker."

Private, sergeant and lieutenant, if we remember aright, Donald Hankey solved the secret of The Great Adventure. He narrates in a most memorable instance, how one, desperately wounded, lay in the long grass unable to move and with an unceasing pain in his left leg and arm; "The stars gazed at him imperturbably. There was no sympathy there, but only unseeing tolerance. Yet, after all, he had the advantage of them; for all his pygmy ineffectiveness, he was of finer stuff than they. At least he could feel, suffer. There was that in him which was not in them;—unless it was in everything. 'God' he whispered softly, 'God everywhere!' So, in suffering, in utter mingling with his comrades, the solution of life's riddle revealed itself to him. Though sharing with them, of all classes and conditions; though willingly bearing their burden of the day, he became "oned" with them. Their sorrow was his sorrow and their joy his splendour. He appropriated the very core of existence. His heart beat in time and tune with the pulse of all the universes. Renouncing self, he sailed on the sea of one-ness, wafted on its waves by the fair wind of unity which is the breath of God

through whose agency man recognises his hereditary right to divine sonship.

The light of life, the love that makes life, is the heritage of all men, but that heritage can only be grasped in its glory by those who cling to the family which produced them, to the land which raised them, to the empire which fosters, protects and cherishes them. "A nation stands or falls with the sanctity of its domestic ties", declared an eminent divine (F. W. Robertson). A patriot of pre-eminent distinction laid down this finely considered dictum:— "The Family and the Fatherland are like two circles drawn within a larger circle which contains them both"—(Mazzini). "Love thy father and thy mother" says the Christian ethic, and that saying is echoed and emphasised by all other great world-creeeds. Tennyson and Mazzini stood firm on the same platform. The former sang:—

Love thou thy land, with love far-brought
From out the storied Past.

The latter exiled and harrassed because of high-souled patriotism, put the matter thus:—"Country is not a mere zone of territory. The true Country is the Idea to which it gives birth; it is the thought of love, the sense of communion which unites in one all the sons of that territory." The family, the peoples, the Empire, brought together, wrought into one, by a sequence of events unforeseen by human minds, uncontrolled by human hands depends upon Imperial Fellowship in all things material and spiritual alike.

Desirous of ascertaining the view of thinkers and workers towards Imperial Fellowship, we have ventured

to recover phrases employed by well-known and cordially appreciated men. "East and West" has done much, wisely and helpfully, in the same direction. These sentences annexed *From Cloudland* (August 1917) are exactly to our purpose: "It is out of patriotism and of the love of one's own country that will finally be developed his love of and loyalty to the Empire. If he is not loyal to that which he has seen and which he knows, how can he be loyal to that large entity which he has not seen and which he can never know in its entirety"....."The essential principle which must at all costs be maintained is that the inculcation of the Imperial idea must proceed on the three-fold basis of the moral training of the individual, the encouragement of national ideals, and the promotion of loyalty to the Empire; and that of these three the second is the only foundation on which the first and third can safely rest."—(Clayton).

The meaning of Imperial Fellowship is intimate and immense. Great Britain is notably complex in its composition;—

"Saxon and Norman and Dane are we."—(Tennyson). The Royal and Imperial Idea, broad-based upon the people's will, reduces complexity to, so to speak, a common denominator; a commonalty of interest and purpose. Under its shelter rest multitudinous representatives of many races, divided otherwise by creed, custom and colour; connected by that Idea which permeates all; imperative though intangible and invisible. The very language of England, much of it "culled from the orchestras of other sounds", symbolises the component character of the British people. The make-up of that people is a *mélange*

contained and sustained by Imperial Fellowship. Nor is India one in the sense of continuity of equal descent, of community of creed or custom or even of colour. She is vast in extent. Her people are diversified as are the British.

The conscious sense of union with an Empire "on whose realm the sun never sets" relates India and Britain. Bound by Imperial Fellowship they excite the admiration of the world. Perhaps, here, we may permit ourselves to endorse with head and heart and pen a statement by our Editor in his monograph on B. M. Malabari;—"East and West must unite in the fulfilment of their common destiny. Once they both recognise that they have to work as comrades all misunderstanding will vanish, and they will hold together for weal and woe. How can India forget the gift of new thought which England has given her, and England renounce the Great Eastern Empire which is becoming slowly a part of Greater Britain? The two together will form an Empire which may eventually guarantee the peace and prosperity of both Asia and Europe.,,

That thought so succinctly, so convincingly, set forth is at once admirable and practicable. A great fact is dawning upon the sons of our Empire and is setting in motion a rill which must before long become a mighty river: the fact of federation and of unextinguishable union through federation. Near and far, each domain of the Imperial dominion, each population that exists and expands beneath the Imperial standard, will govern and adjust its internal affairs: while the larger interests of all concerned will be resolved after consideration, and by the vote, of duly elected representatives from each centre. Those who read aright the book of history that is even

now unfolding its pages cannot fail to remark that federation spells fellowship. Each people has its own record, its own inspiring past, its own persistent present, its own alluring future. Education, stability and progress depend on the correct bearing of all these truths, not only as regards each distinctive arm of the body politic, but because the welfare of the body politic itself depends upon it also. This situation, palpable, feasible, has to be faced, aimed at, accepted and realised, in order that the dream of Imperial Fellowship shall be captured and converted into actual utility.

Each member of the body has its own prescribed function. It can never gain, but always loses, in any attempt to render itself capable of fulfilling the function of another. On the other hand, each member is complementary to the rest; the body requiring and demanding the legitimate conduct of all its parts. There is no part of the Empire which cannot contribute to the common weal. India, for instance, possesses the priceless annals of all ancient civilisation and of a philosophic science whose aphorisms have wrought their way patiently yet persistently into the religious systems of the Western world, rendering the latter more flexible, more humanly divine. This has occurred since the doctrine of unity, the foundation and crown of Indian teaching and Indian life, has proved itself incontrovertible. To that same doctrine, greatly aided and abetted by Indian *savants*, material sciences have awarded their adhesion.

It matters little, if at all, that occidental modes of thought may move along one channel and oriental methods occupy another. It matters little, if at all, that occidental ways of living vary all along the line in East

and West. The thing that does matter, and that most profoundly, is the acknowledgment and approval by one people of the suitability and efficacy of the aim and purpose of the other. Thus, working together, although on apparently differing planes, both aspire to and attain the goal of the common good. In one of Emerson's notes bearing on Behaviour, he bade us remember how "between simple and noble persons there is always a quick intelligence; they recognise the talents and skills they may chance to possess." We may recall, too, that an amiable and distinguished author—was it not Viscount Morley?—held, that "Harmony of aim is the secret of the sympathetic life."

On all hands, through all perplexities, towards the only solvent of difficulties, we are unfailingly led by sympathy. Selfishness, self-seeking; these, the very antithesis of sympathy, are in, every degree, evil antagonists of fellowship, whether exhibited in the individual, a people, or the Empire composed of the people. Renunciation, a cardinal ingredient in Eastern ethics, has a rigorous role to play on the Imperial as well as on the personal or the popular stage. All should be prepared to make certain sacrifices, even painful and displeasing sacrifices, in order that liberty and freedom may be enjoyed by all. Painful and distasteful possibly, but nevertheless there is actual delight in self-repression when the participant engages in his task with the certainty of sustaining an upward general impulse.

Perhaps the direst danger which confronts us is summed up in another word than sympathy: namely, suspicion. To suspect motives, to anticipate unkindly and ungenerous doings, to exist in a state of perpetual panic lest

some untoward happening may occur; will very probably lead up to catastrophe. Faith in man, inviolable faith, is the secret of personal and imperial success. The doubter, with dismal face, prophesying evil, looking for evil, finds that which he seeks. He who stands firm and sure in the conviction that good will triumph, who holds out righteous hand to righteous hand, simply, trustfully, unafraid, not only sees a silver lining to every cloud, but, with all the dynamic power of his own soul, helps to rend the cloud asunder and reveal the radiance behind it.

There is, there can be, no real division between man and man, for each is part of the whole. Obstructions to the realisation of this are external only and are to be overcome by a resolute determination to recognise and abide by the solidarity beneath. It is for us all, brethren and fellow-subjects of one Imperial crown, to follow loyally the beckoning wand of fellowship. Our immediate desire, our ultimate hope, may not be completed in exact accordance with the views we entertain, for those views may, even at their best and highest, have some small tinge of selfishness lingering about them. Yet we desire, yet we hope, conscious that sympathy will in the long run be apparent in all the motion of the Empire; for faith in the hearts of its various constituents themselves, faith in their combined destiny faith in their united mission in the world, will engender and foster the sympathy that shall win. Individual responsibility in this matter has immense importance. No one among us is so small, so insignificant, as to be devoid of power. Example is pregnant with influence. One sympathetic person has within himself the art of converting many. Character tells and tells greatly. It has infinitely more

force than its owner may imagine. Character creates conscience and imposes itself upon those who come in contact with it.

It is therefore for each and every son of our Empire to guard its interests in its entirety by cultivating the grace and wisdom of sympathy. That grace never fails in the end. That wisdom must result in a felicitous arrangement of affairs which will affect the most distant as well as the nearest shelterer beneath the Imperial mantle.

ERIC HAMMOND.

THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE.

(Translated from the Russian.)

P. E. MATHESON.

O my brother, my friend, weary, suffering soul,
 Whoe'er thou art, faint not nor fail !
 Though falsehood and evil with mighty control
 Over earth, drenched in weeping, prevail ;
 Though sacred ideals be reviled and downcast
 'Mid the blood of the innocent slain,
 Yet Baal, be sure, will be conquered at last,
 And Love come to the world once again,

 Not in circlet of thorns, nor in fetters of shame,
 Not bowed down by a cross to the ground,
 Love will come in his strength and a glorious flame
 In his hands to give light will be found.
 No more tears on the earth, no more foemen or strife,
 Slave, or suicide's tomb shall be here.
 Hopeless want shall be gone, want that murders man's life,
 Sword and pilloried shame disappear.

 Ah, my friend, that bright advent's no dream of the blind,
 No vain hope to be quenched like a spark;
 Look how measureless evil oppresses mankind,
 And night beyond measure is dark.
 But earth, sick of torture and blood, will arise
 Worn out by mad strife to despair,
 And to Love, boundless Love, she will lift up her eyes,
 Her eyes full of sorrow and prayer.

NADSON (1862-1887).

(From Hibbert's Journal.)

THE PROPOSED REFORMS.

1.—PRELIMINARY WORDS.

IN discussing any topic, small or great—and the present one is very great indeed—the first and most important concern is to make sure of the end in view. When that is definitely known and grasped, then only is it possible to find out whether one is proceeding on the right path or not. Our first consideration therefore in connection with the discussion of any scheme of constitutional reforms for India, is to find out what is the end in view. The Report of Mr. Montagu and Lord Chelmsford—based as it is on the Announcement in the House of Commons by the Secretary of State on August 20, 1917—is clear on this point. It aims at a “gradual development of self-governing institutions with a view to the progressive realization of responsible government in India as an integral part of the British Empire.” In paragraph 151 of their Report, the authors seem to amplify this aphoristic statement by saying: “Self-government for India within the Empire is the highest aim which her people can set before themselves, or, which we, as trustees for her, can help her to attain. Without it there can be no fullness of civic life, no satisfaction of the natural aspirations which fill the soul of every self-respecting man. The vision is one that may well lift men up to resolve

on things that seemed impossible before. Is it too much to hope that the desire of the people of India so to govern themselves, and the conviction that they can never do so otherwise, in any real sense, may prove eventually to be the solvent of these difficulties of race and creed?"

I shall not attempt to enter here into a philosophic discussion as to whether the words quoted above are expressive of a desirable aim and endeavour. It is clear that the authors, their advisers and supporters, are all agreed, rightly or wrongly, that the fabric of Indian society should be based on a system of what is called responsible government with an admixture of self-government in so far as, in the terms of the Announcement, there should be an "increasing association of Indians in every branch of the administration."* To put the whole thing in a few words, the end in view is that India should advance along the same lines that the nations of Western Europe have progressed on, and that, in the existing conditions of the country, it is not possible, with her differing traditions and habits of mind, to bring about a sudden change; so it is deemed desirable that steps should be slow and gradual, more and more Indians should be associated in the affairs of Government, as the numbers of those increased who have changed their minds in keeping with modern Western ideas; and, without in any way jeopardising the supremacy of England, the various branches of administration and functions of government should be handed over to the increasing class of those

* To distinguish between responsible and self government, it may be broadly stated that the former—whether self or foreign—is responsible to the people it governs; and the latter—whether autocratic or democratic—consists in administrative power being in the hands of the members of the same race as the governed.

educated along Western lines and brought into prominence by their adherence to Western standards.

I shall not enter here into the reflection whether or not this imitation would deprive the country of that individuality which, after all, is the only thing that justifies a nation's separate existence and stamps it on the page of History as a contributor of something unique to the world's thought and to human civilization. It having been accepted that not only the inevitable but also the eminently desirable line of advance for this country is along European models with all its drawbacks and disadvantages as well as its good points, I shall proceed to discuss the Reform Scheme as it has been presented to the world by the Secretary of State and the Viceroy.

2.—PARLIAMENT AND THE INDIA OFFICE.

It has been recognized and admitted that the real power behind the throne has been the India Office and that Parliament, rarely it ever, cares to interfere except when some matter is broached which touches the vested interests of influential classes in England. The Government of India has always to look up to the India Office for advice and guidance. Therefore, it is essential that the constitution of the Council of India and the India Office should be completely overhauled. In this way alone can the end and aim of the Reformers be attained, namely, that there should be a Government in India which would be responsible to the people of India, and also that the British Parliament should be in a position to exercise effectively a control over India, on behalf of the British people. As it is, the Parliament has no time to spare for India, and the India Office which is a close preserve of

retired Anglo-Indians, whose tremendous pressure but few Secretaries of State have been able to withstand, and no great and generous ideas are allowed to prosper. In these circumstances we welcome the proposal that a Committee should be appointed to report on the India Office with a view to its re-constitution. We can only hope that the recommendations of the Committee will be drastic enough to ensure the fulfilment of the aims—at one and the same time—of liberating the Government of India from the shackles of retired and reactionary Anglo-Indians, and also of giving Parliament a living interest in the affairs of the Indian Empire.

All India must heartily welcome the proposal to put the Secretary of State's salary on the British estimate, for in granting it, year by year, Parliament would be very much more inclined to make enquiries into Indian affairs than has been the case so long: the sum involved is a comparative trifle but the principle involved is a very large one.

3.—THE GOVERNMENT OF INDIA.

The proposals of the Secretary of State and the Viceroy, with regard to the Government of India, are not sufficiently advanced. When we find that even those who have otherwise given their hearty support to the proposals as a whole, have thought fit to suggest material changes in the proposals, it is but right to infer that these proposals are not such as would help the country to go along the lines of progressive realisation of Responsible Government. It is proposed to have a *Council of State* in whose hand would ultimately lie the final legislative power in the country*.

This Council is to be also a sort of revising Second Chamber and to have an elected but helpless non-official minority.* The institution of this body can in no way be regarded as a forward step towards the goal; in fact it is a backward one, more in accordance with the *status quo* than in keeping with the ideal aimed at. It is essential that such a Council should not be thrust on India. A single legislative chamber in the Government of India should serve both the purposes of initiating all-India legislation, of discussing all-India questions, and also of revising provincial legislation and legislating for the provinces whenever necessary. In fact, this body itself should be regarded as a Second Chamber instead of having a Council of State which would be in the nature of a superfluous and despotic third chamber.

Though the name—the Indian Legislative Assembly—which the authors propose to give to the present Indian Legislative Council—has the sanction of the high authority of Mr. Gokhale,† it seems more desirable that it should be named the *Senate* in keeping with its functions as a revising Chamber, the name being required for such a body in various countries of the world, side by side with this should also be noted that the Provincial Legislative Councils should be named the *Houses of Representatives*.‡ By giving these world-honoured names, not only would a proper designation be given to them but also an incentive afforded by which these bodies may be able to make themselves worthy of the names they possess.

* *Ibid*, para. 277.

† *Vide* the Scheme written out by Mr. Gokhale sometime before his death and entrusted to H.H. the Aga Khan who published it to the world in August 1917.

‡ *The Governance of India is, as it is, and as it may be*, by Babu Govinda Das (G. A. Natesan & Co., Madras), pp. 301-302.

I shall discuss the subject of the constitution of these legislatures and the franchise and the electorates later on; and so I leave the matter here.

It should, however, be noted that a more liberal scheme should be devised for the Government of India so that there should be some transfer of power from the official Government to the representatives of the people. Unless this is done and unless the authority of the executive Government to declare anything and everything as "essential to the discharge of its responsibilities for peace, order and good government"* and thus to over-ride or go over the heads of the elected legislature, unless this power is curtailed, it will not be possible for the country to advance to any appreciable length along the lines that the Secretary of State and the Viceroy themselves desire it to go; nor will it be possible for the people to learn that sense of responsibility and get that wide grasp of affairs so essential for those who, sooner or later, are to be put in real responsible charge of the government of a great country. It seems right and proper to hope that the dictum of the distinguished authors—"We have carried the advance right up to the line beyond which our principles forbid us to go"†—would be modified in order to liberalise the Government of India.

Before leaving the subject, I should like to say that the Privy Council which, as proposed, would be, more or less, a purely ornamental body, should be of the nature of a Supreme Court to which appeals could go from all Indian High Courts at the option of the appellant who may not like to go to the distant Privy Council in London.

* *Report*, para. 283.

† *Report*, para. 289.

Not that the latter should be abolished as a Court of Appeal, but that it and the Council in India should have concurrent jurisdiction. As such this Council will have to consist of experienced and eminent judges with duties all the year round* instead of its consisting, as proposed, of eminent and distinguished men whom the Governor-General may consult "when he saw fit...on questions of policy and administration".†

PROVINCIAL GOVERNMENTS.

The question of Provincial Governments seems to be a closed one. With all the disadvantages of a Diarchy and the uncertainty of the relations between members, ministers and the legislatures and the uncertain fiscal arrangements between the Reserved and Transferred subjects, ‡ it may be said that no very serious objections can be taken when once the goal has been accepted that progress towards responsible government should be by slow and gradual stages, and that the functions assigned to ministers, namely the Transferred ones, should increase, and those assigned to members, namely the Reserved ones, decrease as time goes on.§ Though it cannot be pretended that useful and helpful modifications cannot be made, it seems proper that the scheme should be welcomed and given a fair trial in practice. I shall not enter here into

* *The Governance of India*, by Babu Govinda Das, pp. 90-92

† *Report*, para. 287.

‡ *Report*, para. 256.

§ "Hybrid executives, limited responsibility, assemblies partly elected and partly nominated, divisions of functions, reservations general or particular, are devices that can have no abiding place. They bear on their faces their transitional characters; and they can be worked only if it is clearly recognized that that is their justification and their purpose." *Report*, para. 354, also *vide* paras. 238 and 261.

the desirability of Grand or Standing Committees,* but it is important that the Reforms, whatever else they may mean, should not add to the complexity and expense of the administration; and care should be taken that the taxpayer is not burdened with heavy additional taxes in order just to train a certain number of people in the art of government on Western lines by means of the expensive establishments of the various sections of the legislature in the form of superfluous Committees with their costly buildings and highly-paid staff.

LEGISLATURES AND FRANCHISE.

I have briefly suggested above that the Imperial Legislature should be called the Senate with its powers of initiation and revision of legislation; and that the Provincial legislatures should be called Houses of Representatives showing that they consist of the representatives of the people meeting for purposes of legislation and the general overseeing of the administration. Now the question is—and this is the most important question—as to how these Councils are to be filled and what are to be the qualifications of those that are to sit in them and of those who will choose them. These questions have been left by the Report to be decided by the Committees that have begun work. It may, therefore, be useful to discuss the matter in detail.

The Report mentions the number of members for the Indian legislature but not for the Provincial.† This is but natural, for the provinces differ in size and historical importance and educational level. Many thoughtful men

* *Report*, paras. 252 and 235.

† *Ibid*, paras. 273 and 277.

have been feeling for some years past that the provincial distribution in India based on historical reasons and made for purposes of administrative convenience in the days that the British Government in India was forming *—needs reform and readjustment.† The Report hints at the desirability of revision;‡ but naturally after the experience of the Partition of Bengal, the rulers do not desire to take the risk of initiating changes; and the provinces will remain for the time being at least as they are. It must, however, be confessed that when reforms of a wide-reaching nature are being introduced, there is a danger of the stereotyping of the existing boundaries and the hardening of provincial patriotism, which may not be beneficial for the country as a whole.

The most desirable basis of all franchise as recognised by the principle of democracy in modern nations is a population basis, and a qualified writer has suggested that there may be a Senator, that is a member of the Imperial Legislature, for every three millions of the population and a representative, that is a member of a Provincial Legislature, for every half million of the population.§ The electorate should be territorial but the constituencies should not be single member ones. Further, there should be no plural voting and the election should be on as broad and as direct a basis as possible. There should be the representation of communal and other interests but no separate

* *Ibid*, para 39

† There is an illuminating discussion of the subject in Babu Govinda Das' *Governance of India*, pp. 207-224.

‡ *Report*, para. 246.

§ A glance through Babu Govinda Das' *Governance of India*, p. 302 and pp. 309-316 will be found helpful in this connection.

communal electorates—all voters taking part in the election of all members and thus spreading the mutual good will and the habits of organised and co-ordinated work so necessary for the development of a common nationality and for the understanding of the fact that though there may be separate interests and separate classes, every one is really interested in the welfare of all for the country in common.

When we say above that there should be so many members for so many millions, we do not mean that all these millions should have the power of voting or that anybody and everybody could stand as a candidate. What is meant is that a definite proportion like that would be helpful in fixing the numbers of the members of the various legislative bodies. A minimum possible property and educational qualification should be required for the voter thus enabling those who can just read or write and those who are supporters of families to be voters. We know that there are bound to be many difficulties in the beginning. Even in municipal elections after decades of experience, there are difficulties; and one may confidently say that even in advanced European countries where the system of elections has existed for centuries, there are confusions and complications of all sorts. But if the country has to be taken along these lines, there is no help but to face boldly the situation that may arise.

There should be a minimum age limit, though no sex-bar, for the voter; and the interests of younger members of Hindu joint families should not be forgotten in this connection, because of the peculiar social and domestic customs of the country. It seems proper that no person

below the age of 25 should be allowed to vote unless he shows a fairly high education or high property qualification. As to candidates the qualifications should be higher though not too high. The qualifications that are deemed sufficient for those who stand for the municipal or district boards, should be deemed sufficient for provincial legislatures. Side by side the qualifications of candidates for local bodies should be lowered. Among the intellectuals—the *intelligentsia* of the Report—the teacher, the doctor, the engineer, the journalist and others should have special opportunities of standing as candidates: all the places should not be monopolised by the lawyers.*

It may not yet be possible for direct elections to be introduced for the Imperial Legislature and therefore there may be indirect election, the Provincial Legislatures forming the electorates.† The qualifications of the candidates for the Imperial Legislature may be higher than for the Provincial, the minimum age limit for the Imperial being 40 and for the Provincial, 35. It ought also to be noted that the Provincial Legislatures should choose the members of the Imperial Legislature not at the beginning but at the end of their term of office. This would enable them to choose their representatives with knowledge and experience of the work they have done in the course of the session of the Council itself, should their choice fall—as would mostly be the case—on persons among themselves. These representatives will sit in the next Imperial Council (or Senate as we would call it). The various different interests that may need special representation, but not separate electorates, may be Muslims, Sikhs, Europeans,

* Report, para. 84.

† Ibid, para 273.

Anglo-Indians, Landed classes and any others who may establish their right to such separation. It is the most welcome feature of the Report that its distinguished authors have taken a very strong line against communal electorates*. An easy transition from the present system to the desired-for consummation would be to abolish communal electorates but give communal and class representation. This will, as time goes on, show to the people the real unity of interests underlying apparent diversity and will help to weld the nation in one.

As regards the method of voting for the candidates, the usual method followed to-day is for one man to give his vote finally for one candidate; and it not unoften happens that persons against whom a majority have cast their votes, got elected. For example, let us suppose that there are a hundred voters and five candidates. It is possible for one candidate to get 30 votes and get elected while the other 70 votes though cast against him by implication have been divided up by the other five candidates in numbers less than 30. To obviate this evil we may either have the system— rather lengthy— of vote by *elimination* wherein all the candidates are voted for in the first instance and the man who gets the least number of votes is eliminated; then all the voters vote again but only for the remaining candidates. The process is repeated again and again till only one candidate is left. But as our proposal is against single member constituencies, it may be best to have *proportional representation*: each constituency having five members, the proportion for the various interests being fixed. There may be any number of candidates: each elector having the right to give his

* - *Ibid*, paras. 227-230.

vote, as an alternative, to another candidate in case his first chance has got more than the number of votes required for election or is so low down the scale that he has no chance of setting in.

Before quitting the subject, it is necessary to say that it is most desirable that the Presidents of the Legislatures should not be the heads of Governments or their nominees. The present system—sought to be perpetuated by the Reports*—can in no way conduce to that utter freedom of restraint in speaking and discussion on the part of the members which is necessary for the proper discharge of their functions. The members should also have wider latitude of speech and should have the privilege, usually attaching to such speech in the World's legislatures.

INDIAN STATES.

It seems eminently desirable that the British Government, as the overlord, should take an active interest in the Indian States and look to the welfare of the people therein and not regard its duty as completed when it has managed to maintain the friendliest relations with the Princes and secured adequate financial and other assistance from them in times of need. The authors of the Report tread the delicate ground with very wary and cautious steps;† but for the sake of the people of the States, whose condition is none too good, it is time that a serious attempt should be made to bring them into line with British India, and infuse in them the new hopes and aspirations; for but little gain there would be if over third of India is totally different to the remaining two-thirds.

* *Ibid*, paras. 236, 275, and 277.

† *Ibid*, paras. 299-300.

Unless they take this matter also seriously in hand how can they hope* to reach the goal set forth by them in their concluding chapter:

Our conception of the eventual future of India is a sisterhood of States, self-governing in all matters...Over this congeries of States would preside a central Government increasingly representative of and responsible to the people....In this picture there is a place also for the Native States. It is possible that they too will wish to be associated for certain purposes with the organisation of British India in such a way as to dedicate their peculiar qualities to the common service without loss of individuality." (Para. 349)

Should not Mr. Montagu and Lord Chelmsford apply the principle to the States which they do to British India:

"We believe profoundly that the time has now come when the sheltered existence which we have given India cannot be prolonged without damage to her national life; that we have a richer gift for her people than any that we have yet bestowed on them; that nationhood within the Empire represents something better than anything India has hitherto attained; that the placid, pathetic contentment of the masses is not the soil on which such Indian nationhood will grow, and that in deliberately disturbing it we are working for her highest good." (Para. 144.)

SOME OTHER MATTERS.

It is now necessary to point out a few other important matters which are likely to be disregarded in the midst of what may be felt as wider issues. (1) It is absolutely necessary that the executive and judicial branches of

Ibid, para. 300.

administration should be entirely separated. Without that, justice in the Indian Courts of Law can never command that universal esteem which it should. (2) the Arms Act must be considerably modified and made reasonable and equitable. (3) The career of arms should be opened to the Indian people and, as far as possible, military training should be made incumbent on all adult males. (4) Immediate steps should be taken to better the industrial and agricultural position of the country, to open out new fields of work for Indians and enrich the country as a whole. No political reforms are of any value to starving human beings. (5) There must be a simpler system of law than the one that prevails, so that the private citizen may not have to meet its terror-inspiring face at every turn and may not be harassed by its insistent pursuit from before birth to after death in a form worse than the bad enough traditional pursuit by the priest; and so that the interminable processes of solicitors and counsel and always exorbitant and often ruinous legal expenses, the great difficulty in getting equitable justice specially for the poor, the premium put upon the forensic ability of the pleader rather than the intrinsic worth of the suit — may all be avoided and remedied.

The authors of the Report expressly state that "one of the greatest needs" of the Indian ryot is a "simple, cheap and certain system of law."* It ought to be stated that not only the Indian ryot but also the remaining portions of the lay uninitiated public also "greatly require to be protected against the intricacies of courts and the subtleties of law, and enabled to defeat the advantage

* *Ibid.*, para. 310.

enjoyed by long pursed opponents"* A proper position in the coming reforms should be given to this question. Successful lawyers who now predominate in the councils of Government cannot reasonably be expected to give any support to any changes in the legal system, for they make their living by it and are necessarily influenced by professional bias. In England too, attempts to simplify law and legal language have been frustrated by the effective opposition of lawyers who seem to serve the same purpose in modern life, for both are available to the party that pays most in order to battle with the adversary. By these remarks it is not intended to cast any aspersions in the persons engaged in the profession of law; but only on that method of administration that has killed out the indigenous trades and forced people to gain their bread, in large numbers, by such professions as it has induced others to take up gambling methods of speculation in marketable goods in larger towns in imitation of the West.

(6) The clerical and subordinate staff—generally the low paid office hands—need to have their position improved. Much is made of the highest services and the argument is that they set the tone and standard of the services as a whole.† It is easy, as a cynic has said, to be virtuous with £5,000 a year. If one only looks at the domestic difficulties and financial straits of the lower staff and the constant temptations it has to eke out its small salaries by ignoble gains and compares its condition with that of the highly paid officer, one feels that the lower staff should be excused for its petty corruptions, admitted more

* *Ibid.*, para. 138.

† *Ibid.*, para. 314.

than once even by the authors of the Report,* and for the harassments it causes to the general public who have to deal directly with it far more than with the high officers. It is essential that all the subordinate staff should be paid reasonably and there should be a more human proportion between the salaries of the various grades. Japan shows us a most excellent example worthy of all imitation: their lowest salaries are much higher and their highest much lower than the corresponding ones here. Above all, the member of the lower staff—as well as of the higher one—should be clearly taught their duties to the general public in their capacity as the servants of the latter. Their moral quality should be assured and the strict duty enjoined upon them that they are to treat the public with courtesy and discharge their duties with integrity. A novel doctrine has been lately propounded, echoed in the Report as well, that the public should realise the difficulties of administration and of the public servants.† It seems to us that it is the duty of the public servants to understand and realise the difficulties of the public which has to maintain itself and them all at least as much as the public should appreciate the difficulties of the public servants.

A WORD OF WARNING.

The Report is filled with discussions of forms of Government. As stated in the beginning, the movement is towards European forms with their inevitable parties and groups and political strifes. Now in a country totally self-governing, party politics may all be very well—although perpetual strikes and riots and wars show

* *Ibid*, paras. 125, and 138.

† *Ibid*, para. 313.

that they are far from doing well—for each party struggles against others for getting control of the executive. In India however there is no question of getting hold of the executive which stands unalterable; and the fear is that all the force so far unitedly brought forward by the people to influence the Government, may now be wasted in electioneering campaigns and formation of parties, against one another. How far this will redound to the well being of the race is another very serious question. One fears however, that among other drawbacks and short-comings, this eventuality has also to be faced in order that the ideal set forth of slowly conforming to European standards, may be reached in the midst of the rather cramping conditions of political life brought about by the peculiar circumstances of the country.

ETHICAL FITNESS.*

All Governments ultimately mean the concentration of power in the hands of a few. The worst despot cannot rule unless he has a certain number of persons who are constantly at his beck and call, who give their active support to him and uphold his wishes and carry out his orders. Democracy even in its most extensively ramified form only means the appointment of administrators by the system of election by large numbers of people. But after all the actual power of the State is only in the hands of the few who have been thus selected. In short, whether the form of Government be Monarchy, Aristocracy or

* The present writer earnestly exhorts all persons puzzling over affairs of Government to read and ponder carefully over lectures VI. and VII. of the second series by Sir John R. Seeley as printed in his *Introduction to Political Science*. The problem has been most vividly put by him and as no solution has been offered the present writer humbly offers it here in terms of indigenous Indian traditions. The words and passages in quotation marks are all from the two lectures mentioned above

Democracy, the actual power is always in the hands of a few, whatever the method by which they come into power. Now the greatest requisite is, that persons who are in power should be such as have that in them which will conduce to their governing in a spirit of real good will, and constant regard for the welfare and happiness of all those whom they are called upon to govern and who will have the interests of all classes and sections of the people at heart and not be representatives of and biassed in power of special interests only. In short, it is necessary that the administrators should form a true Aristocracy in Aristotle's sense and not the Oligarchy wherein the rulers look to their own profit and preferment and not to the well-being of the general public, and which, therefore, is so rightly hateful to the modern mind. In fact, some "test of merit", as Sir John Seeley calls it, should be devised which would enable one to judge the worth of the Legislator, Executive Councillor and all other responsible office-bearers of the State. The worst of systems can have its shortcomings modified to a very great extent if the persons who are put in charge are good. The bureaucratic system of Government in India has been, in many places and on many occasions, much redeemed and even welcomed when individual officers, despite the system, have taken genuine and sincere interest in the welfare of the people under them. The best of systems, say that of America and England, if worked by bad men can deteriorate as from time to time it has deteriorated in the past, into corruption and general imperilling of the whole machinery of Government as well as the country itself.

Now, therefore, when reforms are introduced in India and if the country is to show to the world any definite

individuality of its own—let us have a method by which we may be able to test the merit—*ethical* at least as much as the intellectual—of those who stand for the legislatures or those who are put in charge of the various executive and judicial offices in the country. The administrators must form a real Aristocracy and not degenerate into temporary or permanent officials who are intent on serving their own ends or class-interests. This Aristocracy should neither be of the priesthood nor the landlords nor the capitalists: they have all been tried and they have all failed in the past. All of them began well when their turn came to take office; but all tended to degenerate into selfish Oligarchies. As Seeley says: "Aristocracy ought to mean the government of the good". Even in the most advanced of Democracies it is not recognised that everyone is just as fit as another to take part in government. The systems of competitive examinations for public services and of election for legislative bodies show that the most forward of democrats does not believe in equality; otherwise he would have all offices filled by lot and everyone would be supposed to be capable of everything, from leading an army or heading a diplomatic mission to managing an engine and presiding over a court of law. Some such follies were tried in ancient Greece and Rome and with disastrous results. Our new Aristocracy must be the Aristocracy of the good if it is to shed a beneficent influence on the daily life of the people.

The reason why all the aristocracies of the past and even of the present have invariably degenerated, was that those in authority demanded—and, during their days of grandeur, succeeded in getting—all the things that the human heart craves. They said that they must have *all*

honour paid to them and that even those, that were even greater than they, should bow before them. Then, when once in authority they desired that they should have *all power* in their own hands and not share it with any others, howsoever indispensable their sharing in the administration might be to the State as a whole. Above this they also wanted that they should have the greatest amount of *wealth* available for themselves. Having all honour and power and wealth in their own hands, they were naturally tempted to abuse their position and so created widespread discontent resulting in some particularly jealous class coming to the forefront and hurling them away by promising to the multitude to remedy all the evils of the then existing regime. This class would, after some time, finding itself secure in its position, do the same things that its predecessors had done and with the same disastrous results. It is, therefore, essential that some means should be devised by which those exercising different functions in the body politic should be given at one and the same time only one of the good things of the Earth mentioned above. A man should have *either* honour or power or wealth *in excelsis*: he ought not to have all in equal degree. What is meant is not that those who have honour or power should have no money and should starve; but that they ought not to have more than is reasonably sufficient for them. If one gives power to those who have a great deal of wealth and are thus supposed to have the greatest stake in the country, they are bound to abuse their power as they have actually done in countries where they did set power, for their own still further aggrandisement and for ruthless deprivation of even the necessities of life of the poor by cornering articles of food and clothing.

Thus it is a consummation devoutly to be wished that in the wake of the coming reforms may also come that proper and equitable distribution of honour and power and wealth among the different classes of the public and public servants which alone can really and permanently ensure the general happiness of the people. If we cannot have "saints" and angels to rule us, we can at least make sure that we shall not get into the hands of a class that would have every thing in the country for itself and make the people helpless in its own hands—so many means for its own aggrandisement and so many puppets for its own enjoyment.

If a distribution of remuneration, as suggested above is once established by public recognition and necessary legislation, the "test of merit" that Seeley asks for repeatedly but always in vain, will be ensured automatically. Every one who aspires to be entrusted with any of the three main functions of the body politic—educational and legislative; administrative; commercial and industrial—will know beforehand, and everyone else will also know, that he can have only one of these three things in large measure, by meritorious discharge of that function; and that in any case he must content himself with a very small measure of the other two. The temptations to the corruption of honour "power and wealth" which beset every aristocracy from its very birth, whether sacerdotal, military, commercial or elective, as lamented by Seeley, will be reduced to a minimum. Until this is done, politics and political reform will remain "that interminable brawl which may be profitable enough to aspiring politicians but can be of no profit to the commonwealth".

Humanity in the West has changed from Monarchy to Aristocracy and thence to Democracy in the unconscious search for the "test of merit" in the governing class, and has now decided that merit consists in being chosen by the majority of the people. This is no doubt progress in the right direction but the final light is still wanting, and the process remains blindly dark, as the results of elections in Western countries proves but too often. The people have nothing to guide them in their choice except electioneering speeches and electioneering methods, the nature of which is amply described by the very adjective 'electioneering'. No doubt the result of the introduction of the principle of election in Government has been the avoidance, within the country, of physical violence and bloodshed which used to be the unvarying accompaniments of former changes in government; but that the people as a whole are any happier in the case of any country as the result of the elective principle—independently of natural and other advantages—is extremely doubtful. The light that is needed in the shape of a true and efficient "test of merit," to illuminate the present darkness of the processes of election, nomination and appointment, can be secured only by drawing intelligently with suitable modifications, from the ancient indigenous traditions, culture and stereo-religious polity of India; and then only could the people as a whole be made happier.

THE RECOVERY OF INDIAN WOMEN.

IN discussing the question of the position of Indian women, it is sometimes, indeed generally, forgotten that their exclusion from the life of the Nation as such, and their confinement to home interests, are of very modern growth in India. We need not go back to the far off days of Savitri, in order to prove that a girl might wander about outside her home, and might fall in love before her parents had chosen her future husband. Nor to the time of Damayanti to show that a maiden might select her own husband, and as wife might, be consulted by her husband's ministers, when the king himself had forgotten his duty. Nor need we refer to Gāndhāri, as evidence, that a woman might enter a Council of Kings and warriors to rebuke a violent son. Nor to Gārgi, who faced and questioned Yājñavalkya in a circle of Pandits. We have heard of these so often that they scarcely now make any impression on our minds. When we read that of old two paths were open to the woman as to the man, the path of Brahmacharya and the knowledge of Brahman, and the path of the householder, of the wife and mother, it affects us not—it was so long ago.

But there is no break in the glorious history of Indian womanhood down to the time when English education made a new culture for the man in which the woman

did not share, carrying him away from her into a new world of interests from which she was shut out. Indian history is studded with the names of Indian women who were warriors, queens, rulers, patriots, scholars. The names of Padmāvati of Chitor, the gallant wife of Bhīmsi, of Mirābai, the poetess of Mārwar and Mewār, of Tārābai of Thoda, the skilled warrior, of Chānd Bibi, the defender of Ahmednagar, of Ahalya Bai, the peasant-born, the great ruler of Indore, who died only in 1805—do not these shine out as stars in India's sky? They lived and died for the Motherland, and saw naught unwomanly in any service which she needed and which they could render.

Gradually the woman was pushed out of her place in India's life save as mother, as wife, as head of her household. Within the house none has disputed her sovereignty, but she ceased to be the counsellor of her husband in his public life and national interests; thus has the whole country been the loser, for woman's view-point is not identical with that of the man, but differs as the two eyes differ, and the Nation with one eye blinded cannot see nor judge aright. Man and woman are not identical, but the one is the complement of the other as the two eyes of the human being, the two wings of the bird. National life is impoverished, is crippled, deprived of its feminine element.

But of late there has been an awakening of women, touched by the wide sweep of National consciousness, and feeling their modern exclusion from all humanity outside the home. The wrongs wrought in South Africa on

Indians brought the Indian women there to face, as of old, the dangers which were faced by their men. Women went to gaol as men went, aye and died from the hardships suffered. Then women in the Motherland arose, stung into action by the sufferings of the exiles, and women's meetings called for justice, so that men and women together marched in one army against wrong and—won. The degradation, foul and monstrous, inflicted on Indian women in Fiji as indentured labourers, called in their sisters in the Motherland for help; again they moved, sent a deputation to the Viceroy, and succeeded in gaining a promise that indentured slavery should cease. A third great victory was won in the internment struggle, 9 women's meetings and women's processions played a remarkable part in the agitation.

Meanwhile efforts to win higher education were steadily carried on, and progress was made. Qualified women teachers, women doctors, began to appear. Handicapped by the evil custom of child marriage and child motherhood, women yet strove for education, and Mr. Karve's bold stand for widow education, widow marriage, finally for a Woman's University, played a fine part in the struggle. Girl undergraduates and graduates attended Government Universities and distinguished themselves in the examinations. A woman poet, Sarojini Devi, showed an easy mastery of English melody that no masculine Indian has rivalled. Toru Dutt might have held her own had not death cut short her promise. Shrimati Sarojini rare eloquence alike in English and in Urdu is making her a power in the political field of India.

Everywhere, as we look around us, we see the glorious arising of Indian Womanhood, the promise of a near and sure victory for Liberty. For Woman is the Shakti, the Divine Power, and without her, Man cannot reach the fullness of Life. Partner, not subject; comrade, not rival; complement, not antagonist; helper, not burden—such is Woman to Man. With her Freedom, India shall become free. The subjection of the Motherland and of the Mother must end together. For Man and Woman are the halves of a Perfect Whole and by their united strength shall India enter into her Kingdom.

ANNIE BESANT.

“THE PARROT”

My sister's child was fond of pets and dolls,
He loved the magic-tinted butterflies,
He chased them far and near with jocund cries,
Away they flew—No answer to his calls.
He brought a lovely-looking parrot young,
He shut his darling in a cage of gold,
With joy divine the fairy tales he told,
Sent him to sleep with ancient Epics sung.
He fed his love with all a mother's care,
He brought to him the finest fruits and sweets.
Sick grows the baby's pet and nothing eats,
Pines for the Joy of Life the creature fair,
Hard 'gainst the golden bars the parrot fought,
His soul's desire in th' endless blue he sought.

SHYAM SUNDAR LALL

BEAUTY AND DECAY.

(From 'Iqbal.')

Once Beauty asked of God the reason why
 He had not made her lasting in this world.
 The answer came, "This Universe of mine
 Is a mere picture gallery, and a tale
 Told in the endless night of ancient void.
 It flashed to life in tints of change, and so,
 The essence of all beauty is decay.
 The moon was nigh, and heard this colloquy,
 Echoing through heavens, it reached the morning star,
 Who told it to the dawn, and from her lips,
 It found its way in silence to the dew;
 And so this heavenly secret was revealed,
 To one familiar with the ways of earth.
 With tears of dew this message heard the flowers,
 The hearts of buds with sorrow turned to blood,
 The spring-tide left the garden raining tears,
 And Youth which came to revel in the joy
 Of life, departed sad and mourning hence.

THEOSOPHY.

I have been hunting for many years in the realms of Theosophy. I have had the privilege of presiding at a select meeting where Mrs. Besant sketched the outlines, and stated the fundamental principles of Theosophy. I have read, and I believe fully mastered all later day Theosophical writings (though I do not claim to have mastered Madame Blavatsky's great works, still I am pretty confident that I thoroughly understand 'all that contemporary Theosophy has to teach).

I may at once confess that nothing in Theosophy ever really took hold of me except the fundamental hypothesis of Karma and re-incarnation. And while I still recognize the value of that hypothesis, to those who imperatively need some assurance that the course of human affairs is under a just government, I doubt whether it will ever have much practically energizing influence on moral or social development, less perhaps on spiritual development.

Briefly, as sketched by Mrs. Besant, Theosophy teaches that we know God intuitively. It teaches us to cultivate the faculty of knowing God better, more intimately. And incidentally it enjoins upon us the cultivation of other faculties, which may enlarge our mental and spiritual visions. Its great hypothesis of re-incarnation and

Karma, or the working out of the law of inflexible and perfect justice, satisfies all the needs of our moral nature. And it satisfies them logically, thus satisfying at the same time the demands of our intellectual nature. It is not a dogma. It does not insist upon belief. It is a matter of perfect indifference whether you believe or do not believe; the truths of Theosophy are truths, and as such will endure. Thus it breaks off from some great religions which make a special point of belief, and its consequences. To this extent I go whole-heartedly with it. To make a virtue of believing or pretending to believe, that which you do not know, and cannot know, has always seemed to me the reverse of religious, in the best sense.

Then follow a great many peculiar dogmas, such as the envelopes of the Ego (the different bodies of Man), the planes, for functioning on which these vehicles are adapted, its teleology and rather loose general metaphysic, on which it may be well to say a word or two later, if space permit. First, however, of its grand postulate, that Man can know God directly. The reasoning is apt to go, as it always has done on this question, in a circle. *Ex hypothesi*, Man has a spark of the Divinity in him. By this Divine light he can see, and know God. But premising a spark of Divinity, premises, of course, Divinity as well; and the *petitio principii* is not much more fruitful, than that accredited by all orthodox Divines, of proving revelation by texts.

When we come to analyze honestly and carefully, what we mean by God, we shall first realize part at least of the difficulty. The attribution to God of omni-this, and omni-that gives a clue to psychological process. This, as all students know, was elaborately worked out by

Feuerbach. And nothing which I have read before or since on the subject has much availed to shake the conviction, which Feuerbach set up, that all our Gods are but the projections and subsequent entifications, outside ourselves, of all the best or what we believe to be the best we find in ourselves.

In Western systems of Religion, we do not clothe God with what we are taught to believe, is the evil in ourselves. Whence that comes, is an extremely thorny problem, over which theologians have wrangled and will wrangle I suppose to all time, none too logically or profitably. But we have a group of accredited virtues, love, justice, and so forth, and these we take out of ourselves, lump together, anthropomorphize, and call God. Roughly, very roughly, I take that to be natural evolution of the God idea. And it is obviously reversing the process, to say that which is essentially Divine in us enables us to find God. So far as a contribution to Religion, in the ordinary sense, Theosophy has nothing new to offer. If you push it back to its ultimates, you will of course soon run up against the inevitable wall. Assuming that its account of the Universe to be true, that the beginning of our Cosmos, at any rate, was the involution of the Divine spirit in matter, and its purpose, the evolution of the Divine spirit out of matter again, a few almost nursery "Whys?" irresistibly suggest themselves. It is not however fair to press the child's awkward questionings too far; no system in the world will stand it long. And we may at once give up the first "Why." Why did Divinity desire to involve itself in matter for no other purpose than to evolve out of matter again? In order the better to realize itself is the stock answer, which again raises

a very obvious difficulty, if Divinity is so entirely superior to matter, what useful experience or reality could it draw from a long association with matter? As matter in fact only exists as a function of spirit, God thought the world and it was, it is extremely hard to conceive what useful purpose is to be served by enchaining minute, separated "sparks" of God, in a long series of material bodies. The philosophical side of Theosophy has been too much neglected, probably because its modern exponents, have not been properly qualified, to deal with Philosophic thought. But as it is at present described, it has the appearance of a spiritual monism; but it has this advantage over Christian monism, that it does not decry and vilify matter, quite to the same extent. It recognizes that the body has its claims on the spirit...If the spirit is to function to the height of its power during its sojourn here, it must have a perfect instrument. Thus we come back by a sublimated process of transcendentalism, to the good wholesome rule, *Mens sana in corpore sano*. Unfortunately along with this wise teaching goes a great deal of extravagant mystic dietetic. We read of "elementals" hovering about gin shops, and clinging parasitically to the gin sodden mouths and bodies of habitual drunkards. Elementals of the worser sort, appear to have a passion for strong drink, though why they cannot gratify it direct from the vat, instead of vampire like sucking alcohol soddened humans, is not so easy to explain. Well, we may all agree, without going the lengths of these pictorial illustrations, that excessive gin drinking is bad for body and soul. But when Theosophy, under the impulse of Eastern sentiment, fixes the same horrors on the butchers shop, and the eating of meat, we must be allowed to pause. Mrs. Besant has preached vegetarianism

vigorously, not on merely dietetic grounds for which there may be something to be said, but on high moral and spiritual grounds. In effect her teaching amounts to this, that you are, to a considerable extent what you eat and drink. Physically, this has the appearance of being superficially, at any rate, true. Though even here, the cautious seeker after truth, might wish to push the enquiry further. For my own part I am a great believer in Nature's chemistry. Only those parts of the food we eat, which are utilizable for the proper renewal of waste tissue, are likely to be taken up and incorporated in this vehicle of the *Sthula Sharira*. And if that is so, whether we get the requisite ingredients from a pound of beefsteak or ten pounds of potatoes, seems to make very little difference. I am not of course now concerning myself with some of the moral aspects of flesh eating. I am only dealing with the doctrine that those who eat the flesh of beasts, must *pro tanto* have beastly and inefficient physical vehicles, through which the finest spirit cannot manifest itself in all its beauty. That is what the Theosophists insist. Is it true? Do the facts bear out the theory? Are the bodies of those who have for ages lived exclusively on vegetables, purer, finer vehicles for spiritual expression, than the bodies of those who for a like period have consistently been flesh eaters? I think few competent observers who have lived in the East, will unhesitatingly answer that question in the affirmative. And if we are to look at the matter in another light, a light in which Mrs. Besant, almost completely orientalized by now, is fond of putting it, is the re-action of a meat fed-body on moral and spiritual development, consistently more injurious than the re-action of a non-meat-fed body? Are the innumerable true and

consistent vegetarians of India, more moral, more spiritual, than an equal number of western meat-eaters? If not, the inseparable connexion between diet and spiritual evolution (on which it is to be noted, Madame Blavatsky was by no means fanatically doctrinaire) should be relegated to the background of pious hopes, and not put in the forefront of polemical propaganda.

Apart from illegitimate extensions of that kind, all that Theosophy has to say upon the need of plain living and high thinking, if you desire to grow in spiritual grace, is a mere paraphrase of what has been current religious teaching all over the world for thousands of years. Of course I am aware that Theosophy makes no claim to be a new revelation: rather a synthesis of Religion, the oldest religion of all. Hence it would naturally take out of each great world religion what was best, and least dogmatic, and re-state it as part of Theosophy. That it has a right to do. But if it is to make any real headway, either as a religion, or a philosophy, or even an ethical system, it ought to justify its existence, by showing forth new and special truths. Perhaps I am wrong in supposing that it has any such purpose. Perhaps it only aims at affording a place of rest for all those who are driven out of Churches by their inability to believe what those Churches declare to be essential to salvation, while they wholeheartedly accept the broad ethical groundwork on which they are founded. Still, anyone who reads Theosophical literature, and listens to Theosophical lectures, must see that modern Theosophy, at any rate, claims to be more than this. It is in spite of its assertions, that belief matters nothing, that it does not proselytize, becoming here and there a militant sect. Indeed no large religion

can long exist without some sort of hierarchical organization. Hierarchies inevitably tend to become dogmatic. Theosophy is daily becoming more dogmatic. Mrs. Besant wields an almost papal authority over those theosophists who have accepted her spiritual headship. She is becoming the high priestess of a new revelation. And while it retains at many points its connexion with the Churches, while it professes to introduce no schism, still less to withdraw any sheep from the ancient folds, Theosophy generalised by Mrs. Besant, a leader of great eloquence and energy, is daily and hourly assuming a more distinctive character. An examination of its accepted tenets to-day, will show how widely it has diverged, at any rate in the popular appeal it makes to the masses, from any known religion. While it exacts little or no profession of faith (except in the infallibility of its teachers, and leaders), while its metaphysic is easily reducible to a vague pantheism, on the practical side it offers many new and strange allurements. It promises to its disciples a rapid, what non-theosophists would be disposed to call, a miraculous increase of faculty. The problem of immortality, which the ages gave up as insoluble, will no longer be insoluble, will not even retain any difficulty. With their own eyes, shall they see the departed, with their own ears hear, their accounts of the new state. It promises them that by obedience to its rules, their eyes will gain powers of vision incomparably stronger, than those which Science can command by means of its instruments; that their conscious self, leaving the earthly body at will, shall visit at pleasure any part of the habitable globe, or the starry constellations; that barriers of matter shall be no barriers to them; they will pass as easily

through doors, as the ether itself, and at a pinch will be levitated over houses, or mountains, or oceans.

It is precisely these claims which turn away the modest seeker after truth. But there can, I apprehend, be not the least doubt that the popular strength of Theosophy lies in its occultism. The vulgar are always drawn by anything that is magical or miraculous. And when they are not only told that miracles of the most astounding kind are mere every day happenings to the leaders of Theosophy, but that they, by following their example, will shortly gain the power of performing the same miracles, it is easy to understand, what an attraction Theosophy has. During all the years that I have carefully, and I hope impartially, studied Theosophy, very sympathetically, and hoping for more light on the path, I must own that these large and airy claims repelled me. But in spite of them, I was kept in touch with the system as a whole, by the simplicity of its basic hypothesis, the law of Karma, working through re-incarnation. Few, I think, will dispute, that if Theosophy stopped there, it would command the respects of sober moralists; fewer still, that it would have no popular following at all. Let me explain why re-incarnation and Karma came home at one time to my own mind with something like the force of an *a priori* truth.

Without quibbling over the absoluteness of good or of evil, certain things are assuredly regarded by the bulk of mankind at any given stage of Man's progress, as good, or as evil. And the most vexed moral problem in all the world, has been the problem of unmerited evil. When we see a person whose life has been wholly "good" according to our standards, who has never consciously done an evil act,

suddenly overwhelmed by some crushing calamity, we are forced to ask, whether we will or no, where is the justice of this? In vain have all religions tried to answer the question. Science, with its partial and at present questionable doctrine of heredity, has less than no answer to give. The old testament law that the sins of the fathers shall be visited on the children unto the third and fourth generation, was merely a savage statement of the fact. The bland sentimentalism of the refined Western Churches took refuge in the unedifying evasion, God's ways are not as our ways. The Moslems, resigned and stoical, put aside the horror of the problem, with a shrug, and Kismet. But the moral sense of man once morbidly awakened, needs to be satisfied. He sees that given all the factors, and these often are given sufficiently to complete the ground of judgment, in a particular case, totally innocent persons are made to endure undeserved evil. And he is therefore hurried to the conclusion—Either there is no justice, this world is not under a moral just government at all, or the person whom I know to be innocent, has deserved this punishment. How?

Then comes the karmic explanation, so beautifully simple and logical. Yes, there is justice, inexorable justice which never fails. The person you deem to be wholly innocent, was so to the extent of your view, that is to say, in *this* life, but this life, is only one of many and in those that have been lived before, he merited exactly this evil, as a punishment. It is obvious of course, that the acceptance of such a hypothesis, depends upon its *a priori* cogency. Man's innate sense of justice is revolted by many daily happenings. He either has a superior sense of justice to God, or the justice of God is qualitatively different from his; which means of course, just simply, that there can be no God *for*

him; for unless a God has a sense of justice which man can understand, there would be such a gulf set between the divine and human conception of perfect goodness, which is God, that the latter's understanding could never bridge it, *ergo* the good God could never exist as a realized notion, or concept of his mind. Or, and this is the last case, there may be facts known to the Divine dispenser of justice, which are not known to man. Now in the case of a child born with some horrible disease, there can obviously be no such facts, except upon the hypothesis, that that child is not making its first appearance on the earth. And it is just here that re-incarnation comes in with such startling and compelling illumination. At once all that seemed malevolent chance, and unjust caprice, falls into line with our own sense of justice. We are able to contemplate all that had so terribly shocked us, while we could only see in it unmerited evil, without repulsion, or any moral revolt against the order of the universe; in spite of it, we are able to retain our confidence in the perfectly just government of all that in the round world is. But I do not think that great hypothesis derives anything, at all from the attempts of modern Theosophists to prove it. On the contrary, these like all their specially directed activities, appear to me to throw discredit on what, once stated and grasped, needs no more proof than, an axiom of Euclid. And if the statement of the law uniformly brought that conviction to the human mind, we should be able to put it on the basis of permanent *a priori* truth. But it must be admitted that this is not so. One objection, the commonest perhaps, brought against this application of re-incarnation and Karma to practical morals, is that there can be no real justice in making a person suffer for

sins that he committed in a previous existence, of which he has not the faintest recollection. That would not be a fair moral discipline. Many years ago, while turning the matter over in my own mind it occurred to me, that there was a very simple answer to that objection, an answer I have frequently suggested. If the object of putting each individual through a series of lives, is his moral schooling, it would be too great a handicap to start him each time with a full recollection of all that he had done in previous incarnations. Suppose they had been uniformly vicious, and criminal, how could he have any chance of improving with such a burden of terrible memories on his mind? Doubtless he is here to pay in kind for the accumulated sins of the past, but he may, before the day of payment, have shown better tendencies, may have earned something to his credit before the reckoning. If there is an answer at all, this is it. If the hypothesis of Karma and re-incarnation is true, with all its moral implications, then it is obvious that the ethical purpose would be or might be defeated, if we returned each time with full memory of all that we had ever been and done before.

But when Theosophists, availing themselves of those "occult" powers that so many of them claim, try to prove re-incarnation, by departing elsewhere to read Akāshic records, and so to find out what you were a few thousand years ago, they seem to me to weaken their case, and open the door to obvious ridicule, and destructive criticism. It *may* be true that A was Cicero, and B was Demosthenes, and C was Hypatia, and so on and so on, but we can trace no conceivable likeness or reason, beyond the very surface and human reason of wishing to assign one eloquent

man to an eloquent predecessor, one reforming woman, to a beautiful reforming predecessor.

Nor are those proofs which are adduced from a sense of hazy recollection of places and persons seen (in this life) for the first time at all convincing. While therefore the whole distinctive strength of Theosophy as a school of thought and morals, depends upon its complete assimilation and practical application of the old eastern hypothesis of re-incarnation and Karma, while, beyond doubt, that hypothesis does satisfy more completely than any other, man's moral need of an explanation of (apparently) unmerited evil, it must be admitted that the hypothesis is in no sense the monopoly of modern Theosophy, nor have the apostles of modern Theosophy done anything material to support it. Further, although, as just observed, it is a completer and more satisfying hypothesis than any of its rivals, adapting itself more readily to all conceivable cases, measured by our own standards, so that it is on that account almost necessitated: it is true that this is only the case with those restless and exacting minds who refuse to be put off with anything less than a full demonstration. The hypothesis is for them proved by its necessity, if they are to continue to render allegiance to any supreme moral ruler. But except for its elasticity and capacity to meet every demand of the moral reason, it may be doubted whether in the last analysis it makes any substantial advance, so far as conduct is concerned, upon pure fatalism. Summed up in a sentence it comes to this, that every human being deserves all the good and all the evil which falls to his lot. We do not know *how* he has deserved it. We have not the faintest idea of the scale of punishments, or of the principle upon which they are meted out. When we come to that,

even the great basic hypothesis of Theosophy fails us. We are but a very little way from the impotent. God's justice is not as our justice. True we say that it is and must be, because our justice is a part of the Divine spark with which *ex hypothesi* we are endowed. But what particular misconduct in former existences can merit cancer, blindness, poverty, or a hundred other "evils," we cannot even conjecture. And saying that each man has deserved what we see that he actually gets, is hardly different from saying that his misfortunes as well as his good fortune, were all his fate. The central idea is as old as human thought. We find it in every ancient philosophy, we find it prominently for example all through the musings of Marcus Aurelius. Only Theosophy takes up the idea, unfolds it in the form of Karma, and elaborates it to fit every case. Curiously enough, there are many who even then refuse to see any beauty or value in it. I have myself frequently heard good church folk to whom I offered it as a new and consoling gospel, start away in genuine horror and affright. They could see nothing but an aggravation of the (apparently) good man's misfortune, in the assurance, that good as he might have been in this life, he had certainly been bad in a former life, and so had merited punishment.

That attitude, which, I confess, I cannot comprehend, must, I think, be ascribed to generations of training in the enervating morality of vicarious atonement. People become so habituated to expecting that some one else will pay their debts, that they shrink from the bare idea of paying them themselves. Where the Theosophical hypothesis is conspicuously superior to all others, is in its sense of proportion. We are not led to believe that a few years or even a few hours of life here, will entitle us to an

eternity of joy or sorrow elsewhere. We are simply taught, what we shall have to pay our debts in the same coin in which we incurred them. And that is a distinct advance. It appeals to common sense; and it does not call for that hopeless abortion of the human reason, which, must precede anything but a really blind faith, in ordinary schemes of reward and punishment in another world for good or bad deeds done in this.

These are the plain, and substantial merits of Karma and re-incarnation. Thousands of weary folk who have been reared to look to the grave as the end of their earthly toils reject it peevishly, complaining that they have no desire to live again on this earth. It is not however a question of desire. And while all students of Religion will readily admit that those religions are most popular and most enduring which provide adequate satisfactions for the longings of man's complex mentality, we have here to reconcile if we can, what our sense of justice, part at least of the Divinity within us, imperiously demands, with what may in many cases, be to some extent a disillusionment. The Paradises of all great religions become increasingly attractive to the weary, the failures, all those who carry sick hearts. Such must look forward eagerly to an eternity of bliss, bought at the comparatively slight outlay of a little fervent "belief" during their one short earthly pilgrimage. Quite naturally they would be loath to exchange their expansive hopes and expectations for such a comparatively commonplace reality, as coming back in due time, to pay their debts and reap their rewards here. If, however, whether agreeable or disagreeable, re-incarnation is a fact, how does it bear on two at least of the chief problems of life, immortality and freedom?

Obviously it disposes once and for all of the first. If we are a part of the whole cosmic process, which starts with the involution of spirit in matter, we ourselves each being a part of that spirit, and if we are to go on life after life, gaining experience, and so evolving out of matter back to pure spirit, it is plain that we can never die. But the same implication is made in any religion which assigns us a spirit. Indeed there is little practical difference between theosophical, and most other religious teachings about the immortality and destiny of the soul. There is this difference, that Theosophy if logical and consistent, should never admit that any soul can be finally "lost". That which is in essence immortal can not become mortal by associations however long, however often renewed with matter. But I am not much concerned with doctrinal teaching of this kind, feeling but a faint interest in what is to follow our departure from this life. It is only in proportion as Theosophical teaching can offer any new and valuable stimulus, to become a factor in our life work here, that it is worth considering. No doubt those who fully accept re-incarnation, must feel a stronger interest in the aggregate life with which they are surrounded on this planet, than those who believe that their whole connexion with and participation in it, is limited to the three score years and ten. So far Theosophy gives us much more enduring interest in our lives, and weightier motives to make them, and consequently the world of which they are a part, always more and more beautiful. If, for example, we compare our stake in the world from the theosophical, and from the stoic standpoint, we shall see at once that the former is incalculably large and of a kind to make us more human, more energetically devoted

to improving ourselves, and all with whom we come in contact. I do not suppose that viewed ethically, Theosophic, or any other teaching, could form a nobler character, than the ideal of the stoics. But standing as they did four square to all the winds of heaven, defying the shafts and buffets of outrageous fortune, their tendency was to withdraw, a little contemptuously from the froth and swirl of the transitory and frivolous ephemera making up external life. For each of them there was one reality, and one only the Divinity within him. Observe how closely this touches upon the fundamental idea of all religions, Theosophy included. But the Divinity within him, which it was every man's first paramount duty to keep pure and undefiled had no definite connexion with any one else's Divinity, nor with a particular external Divinity of which it was a scintillation. This view of life and morals, each man self-centred, independent, defiant, while it contributed to forming perhaps the noblest individual character, tended also to isolation, and to a contempt for so much in the world which is permanent and beautiful. The stoic stood for his own perfection, without fear or hope. His only duty was to himself to his "guiding principle." But this stern and brave morality took no account of immortality. The perfected character, when the hour struck disappeared like a wreath of smoke; the man's labour was accomplished, and well accomplished, if leaving life like a satisfied guest, he could say that he had lived nobly. Whence came the Divinity in him, whither destined, he did not stoop to enquire. He was not given to "believing." He knew with a certain knowledge that he had his duty to himself, and discharging it was the sole business of a perfect life. Of course this duty to the highest

in him implied a large circle of correlated duties to his neighbour and the state. But the point is, that the ideal was not coloured by any expectation of permanence; he neither speculated upon nor desired immortality. But if our Theosophists are right, every man should know that he is not the citizen of this or that state, of this or that time, but of the world and all time; and so should widen his horizon, and enlarge the field of his sympathies and activities.

The mere dogma of re-incarnation, as a dogma, does not of course give us any better assurance of immortality than we have in the pious aspirations of all great religions, and most great men. But if this cardinal article of Theosophic faith is warranted *a priori* as in some minds it is, by the necessities of our moral nature, it may come as a strong and very practical re-inforcement, of what was before an almost universal human hope. Passing on to the profounder and more interesting problem of the freedom of the moral agent, the ancient and I fear interminable controversy over the freedom of the will, how does Theosophy deal with that? Briefly and think as satisfactorily as any other religion. Under the law of re-incarnation and Karma, we come into life with a general outline marked out for us, by what we have done or left undone in former existences. But we are at liberty, within limits, to fill in the outline, so as to alter our Karma, subtracting from bad and adding to the good. In a sense this is hardly distinguishable from fatalism. But I believe it is a part of theosophical teaching that no man enters life with a Karma which compels him to crime; he may have a strong criminal tendency. If however it is the Karma of some to be the victims

of violence, it is not easy to say how it is not the Karma of others to commit such crimes.

I do not propose however to go much further into, the problem of the Freedom of the Will. Theosophy makes as large and sufficient allowance for it, as any other scheme of Religion. And much of the profitless discussion which has always raged about it, seems to me to arise out of the ambiguities of a vocabulary necessarily inadequate for expressing all that needs to be expressed before the whole subject can be properly apprehended. However completely Determinists may convince themselves dialectically, that the human will is not free, the conduct of all men in society is regulated and judged by the belief—or if you prefer it, the fiction, that the Will is free. This does not of course mean that a man can will anything, in the sense of achieving it. And most of us whether Libertarians, or Determinists, will admit that, saving the unbalancing of the mind (where rational motives cease to exercise their normal sway) no man can act contrary to his nature. But for all the purpose of argument, as soon as we adopt common terminology that the will is invariably “motived” (implying that “motives” are external “forces” with which the “will” is pelted), Libertarians have already given away their case. The practical proof of the freedom of the will (at any rate as an ineradicable conviction of the human mind) lies in the universality of moral judgments. We all form them upon the acts of each other, and we can hardly help doing so. I agree with Kant, that the best thing in the (moral) world, is a good will. Subjectively that could only be true from an ethical point of view, if we concede freedom to the will. I also agree with Sidgwick that it is immaterial to decide dogmatically whether the will is free or not.

Because in spite of all the intellect may have to say on the subject, every moral system is based on the postulate that the will is free. We do not gain anything from partial concessions of such Determinists, as for example Professor Caldwell, that the will is partly free. Either for moral purposes, it is free or not free. There can be no compromise. I should not quarrel with Determinists if they were consistent. But they shrink from the logical conclusion of their arguments. They evince most perverted ingenuity to prove that while they believe the human will to be absolutely determined, they are in no sense fatalists. But I maintain that Determinism is (from the point of view of human moral being) pure fatalism. If in any given conjuncture a man *must* act in a certain way there is an end to all measure of conduct on a moral scale. And the most convinced of these sentimental Determinists shirk the bald repulsiveness of their proper conclusion, by airy generalizations about the duty of each of us to create about bad wills, a better moral climate, to substitute a more powerful set of good, for the previous bad determining motives. But all this talk implies a freedom of the will, on the part of the philanthropists, which is inconsistent with the rest of the argument. Moreover, the will is not a separate engine of the mind, like a sword or a club, with which we attack others or defend ourselves. Nor is it a balance, into which someone else throws motives, so that when one scale descends, action automatically follows. It is in fact merely a mode of the whole consciousness, the active or dynamic mode, corresponding with the passive, reflective and receptive modes. Expressed only in action it reveals the tendency of the whole consciousness at a given moment. And

it is of course a mere truism to say, that the consciousness can only act in accordance with its active mode at a given moment. But that is altogether a different thing from saying that preceding modes may not, in the obscurity of the deeper regions of mentality, operate to produce an A. or an X. active or dynamic resultant mode. The Motive argument is always confined to the particular moment of action, when in fact dynamic mode has already been formed, and is acting. It ignores altogether long and elaborate antecedents in other modes of consciousness, which often work up to a definite expression in action for months and years in advance. It is interesting to add that so convinced a materialist, as Clifford, the greatest scientific mind perhaps of all the early Darwinian band, frankly admits, that in the ordinary sense, the human will is, of course, free. But as we are only concerned with the ordinary sense, we might rest satisfied with such an admission coming from such a quarter.

Thus far then we see that, as long as it is confined to its basic hypothesis, of re-incarnation and Karma, as an explanation and interpretation of the phenomena of human life, and spiritual evolution, Theosophy is completer, and more rational, than any of its competitors. On the spiritual side it deals in abstractions, which may strike the fervid Christian as cold and inadequate substitutes for a Personal Anthropomorphic God, fashioned in our own image, and taking the same direct interest in all our affairs, as a model father does in those of his children. But against this must be set its greatly enhanced human interest. It ties us much more closely, and for an immeasurably longer time to the fortunes of our kind. Conceded the starting point, and it is at once free from

all further mystery. As a mere Religion it is startlingly simple. Perhaps for that very reason it will not make a sufficiently strong appeal to those whose emotional natures are over stimulated, and predominate excessively over their intellectual natures. It is only when we come to its peculiar features, and its supernatural claims (for to the ordinary man and woman most of its claims are strictly supernatural) that we begin to doubt where it is likely to be a useful force, a force altogether for good. The first thing that strikes the impartial student, is the remarkable fulness and perfection of Theosophical theories. The vehicles of man lend themselves to a singularly elaborate, and plausible explanation of all the processes by which we are tempted to over-step the border line of normal sense impressions, and launch ourselves into the fascinating but dangerously uncharted Beyond.

We are told Theosophy has no other aim than to seek Truth. The motto of the Society (which first attracted me) was "there is no Religion greater than the Truth." Yet we are fed upon miracles, without a shadow of proof. We are asked to believe that very ordinary men and women, who only turned their attention to Theosophy late in life, have acquired literally miraculous powers. We are told that they are inspired by Mahatmas and Adepts; that invisible helpers hover about them to protect them from rough chances of every day life. We are told that they have gained faculties of vision which surpass those of any microscope; faculties of locomotion which annihilate space, time and matter. They tell us that they can see two at least of the vehicles, and they explain all the dark phenomena of hypnotism, the sub-conscious mind, dream psychology with an airy and astounding confidence.

I am bound to say for myself, that knowing the life-history of some at least of those who make these astonishing claims on our credulity, having had ample opportunities of testing their powers of reasoning, and their general mental and moral equipment, I am constrained to doubt where they are not hallucinated, self-deceived, and too light-heartedly deceiving others.

Turn to such a book as "Invisible Helpers." You will find miracle, after miracle, calmly set forth as fact. The author and his friends say that they have actually done these things, that they have left their earthly bodies behind them and retaining full consciousness have flown over the globe at pleasure, and been able when occasion required, to "materialize" at critical moment, and give assistance of most practical kind to those in need of it. If you ask them for the simplest proof, will they give it? Never. You are always put off with some command laid upon them by the "masters" not to gratify vulgar curiosity. But surely if they have the vindication of the truth, and nothing else at heart, these are great new truths, which it behoves them to force on the scientific world. And if the Masters forbid them to give the simplest demonstration, why do the Masters permit them to publish their miracles? A half permission of that sort can only bring them into discredit; it cannot help the truth. If a man can at will, leave his body and fly, say from London to Dover, where he can see all that is happening; he can of course fly from one room to another, and tell you what is on the mantelpiece of the latter. But though I have often pressed for such an extremely simple test, I have never known one of the self-appointed leaders and teachers of Theosophy consent to under go it. In short all this talk of having developed

new "faculty" seems to me, at present, desperately false, and mischievous. It may of course be true, but what guarantee have serious and earnest men, who really *do* want the truth, that it is? I might say that I was in the habit of jumping over St. Paul's Cathedral, but unless I consented to do so, when any one asked me, who would believe me? Just at present there is an enterprise on foot in America to get into communication with Mars. It is to cost two million sterling. Now among the Theosophical leaders, there are certainly two, who claim to be able to visit Mars at pleasure. They claim to be in habit of doing so. Why do not they set all our doubts at rest, by a scientifically compiled account of how this is done, what they found when they got there, whether Mars is inhabited, if so by what sort of people, what language they talk and so forth? The same leaders of Theosophy declare, that they have without much difficulty acquired a kind of microscopic vision which enables them to see component atoms, of say, glass, a thing which Science has not been able to do. The same faculty ought to enable them to see much more easily through a closed door. But I do not think that they will ever submit to the test I have before indicated. Of course no one can test the claim they do make. If a person SAYS he sees atoms, no one can prove that he does not. But if he says he can see through a door, it is quite easy to prove either that he can or that he cannot. In the whole of this region, of what may be called Theosophy proper, my own careful, and I believe truly sympathetic studies, have led me to doubt whether we are not getting further away from, rather than nearer to the Truth. Observe I do not charge any wilful deception. Far from that. One or two at any rate, among great modern Theosophists,

are persons of highest character, and the noblest aspirations. But I do feel that embarking on these lines of research, has a natural tendency to produce hallucination and self deception. Like saints in ecstasies induced by long vigils and fasts a neurotic ill-trained, emotional, and often partially abnormal mind, encouraged by the apparently simple and rational explanations of the Theosophical creed, is pretty sure to see what it expects to see. Moreover it has always seemed to me, comparing the essentially evolutionary character, of the basic hypothesis, with these mushroom growths of consciously acquired faculty, that even from the Theosophical standpoint, these are highly improbable. It should need ages and ages of spiritual evolution, to add a fraction to the power of the spiritual eye. Whereas here we have hundreds and hundreds of very ordinary people, honestly believing that by practicing "Yogi" for a few years, they can gain in the tenth of an ordinary life time, what one would think it would require a thousand lives of highly concentrated effort to attain. Tested at any point, the "supernatural claims" of Theosophy, always appear to the outside student to break down. It is only the great hypothesis, re-incarnation and Karma, for which we need no modern cult at all, that preserves some real value.

Notwithstanding the inflation of the occult, and ultra mystic side of Theosophy, the reaction of the movement as a whole upon the world, is at present, we may concede, good. That is to say, if we make sufficient subtractions, for fostering a spirit of unwise credulity, the character forming influence of Theosophy is distinctly good. I have not time now to go into whole intricate question of moral values, but admitting as we must, I think, that the

altruistic virtues, are, theoretically in the ascendant, no teaching is more genuinely and whole-heartedly altruistic than Theosophy. And its rational consolations and explanations, conduce to moods of serenity, while on its active energizing side, it promotes universal charity and love. Those who look upon it very kindly, although they do not see their way to joining it, as a new church, would probably agree with me in wishing that it would content itself for the present with practical ethics, and neglect its amorphous, and repulsive accretions of occult faculties, and wonderful miracles.

F. BEAMAN.

LOVE OFFERINGS.

(Translated from the Persian.)

Look at the tulips—how lovely and sweet!

Look at the roses—how fragrant and fair! Look at human life—how wondrous and varied! But, Oh, the pity of it—how brief the day of each and all!

Heaven is but a moment of my self-contentment and hell an expression of my foolish grief. Come, dearest, come and with thee bring love and light.

To none will I open my bosom in simple confidence; to none will I my secrets confide. I shall weep tears of sweetest longing;— I shall offer, love, my sweetest songs.

Let us battle with fate, and uproot this sorry scheme of things, which giveth crowns to fools and thorns to the wise.

Yesterday hath no meaning; tomorrow hath no existence for me, said the Sâqi, I live in the fulness of to-day.

Sing, O Sâqi, and with thy song carry off the gloom of facts; for is not grief the fixed star of man, and joy his fleeting dream?

On this azure vault in golden letters is inscribed:
naught but goodness lives; naught but virtue triumphs.

I loathe the Church, the Temple, and the Mosque—I
loathe them all—for are they not unyielding barriers,
dividing walls? Break them down, O beauteous Spirit
of Truth, and, in thy fold, unite us all!

Remote from the world's echoes; remote from the
world's strife; and heedless of the hours that come and
go—I cherish thy love, I dream the dream of thee.

I have treasured tears; I have garnered griefs. Cus-
todian and Treasurer! What wealth of sorrows my heart
conceals!

One fond hope, one sweet illusion I shall ever
cherish, never forsake: that thou and I will some day be
one undivided, indivisible whole.

What can cure the love-sick heart? Naught but the
music of thy voice; naught but the magic of the kiss.
Naught else can cure or heal the heart.

I have vowed a vow, a solemn vow—to abstain from
wine: but the spring stirreth joy, and awaketh many
dreams. O Saki, reach forth the cup, and lull my vow to
sleep!

Would tears bring the Loved-ones back? Would
prayers lure death away. No! unheeding Fate moveth
on with purpose fixed and strong.

Hand round the cup for it chaseth away fear, drowneth grief, setteth the heart aglow with joy. Hand round the cup, for it fanneth fire in youth, and softeneth the burden of Age.

Mourn not the flight of things; keep pace with the march of Time. Enjoy, for fate ever flingeth slings and arrows, and Death ever knocketh at the door.

In the battle that ever rages, amidst the mist that never lifts—'tis thy light that never fails; 'tis thy love that ever cheers the broken spirit of man.

Faultless in beauty; peerless alike in heaven and on earth—for doth not even the moon fear comparison, and, in thy presence veil herself in her mantle of cloud?

Illusions die, but anon they push and sprout again, dear sweet illusions of life, shall I crush them? Shall I kill them? No! I shall love them; I shall cherish them though they last but for a day.

Thou, O wondrous Earth, how lightly dost thou bear the stress of Time! How serene, placid, imperturbable thou seemest! Dost thou watch the swift, sliding show of life? Dost thou pity the fate of man? Hast thou any gospel to proclaim, any axe to grind? Naught else have I to teach; naught else to preach: that thou shouldst ever cling to love, ever fight for light.

Hope—is there any hope to nurse? Joy—is there any joy to court? Where soon, alas, hope dies and love decays.

Hast thou for me no message of gladness, no tidings of joy? O morning breeze! for thee these wakeful eyes count the stars by night; for thee this sorrowing heart longs and bleeds by day.

Ah! those days of youth, those passionate longings of love—those faded flowers and withered leaves! What sad memory and bitter pain they evoke and inflict. Heavy is life's burden; tragic is life's end.

I seek that gift, O God, that will enkindle the spark divine and fill my heart with unfailing light I seek thy all-consuming love.

Cheer thy weary soul; for griefs will die and pain will end. Cheer thy weary soul; for a higher life awaits thee; a brighter world than thou canst see.

That imaginary crown of laurel which youth weareth and loveth to show—How swiftly doth the sun of life scorch it!

Let me make a world of my imaginings—a world free from hope, fear and strife. There I shall dream the dream of love, and there I shall laugh at the force of things.

I have quaffed the mystic cup; I have enjoyed the sacred feast; I have revelled in thy vision; I have naught else to seek. Break, then, O break the fetters and set me free.

Amid the worldly tumult one clear voice I hear; amid the encircling gloom one clear light I see. The Light is naught but *thee*; the Voice is naught but *thine*.

In the midst of joy I have often wondered why my heart beats with grief; in the presence of beauty, why I feel keen, intense regret? It is grief for joys gone beyond recall? Is it sorrow for the impending fate which threatens all?

Once, and once alone, I held happiness in my hand and felt it mine; but alas! it fled, and fled beyond my grasp. Pass me the soul-entrancing cup, and justify, O Saki, the ways of God to man.

Beyond the Valley of the Shadow lies the Sun-lit radiant Land of Beauty, where none but the discerning can enter, where none but they can enjoy. There is no light and darkness, as in the twilights of time, but fulness of life, fulness of light, fulness of love divine. There is the sound of the heavenly harmonies to charm the ears; Visions of beauty to gladden the eyes. Spirit of Beauty, lead, oh lead us to thy land.

Thou art fairer than all that is fairest in heaven; lovelier than all that is loveliest on earth. Thou art the vision of joy and loveliness; the paradise of poets and Kings. Thou art love—Soul's priestess and life's reigning queen.

Youth has flown and its memories too are fast flying away. Oblivion—lo! there, behold life's flower and the fruit.

The wind sobbed and sighed and said: I pass swiftly, alas, too swiftly away. No vestige, nothing, is left of me. Laugh not, O unheeding traveller, thou, too, wilt share my fate, and thou, too, like me, without a trace, will swiftly pass away.

What bedews the eyes with tears and evokes unnumbered sighs? Naught but love's inexpressible anguish, life's unutterable griefs.

The stars have set, the day has dawned, the caravan stands ready to start, come, beloved, come, let us kiss ere we part.

I have loathed the realities of life; I have shrunk from their touch; I have thirsted for things beautiful; I have dreamed of things divine: but still, alas, dark, dark is the night, and far, far the goal.

Name and fame, blame and shame. What are they but idle chatter, foolish talk? A cup, a lute, a fair, frolic maid,—nothing sweeter, nothing lovelier can the fates bestow.

Why these sighs and these tears, O heart? Tell me why? Yesterday sure was I of love; but mist and cloud and plaintive note of sighing adieu—these, O God, these are all I see and hear today.

Where are those loved-ones whose dear, sweet smile lightened life's burden and lighted life's path? Death hath taken them away; but their memory—Oh! who can take that away?

What are we, dearest, but marionettes strutting across the stage, dancing at another's bidding, playing to another's tune? Fate bringeth us together and, then, it severeth us, alas, for ever and for ever more!

Despite the mist and haze of years; despite the cloud and dust of life — thy memory is my priceless treasure; thy love, my fixed, unchanging star. In dream I greet thy face; in waking hours I mourn thy loss. Reft of sunny season, I live in the realms of silence, in the dead, departed, days of yore.

What are temples and mosques but thy love's abode? What are prayers and hymns but thy love's litany? All seek *thee*—wise and fool alike; all strive to reach thee, though devious be the way.

Thou, O moon, that enfoldest her in thy silvery robe!
Thou, O breeze, that playeth with her raven, fragrant locks!
Thou, O dawn, that greeteth her eye-lids and awakeneth her to youth's boundless joys: wilt thou not carry my message of love, and bring back to me some message of comfort and of hope?

S. KHUDA BUKHSH.

“ WHY DOES GOD NOT SPEAK ? ”

He stooped down, and wrote on the ground.

ST. JOHN viii, 8.

The silence of God has filled many with bewilderment, and has tried the faith of many. In times of great crisis men have asked impatiently, Why does God not speak ? Why does He not rend the heavens and come down ? There are at least two answers to the question. The first, that every abstention or forbearance of God is as surely an expression of His wisdom as any action or dispensation. The second, that even when no word is spoken in the ear there may be intimations and assurances given to the heart.

Of the first, let it be recognised that if this life is the preparation for a higher life hereafter the process by which man is shaped for that is chiefly important in its product. It is not incidents of your life that matters but its result. And in the making of character, which becomes the passport to destiny, the two factors that count most are will and suffering. Every decision that one makes goes to make oneself : every discipline bravely borne develops strength and patience. When God gave man free will He laid a restraint upon Himself. In the measure of man's

freedom of choice God has beforehand bound Himself to refrain and forbear. And man's freedom is a reality. If it be argued that God's foreknowledge must of necessity impose a constraint upon man it is answered that all that is necessary to make man's freedom real is certainly given: and that God can as readily forbear to know as He can forbear to act. What He resigns of Himself is not the outcome of weakness but of strength. Man, having free will needs also room for its exercise; and therefore large space is left in human life for the exercise of will. This is the patience of God. He refrains and endures even when man blasphemes, and misuses all the gifts by which he might be serving his fellow-men and honouring his Maker. St. Peter writes that God is not slack but long-suffering, because He is not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance. The Divine will is involved actively or passively in every act of man: and when at times of man's wilfulness God suffers it to be so now it is because His hour is not yet come. The times of man's ignorance He may patiently endure, but always purposing to call man to repentance. In the fulness of time God speaks or God acts. The Hebrews have a proverb, "when the straw fails, Moses comes:" it is a true proverb. When there is need God gives deliverance. And till there is need of direct intervention, which sometimes comes through some change in the conditions or circumstances of life, the moral education and spiritual evolution is being carried on by the formative power of the human will. God is very near, but man is apparently left to himself, that he may know his responsibility and bravely take up his duty. God is silent then and listening whilst His child is learning to speak.

But the second answer needs more consideration. Even when no word is spoken in the ear there may be intimations and assurances given to the heart. All scientists affirm now the unity of the universe: this unity goes deeper than is yet recognised by many. It exists first in the origin and purpose of all created things. And God, who has made all things, created heaven and earth in a wonderful order, a marvellous harmony: everything is relative to all else. We are often deceived by our own phrases and terms. The natural and the supernatural are not apart, or separate, or opposed: such words only indicate the limit or failure of human sense and understanding. At least we may compare these with the music of organ and choir in a great anthem of praise: the music commends and supports the words, and the words express the thought which the music may suggest but cannot utter. The world about us cannot in plain and distinct fashion announce God, but all creation supports and requires for its own intelligibility such a revelation of God as we have in Christ. And man, made of the clay, needs to realize his kinship with the earth. The repetition of religious phrases, the recitation of prescribed acts of devotion may serve only as a narcotic, or even provoke a revolt against the very thought of God's presence. There are occasions in the lives of most of us when a walk upon hills, or through the woods, or the smell of burning peat, or the sound of a running stream, or the rise and fall of great waves under a cliff, or the spring and tread of turf and heather underfoot, can do more for the spiritual life than Church service or liturgy. For God is the Maker of Heaven and Earth and of all things visible and invisible, and the heart of man is the Divine crucible, in which all

the true elements of this earthly life are by the disciplines of time wrought unto the glory that is eternal.

And here let us note the danger of a religion that clings too closely to books and systems. It is possible to avoid committing some particular sin on a motive more wicked than the sin avoided. It is possible to make the confession of our sins the gravest act of revolt against God of which we have been guilty. It is possible to make our apparent acts of humility to be veritable acts of self-worship. It is possible to increase our responsibility for our sins whilst putting ourselves under direction. And a life lived under rules may be of all lives the most unlike a life lived under the guidances of the Holy Ghost. It is possible to gather about oneself all the external evidences and symptoms of profound piety and yet be living without God in the world. We may retain or recover the sense of reality in our relation with God if we accustom ourselves to praise Him in His noble acts, to praise Him according to His excellent greatness. And a practical and acceptable part of our praise is the right use of God's gifts in wholesomeness of heart and with thanksgiving. Every holiday should put a new strength and happiness into our consciousness of the goodness and presence of God. •

When one born blind was brought to our Lord for the gift of sight, he laid upon the man's eyes an ointment of clay and spittle, and sent him with his sockets sealed up to wash in the pool of Siloam. Man made of the clay may gain the heavenly vision at last by things of the earth earthy in which and through which the breath of God moves to give him sight. There is no incident or circumstances in common life that we may not find to be the medium of some gift of light or strength just equal to our need.

The Lord is loving unto every man : and His mercy is over all His works. And as the ways of men vary, and differences of temperament and experience and mental habit mark off classes and peoples and races, it is good to remember that the Heavenly City lieth foursquare: on the east three gates, on the north three gates, on the south three gates, and on the west three gates. From the east, the region of the rising sun and dawning day, come trooping the little children, led first by the Holy Innocents ; children with the dew of baptism still upon them, who have died in their innocence. And with them many who have lived guileless lives, comrades of Nathanael, those who have kept themselves undefiled, the first-prints unto God and to the Lamb. From the north, the region of darkness and of the powers of evil, press eagerly those who have gotten the victory over the Beast. Delivered from hunger and thirst, and brought safely through the great tribulation, they are led by the Penitent Thief, and are more than conquerors through Him who loved them and gave Himself for them. From the south, the region of sunshine and fair skies, the happy and unscathed draw near, attracted by the loving kindness of the Lord. Faithful and true they follow St. Thomas, kinsman of soul to the Lord Himself; nay, more than kinsman, twin in heart. These have tasted that the Lord is gracious; and as they have thought on whatsoever things are true, and honest, and just, and pure, and lovely, they have found their full joy and only satisfaction in the Lord of life and glory. From the west, the region of shadows and the setting sun, stream in the multitudes of penitents, brothers of St. Augustine and Sisters of St. Mary Magdalen. Grief and sorrow, the disappointments of the world, and the misery

of failure, the desolation of the soul apart, the resignation of the sinfulness of the past life, the loss of all the false hopes and estimates which filled the earlier days, the waning of the forces and pleasures of the mortal life; these have turned the thoughts and hearts of the weary and heavy laden to Him who alone can give rest and pardon. The Heavenly City lieth foursquare: the twelve gates set in the four walls are open all the day, and there is no night there.

By the Incarnation God took our whole nature, and claimed relationship in the flesh with every child of man. He lived and grew through all the periods of infancy, and childhood, and adolescence, and maturity. He put Himself in sympathetic touch with all the experiences of human life; He increased the joy at the wedding of Cana of Galilee and put away the grief at the funeral of Nain. And no human life is unknown to God or excluded from the Divine care. Even when men have forgotten Him he has not left Himself without witness "in that He has done good, and given them rain from heaven, and fruitful seasons, filling their hearts with food and gladness."

Science declares the wonders of God's works: History records His continuous dealings with mankind: personal experience may note His goodness: conscience expresses His protective care. Whoso is wise will ponder these things:

And they shall understand the loving-kindness of the Lord.

THE ELEVENTH DIGIT.

AS we all know now, there is no branch of learning and tradition in which East and West are more indebted to one another than the abstruse calculations of Astronomy and Astrology. While Jewry and Islam, religions of the middle East, still preserve their old creation week with the holy sabbath on the last day, the day of Divine Rest, India and Christendom have a common astronomical week, beginning with the day of the sun, and ending with the day of Cukra or Saturn. It has therefore always puzzled me (I suppose it is no secret to the learned in these matters) why the moon has twelve digits of diameter and is feminine in Europe, whereas our attendant planet possesses sixteen digits in India and is male. In East and West alike, however, the moon is held to have a potent influence on the destiny and character of fallible humans, and to this day, even among the well-educated, there are few who do not hold that the freakish changes of the British climate are attendant upon the placidly, regular phases of the moon. When a change of weather occurs at full moon or at new moon, the coincidence is eagerly noted. When, as more often happens, it occurs at some other time, it is unnoticed. So difficult is it to escape from the handed-down tradition of our predecessors. To the accumulated experience of mankind, we owe the

arts and sciences. We are apt to forget that, in East and West alike, we inherit from our ancestors a great deal of unprofitable rubbish, much foolish, if harmless, superstition and, not infrequently, social and national prejudices which do positive harm.

In Bengal (and, for all I know, in other parts of India as well) the *Ekádaçi*, the day when the eleventh digit of the moon enters and leaves the sun's light, is observed as a day of fasting, especially by widowed women. It may be that this custom was originally due to the ancient belief that the ambrosia, the fabled substance of which the moon was held to consist, was on fifteen days the food of fifteen successive deities, beginning with Agni and ending with Prajápati, while on the sixteenth day the moon's benignant influence wrought in the udders of kine to produce the milk from which is made the pure and sweet ghee which is given in burnt offerings to the sacred gods. Many ceremonies and observances in East and West alike have similar origins. Yet we continue the habitual performances, feastings and fastings, as a matter of inherited habit. Often we find new justifications and explanations of them, and, in modern times, defend them by quasi-scientific arguments. It is easy to argue that a holiday is a necessary, or at least, a restorative change from toil: that an occasional fast (or feast) may be useful in the preservation of our mental or physical health. At worst, these hereditary observances have this undeniable merit that they are communal, that we perform them with our brother-men, that they are an expression of our common needs, hopes, sorrows, aspirations, and, finally, of our common mortality. We are not in any country (and perhaps it is well for us that we are not) guided by pure reasoning and intelligence

in our communal beliefs and the means by which we jointly give expression to them. We owe it to our forefathers that we are Muslims, Parsis, Jews, Buddhists, Hindus, or Christians. The more reason why we should be tenderly indulgent to inherited beliefs from which it is certainly difficult, and probably dangerous, to part company. • Unity we might achieve by a common stark agnosticism. But neither in East nor West are we near that stage, and, as things are in our generations and will be in that of our children, we must needs be genially and courageously tolerant of the hereditary practices and legends of men and women of a culture different from our own. These rather obvious considerations have been suggested to me by reading a singularly interesting and suggestive short story from the pen of Mr. Prabhat Kumar Mukharji, entitled *Pratyāvartan*, which word I may be allowed to translate as "The Relapse." The tale is one which has its lessons for East and West alike. It has been discussed at some length in a charming essay by the venerable Maharshi Dvijendranath Tagore, the elder brother of Sir Rabindranath Tagore. Perhaps an elderly Christian who has spent most of his life in India may be permitted to add his artless and well-meant comments to what the respected Maharshi has said.

Let me first give you a rapid summary of Mr. Mukharji's admirable tale. In one of the numerous hostels attached to the University of Calcutta lives a little band of Hindu undergraduates, boyish, healthy, cheerful. Most of them observe the traditional practices taught them at home by loving and pious parents. But one of them, rather better provided with this world's goods than the rest, Nidhiram Das by name, is inclined to be lax in these

matters. He gives himself out to be, and is accepted by his fellow students as a Kulin Kayasth, practically the highest non-Brahmanical caste in Bengal. His home is far away in Western Bengal, and no one in Calcutta knows his origin. He is in fact, however, a Dhobi, a washerman, by caste, and therefore ought not to be taking his meals in commensality with boys belonging to higher castes.

At the time of the *Ekādaśī* fast, he has good-natured discussions with his more orthodox fellow-students. These defend their enforced vegetarianism on the ground that fasting reduces the peccant "humours" of the human body, and so is good for body and mind alike. Ramnidhi, with a fine show of scientific accuracy, argues that vegetable food, as a matter of fact, contains more liquid substances than the baker's bread and prawn curry in which he is wont to indulge. In short, he pokes fun at the *Ekādaśī-tatwa*, the doctrine of the fast of the eleventh digit. His orthodox companions say that there are probably excellent physiological reasons for this ancient bi-monthly fast, and propose to consult some professor of the Medical College on the subject. The discussion, however, is quite amiable, and the orthodox lads (it is the Twentieth Century, after all) bear no grudge to the easy-going, self-indulgent, good-natured Ramnidhi, who is a kindly generous fellow in his way.

One day, however, the family priest of the Das family, a typical old-fashioned Brahman, a bigoted conservative in religion and social matters, comes up to Calcutta, and without being aware that young Das is one of its occupants, stumbles on the hostel. The orthodox lads, recognising in him a kindly old Bhattacharjya of the olden

time, receive him with boyish hospitality, secure him a chamber, and provide a feast for him suited to his orthodox ideas. Meanwhile he discovers that his young disciple is a resident in the boarding-house, and when the time comes for the evening meal, refuses to eat food in a room defiled by the presence of a Dhobi. The other boys are justly indignant at the deceit practised upon them by young Das and, going to his room in a body, insist that he shall instantly leave the hostel. - He does so, uttering threats of vengeance. He says he will report the matter to the police. His fellow-students are more or less disturbed by these threats, and one of them, a law student, consults his C. P. C. The old Brahman, who has the usual villager's terror of the police, runs away and hides himself.

But Das, bitterly humiliated, has no intention of going to the police. He seeks a lodging in vain, spends the night at the foot of the great Ochterlony Column in the Maidan, and, next morning, takes refuge in a lodging-house maintained by Christian missionaries. Here, at least, he gets some balm for his offended pride. He is called "Mr. Das," has a servant to attend on him, and gets the little creature comforts for which his easy sensuous temperament pines. The old Brahman carries news to Birbhum that the boy is going to turn Christian, and his loving old mother, at great inconvenience to an old lady of home-keeping habits, hastens to Calcutta. But Nidhiram's hurts are still smarting. He refuses to see the poor old lady, and, for greater security against maternal entreaty, he travels to the Christian mission settlement at Cuttack in Orissa. On the way, at a dak bungalow, he discovers that though he wears European clothes, sahibs

will not accept him as an equal. At Cuttack, he finds that even in Church, white and dusky Christians do not meet on equal terms; that, even after death, white men and brown are not interred in the same cemetery. Once more his touchy pride is offended. He is a wealthy young land-owner, accustomed to deference from his childhood. Why should he change his faith if he is to get no social benefit thereby? He received a touching and affectionate letter from his mother, entreating him to return to her. He proceeds to the famous old temple of Jaggannath, performs penance, and goes home. There we leave him.

On the tale thus roughly summarised, the Maharshi Dvijendranath Tagore has written some pregnant and forcible comments, headed by the old Bengali proverbial saying "Tigers on the bank, alligators in the water." As are the old fashioned Braliman priests of Hinduism, so, he says, are the *padres* of Christianity. Not in a change of religion, not by an appeal to Western science, shall we find peace and rest. The right way is to fall back on the true, the spiritual Hinduism, the yoga-shastra, which admits all men to union with God if they seek Him in spirit and in truth. The old doctrines of Hinduism, the Maharshi asserts, did not deal with rites and ceremonies, with initiation, and fasting, and the keeping of days and seasons, but with the love of God and man. To attain to Union with God, we must live in charity with all men. We must respect ourselves, and respect others. We must despise worldly opinion, and worldly preferment. Nidhiram's comrades were as cowardly as they were cruel in ejecting him. Having so treated him, their nervous dread of the police was unmanly.

I need not continue my attempt to summarise the Maharshi's eloquent plea for the true, the spiritual form of Hinduism. It will be noticed that in trying to render his statement into English, I have inevitably used Christian phraseology. I have spoken of love and charity, words that occur frequently and have a definite doctrinal meaning in Christian theology, where the Maharshi has used words which to Hindus have a definite religious connotation, words such as maitri, karuná, muditá, upekshá, &c. That is, of course, inevitable. I only mention this lest I should seem to have carelessly or wilfully misunderstood the Maharshi's meaning.

But on one point there is no room for mistake at all. The doctrine which the Maharshi inculcates as being the true Hinduism is, in all essentials, the very basis of the Christian faith as it is revealed in the Gospels. For the ten commandments of the Jews, the Founder of Christianity substituted two harder commandments; utter love of God and the love of our fellowmen as ourselves. At the present moment, in spite of the war (or because of the war) there is a strong movement in the West for Christian unity and it is felt that in most cases what divides Christians is precisely those things which Mr. Mukharji calls *ekádaṣī-tatwa*, traditional rites and ceremonies, communal and sectarian matters which have been super-added to spiritual religion, to the whole hearted and ungrudging love of God and man. For the moment, the movement makes little progress, and he who watches the present aspect of the western world has no difficulty in seeing why tortured and bleeding humanity must needs wait a while. But when happier times come, there will be many priests and laymen, who will ask whether a simpler and more spiritual

creed might not bring Christian men together in a genuine desire and effort to obey the express commandment of their Lord.

"Tigers on the bank," yes, "and alligators in the water" in all countries, no doubt. But these animals, to pervert an old joke, "are also God's creatures." Their power over us depends on ourselves, and it is open to each one of us in his degree to make his own religion, be he Hindu, Muslim or Christian, a source of peace and happiness, to himself and to those about him, not by insisting on compliance with doctrines which vary from age to age, from place to place, from man to man, but by proclaiming what the Maharshi proclaims in the name of true Hinduism, the hearty and genuine love of God, and the honest and frank love of our fellow-men. If we secure that, and each of us can secure it in his own heart, we can safely leave the rest to God's providence.

Meanwhile, of course, we cannot escape from our inherited limitations; our social traditions, nay, from many superstitions which have grown firmly round our minds as a creeper clings to a forest tree. Social life depends on a host of conventions. Is not language itself, are not the very stumbling words in which I strive to convey my meaning, conventional? Every religion, each society has its own shibboleth, its own forms and usages, and these are not easily altered. Are we sure that it would be good to alter them, or, at least, to alter them rashly and hastily, till we have something to take their place? But we can at least render them innocuous, by cultivating a sense of humour, and of good humour. I might have made Mr. Mukharji's interesting tale the text for a Christian sermon, a plea for

the religion in which I was bred. Obviously, the pages of "East and West" are not the place for that. But perhaps I may be excused for saying that the Maharshi's exposition of true Hinduism comes extraordinarily near what most Christians would admit to be a statement of the essential facts of Christian doctrine. He claims, justly no doubt, that his doctrine brings Hindus together, and relieves them of the aching wounds from which poor Nidhiram suffered. Nidhiram, a good fellow at bottom, took himself and his circumstances much too seriously, and attached much too great an importance to the trifles of our common worldly existence. At one moment, in his wounded pride, he even spurned his mother's love, the most valuable possession next to the love of wife and husband, that a human being can have. Finally, in his despair, he returned, like a hurt child, to his mother's lap, was petted and forgiven and found some measure of peace and contentment. He found it in his mother's unselfish love, and in exact measure to his unselfish return of her natural affection. So is it all through life. In selfish struggles, selfish ambition, in heedless competition there is no lasting contentment. Well, we all know that, whatever our creed. The trouble is that we do not act on our knowledge. We play the part of tiger on bank, or alligator in the water, and live in constant terror of other predacious beasts. Hence what Bengalis call *daládali*, and party-spirit, and sectarian rancour, and race hatred and so forth, to say nothing of war.

It does no good to denounce these things. They have always existed. They will always exist in this our time. Our business is to banish them from our own hearts, if we can, and to be what, if I were writing for a Christian

audience, I should call "Christian Gentlemen". Any man can be, as the Maharshi will be the first to admit, a gentleman in his own station, his own creed, his own rank, his own race; gentle, long-suffering, humorous, kindly, not prompt to take offence, courageous in defending the right, if need be, punctilious in telling the truth as it appears to him, but careful in telling it with a due regard to the prepossessions and rearing of those about him. I feel very sorry for Nidhiram in his dealings with the Cuttack Christians. I happened to be acquainted, intimately acquainted, with a Cuttack missionary, and I greatly regret that Nidhiram did not make his acquaintance while he was at Cuttack. He might not have been "converted," but Nidhiram was not the good fellow I take him to have been if he had not acquired a very sincere affection and regard for my missionary friend's character and person, a liking which would have been frankly and cordially returned.

In short, to sum up, let us refuse to dislike a man merely because he is a Hindu, a Muslim, a Christian or what not. If he is a good man, let us respect his goodness. If he is kind and cordial, let us return his kindness and cordiality. If he is wise and learned, let us give him the respect he deserves. If he is none of these things, let us remember that he is an imperfect human being like ourselves, the inheritor of a crowd of habits and anventions from which very few, if any, can shake themselves free. For my part, I hope it is not arrogant to wish I could have met Nidhiram myself. He took the small things of life much too seriously. One way out, not open to all, would be to turn his attention to higher things. Another,

and an easier way would be to point out to him the obvious fact that no pangs of wounded vanity are worth a long face. Why, hang the fellow, he had a loving and indulgent mother, a fine landed estate, and whenever he wished it, the power to marry a nice little girl in his own rank of life, and yet, with a singular lack of humour and common-sense, he snivelled and sulked because he was neither a Brahman nor a Sahib. Did he suppose, the silly fellow, that Brahmans, or Sahibs either, are more immune from the petty vexations of daily life than him. Let us by all means, follow mystical and spiritual religion if the root of the matter be in us. But, failing that, we can always be reasonable, and humorous, and kindly, and refuse to be insanely obsessed by fixed ideas, bred of an exaggerated sense of our own importance to ourselves, or to others.

J. D. ANDERSON.

The Dove of Peace out of the ark
of Sorrow,
Soars signalling with happy glee,
“‘Good Morrow.’
I tarried long caged in the dark,
‘Good Morrow.’
Now all dear folk fly free with me,
‘Good Morrow.’
To men and angels singing, hark,
‘Good Morrow.’”

ERIC HAMMOND. •

LOVE'S DILEMMA.

(From a Bengali Poem.)

The pain that bleeds my heart,
 In that same pain she cried;
The tie that makes me slave
 That very tie her tied.

In her quest I wandered,
 Seeking my heart's desire
And in her heart was kindled
 The same sweet secret fire.

To steal my heart she came
 From across the sea,
Her vacant boat returned no more
 With promised plunder free.

Her inborn sweetness pure
 With itself tricks had played:
To catch or herself be caught,—
 Uncertain her net she spread.

GOKULNATH DHAR.

A SAMUEL PEPYS IN BOMBAY.

IT has often been said that tourists gain a closer acquaintance with the country through which they flit than its permanent residents enjoy. I have known "England-returned" Indians who could pass a stiff examination in the topography of London ; and an English merchant who boasted that for forty-three years he had spent eight hours daily in an office under the shadow of St. Paul's Cathedral without once entering the sacred edifice. Mr. Gerard Van de Linde, Chartered Accountant, belongs to the first category. His recently-published *Reminiscences* include a diary kept during a professional visit to Bombay in the cold weather of 1856—7. It records every detail of his daily life with wearisome prolixity ; but gives the reader who is able to separate wheat from chaff a curiously vivid impression of life in Western India fifty years ago.

Our twentieth-century Pepys arrived from Suez in the P. & O. Steamer "Delhi" on Christmas E-e. He found Bombay rapidly recovering from the effect of an orgy of speculation. It began in 1864 when a Cotton Famine caused by the American Civil War opened British markets to the Indian product, but stimulated an intensive gambling in "futures" which of course culminated in a severe commercial crisis. Undeterred by the widespread ruin

that ensued, Bombay embarked on a scheme for reclaiming Back Bay, which proved even more disastrous than the cotton mania. But India's Western Metropolis is marvelously resilient ; one finds but scanty traces of the period of stress through which it had passed in Mr. Van de Linde's garrulous diary.

He was met at the Apollo Bunder by a servant of Mr. Jamsetji Wadia, Joint Master Builder in the Dockyard, who presented a letter "in perfect English" informing the visitor that quarters had been engaged for him at the Adelphi Hotel, and that a phaeton and pair were quite at his service. Hunted from that more than modest hostelry by dirt and mosquitos, Mr. Van de Linde found more comfortable accommodation at the Byculla Club, to which he was elected through the good offices of the Peile family,—then and for many years afterwards omnipresent in Bombay Society. The diarist's subsequent experiences are best related in his own words :—

December 28th, 1866. To Walter's shop, where I invest in a tall silk hat, paying Rs. 15 for it, and a dozen cotton dress jackets. The "pucker" thing to do, when you go out to dinner, is for your "boy" or body servant to take one of these jackets with him, and according to circumstances, you take off your dress coat and put on one of them: but if ladies are present it is usual to keep the dress coat on unless it happens to be quite a family party. So by doing what I see other fellows do, I can always keep up to the regular form; the rules of etiquette in Bombay being very strict indeed.

December 29th. We loaf about till 4 p. m., when we have tea and then go for a drive on the Sea Front, where I meet the Peiles, also driving. Mrs. Peile gives me a jolly good wiggling for daring to show up at that fashionable hour in the most fashionable part of Bombay in an Ellwood's felt helmet. I tell her I am very sorry that I had a tall silk hat, which I bought only yesterday on purpose to put on at these functions. "Then why did you not put it on to-day, may I ask? Never do it again, or I will cut you dead," she says. I explain that we were really on our way to Elephanta, etc., etc., and manage to pacify her.

Sunday, December 30th. At 10-30 I tell my coachman to drive me to Church, but he does not understand, nor does another native whom I ask. At last I see an Englishman coming out of the Club, so I ask him the Hindustani for "Church." His answer startles me, for he says quite seriously, "Go to the Devil." My coachman understands, for he drives me to the Ryculla Church; and on getting back to the Club after Service I learn that *Daveal*, pronounced "Devil," is the Hindustani for "Church". It has rather a strange effect to see the punkahs swinging over our heads in Church, pulled by means of long ropes by men standing outside. But it is drowsy work, and so they sometimes drop off to sleep, when the punkahs stop, and the congregation follows suit.

December 31st. James Braithwaite Poile showed me a testimonial written by an Englishman for his servant who, not being able to read, was very proud of it. "The bearer, Fernandez Sousa, my late boy, is the cleverest scoundrel out; all the time he was with me he robbed me right and left. But then he never let anyone else rob me, so that I can thoroughly recommend him. I am parting with him as I am going home for good." Marvellous to relate, that *chit* at once got Sousa another billet. Poile told me that the way these servants rob their masters is very dodgy: it is mostly of English clothes, especially thick ones. While supervising his wardrobe, they put them away in a bottom drawer: later on in a remote cupboard, and so on until they are forgotten and disappear altogether.

Mr. Van de Linde who had shifted quarters to a tent in the Club compound, was about to suffer from the dexterity of his own body servant. While going to bed on New Year's Day, he rummaged a bullock-trunk for something missing, and lit upon a bag containing £120 in English coin, which he instinctively placed under his pillow. Awaking with a start in the small hours, he felt sure that something untoward had occurred, and shouted for his Portuguese boy, who burst into the tent with the alarming news that the bullock-trunk had disappeared. So it turned out: a hole cut in the *Kanat* proved that thieves had been at work, and the trunk was discovered at some distance from the tent. It had been prized open, and its contents lay scattered in all directions. Amongst them was Mr. Van de Linde's flat jewel-case intact, which the burglars had evidently mistaken for a prayer-book.

The cherished Ellwood's helmet and some minor articles of attire were alone missing. Acting on the Club Secretary's advice, Mr. Van de Linde dismissed his faithless attendant, who took the sentence with apparent philosophy although he must have bitterly regretted that wealth beyond the dreams of his avarice should have escaped notice. On January 5th our diarist was highly elated by receiving an invitation from the Harbour Board to attend the ceremony of laying the foundation stone of a light house on Kennery Island, which was to take place a fortnight later. Two days afterwards he was raised to the seventh heaven by a summons to breakfast at Government House. Sir Bartle Frere had ruled Bombay for seven eventful years ; but his term of office was nearing its end ; and in fact Sir Seymour FitzGerald succeeded him at the end of February 1867. The Government House party included Sir Bartle's daughters who had left a lasting impression on Bombay, and his brother-in-law, Colonel Archer, with wife and two daughters.

January 7th. Breakfast at Government House: all most kind and genial. Sir Bartle told me that no ladies had been invited to the Lighthouse function ; they had tried to arrange it, but it would not do. I tell him that I had seen his niece, Miss Archer, gracefully bound over the barrier at a Paris Railway Station, and how all of us followed her example, just catching a train which, if we had missed it, would have meant missing our steamer. He replies:—" Oh, yes, I heard something about it, Mr. Van de Linde; but I hardly think you would call my niece a bounder, all the same; at least, I hope not !" We all laugh at the joke on the part of His Excellency.

This rather heavy witticism is curious, as an early instance of the expressive epithet "bounder," which passed into common use twenty years later.

The change wrought by a century extend to taste in beverages. Dining at the Byculla Club, Mr. Van de Linde could order champagne, moselle and claret, with their

respective cups; he found sherry habitually consumed; but port never made its appearance at the dinner table. Bass's potent brew, on draught or bottled by Stone, was in great demand, and brandy had not been ousted by whisky which indeed was almost unknown in India a decade later. Not less remarkable is the development of Bombay cricket. Parsee adepts at the great game will be amused to learn that their grandfathers played it in a very rudimentary form.

January 8th. At 5 p.m. my trap takes me past the hard sea-sands, where I watch the Parsees playing cricket with a soft ball. There are at least thirty of them dressed in pyjamas and cotton gowns. they look like overgrown schoolboys. The bowler runs at least thirty yards before delivering the ball, in order to give it impetus, and even then it rolls slowly. The batter scoops frightfully, and strikes what he thinks is a fierce blow. The ball hits me on the chest but, being soft, does not hurt me in the least.

On January 9th Mr. Van de Linde visited the Dockyard. He was received by Mr. Jamsetji Dhanjibhoy Wadia, Joint Master Builder, "a splendid fellow, speaking English perfectly."

He presented me with a despatch box made of the timber of H. E. I. C's Steamer "Hugh Lindsay" the first ever built in India, it is fitted with a Brahmah lock and sunken brass handle; and occupies an honoured place on my library table, the envy and admiration of all beholders."

The history of the establishment which produced it is quite unique. In 1735 a certain Lowji Nasirwanji Wadia migrated to Bombay from Surat, and founded a Dockyard, the mastership of which had passed from father to son for nine generations. This responsible post carried a nominal salary of Rs. 700, exclusive of perquisites; but so honest was the Wadia dynasty that none of them had ever died a rich man.

On January 19th our diarist started for Kennerly Island on board the Government S. S. "Camel," which

was packed with local notabilities. On reaching that erstwhile haunt of pirates they found it gaily bedecked with flags; and a triumphal arch inscribed "Welcome" bestriding the wharf. Climbing by a long flight of steps to the summit, they saw all preparations made for the ceremony. The foundation stone of the projected lighthouse was in two sections. A hollow in the lower half contained copies of the *Times of India* and *Bombay Gazette*, together with a complete set of current coins. Above it was poised another section adorned with an inscribed brass plate. When all was ready Mr. A. D. Robertson, Chairman of the Harbour Board, read a history of the island and of the work inaugurated; and the Rev. Mr. Fletcher prayed fervently that the Almighty would bless a building designed for the benefit of all his creatures. The Governor then spread mortar with a silver towel on the lower foundation-stone, the upper half descended slowly, and H.E. declared it well and truly laid "in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost," whereon the band struck up "God save the Queen." A salute of 17 guns thundered below, and the guests raised three lusty cheers. They then descended to the landing place, where a huge refreshment tent had been pitched. On this was spread a sumptuous tiffin supplied by local contractors at a charge of Rs.17 per head for the 300 guests. The Parsees took their seats with the Europeans, "but if Sir Jamsetjee Jhejeebhoy had been present they would have occupied a separate table." The Hindus stood looking on, their religion forbade them to eat with *Mlecchas*, and it was their sacred month, during which no food could pass their lips between sunset and sunrise. After quaffing unlimited "sunkin" and pulling crackers, all stood while the loyal toasts were given: H. E.

responded to one proposing his health in a "sparkling speech," and left the Island on the S. S. "May Frere" with another salute of seventeen guns.

On March 10th Mr. Van de Linde was invited by the future Sir Dinshaw M. Petit to witness the nuptials of his daughters with Messrs. Dadabhoy H. Cama and Mirwanji Panday. His host's bungalow, the largest in Bombay was brilliantly illuminated.

"We enter the saloon; another blaze of light. At one end are three musicians playing Indian airs on their peculiar instruments, while the nautch-girls stand ready to begin a sort of dreamy, sleepy, voluptuous dance. Old Mr. Dinshaw takes us all over his bungalow, "upstairs, downstairs and in my lady's chamber," where some Parsee ladies are lying asleep on a couch. We wish to retire, but he insists on taking us everywhere; telling us that he was his own architect, and had planned everything himself. Then to the refreshment room where a big spread is laid out for his European friends, while the Parsees are regaling themselves in another room. We surround Dinshaw and drink his health in bumpers of champagne, singing "For he's a jolly good fellow." This pleases the old boy immensely. It is close on midnight we are all presented with bridal bouquets and bottles of otto of roses, and then retire with much salavining and hand-shaking."

On their way home the Europeans called at the bungalow of Mr. Muncherji H. Cama, uncle of one of the bridegrooms, where the second wedding was being celebrated. He is described as "meek and unassuming, the exact type of a high-class Parsee." Yet he was enormously rich, and astounded the clerks of the Bank of England during a visit to London by opening a current account with "the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street" on a paying-in slip for £ 100,000.

Towards the close of the visit, Mr. Van de Linde inspected the Mazagon jail under the guidance of Mr. Hurji-bhoy Wadia. It covered an immense area, enclosed by lofty walls; and the scaffold on which murderers expiated their crime loomed grimly above the western entrance.

"We first come upon a large square yard, where about fifty European convicts are seated on a wooden platform, picking oakum. Some are English sailors serving a short term for refusing to work out their agreement on board ship. Conspicuous among the others is a fine, handsome young fellow who is in for three years for forgery. While the others appear to look on the whole thing as a huge joke, he sits silent and aloof from them. He evidently feels his degradation, and ashamed when he catches sight of us. So, not wishing to hurt his feelings, we hurry away. He appreciates our action, and bows gracefully as we disappear."

The treadmill being out of order Mr. Van de Linde could not watch it in operation, but learnt that the punishment it inflicted was terribly severe, owing to prickly heat. Refractory prisoners were locked up for fifty-six hours in one of the condemned cells, recently vacated by two men who had been hanged for murdering a couple of Marwari money-changers. Such ought to have been the fate of a stalwart Negro who was shown as the "jail celebrity." He emerged from a bathroom displaying his white teeth in an expansive grin, and salaaming in right royal fashion. Yet this scoundrel had run amok in the crowded streets, stabbing every police constable he met and making no fewer than seven victims. After inspecting the various jail manufactures Mr. Van de Linde passed a tank famous for the sweetness and purity of its water.

A Parsee came in, thin and haggard; but after spending three months in jail, he went out plump and rosy-cheeked. But with the recovery of freedom he speedily lost his good looks. His mother used to say, "Aho my poor by, he misses the water of Mazagon Jail and will never be well until he goes back again. Sure enough, he returned the very next day for some trifling offence."

It is clear that the convicts' lot in Bombay fifty years ago had many mitigations; and persons confined for debt were in even better fettle. By paying a fixed daily sum a creditor could keep his defaulter in durance which was anything but "vile" for two years. The Debtors' realm at Mazagon contrasted most favourably with the Fleet and Marshalsea, as described by Charles Dickens. Its inmates

could live on the fat of the land with money filched from its lawful owners; and escaped all further proceedings on their release. Mr. Van de Linde was introduced to an old man who had been incarcerated for twenty months for a debt of Rs. 40,000 which he would wipe out in four more.

"I say to him--"Why don't you pay up like an honest man, and come out of jail?" The old sinner coolly replies, "Why should I? I am comfortable here, and could not make Rs. 40,000 outside in four months. Besides, so long as I am here, my creditors cannot attach my property." He is known to owe three lakhs, and the other day he gave a sumptuous entertainment to twenty of his friends from outside. All of a sudden I find that I have no dubs, and so I ask Mr. Hurjibhoy to lend me Rs. 5. He says, "I have not got them about me, but I'll borrow them from a man here who owes me a lakh." Sure enough he does: and with these I tip the jailer. We wish the debtor 'goodbye,' and tell him he is an old sinner, and must never expect to see his Rs. 5 again; on which he laughingly replies, Oh, that's all right: I'll lend you five more on the same terms, if you like, and actually offers the money to me with barefaced effrontery."

The glamour of the East and the mysteries which it conceals had no hold on Mr. Van de Linde; who flitted through life, skimming honey from every flower and conveniently ignoring the thorns and poison-plants. His artless record proves that Anglo-Indian society has undergone many changes in fifty years. Convention now hides her diminished head: and it is no longer the fashion to ruin one's constitution with sophisticated alcohol. In some things Bombayites may boast with old Homer that "We, indeed, are far better than our fathers." Whether other essentials of civilisation have reached a high plane is a question which can be better answered by readers of *East & West* than by one who has not visited Bombay for a quarter of a century.

THE SLAYING OF A SPOOK.

CHAPTER I.

“ Philip Desforêts ! ”

Mr. Bond gave one look at the card a maid brought him, and made a movement as though to rush to meet its owner. But he was crippled and gave it up.

“ Bring him in here, Emma ! These women — ! ”

Anyone conversant with the signs of a coming party could have discerned that the master of the house was a refugee. The glass door of the little, bright room opened upon a lawn bathed in June sunlight and let in day enough to give unsparing illumination to every item of a heap of ornamental lumber which would have gone far to furnish forth a bric-a-brac shop. Fiddle cases and paint boxes proclaimed habitual feminine occupation but china bowls and vases, that belonged to a drawing room, were stacked in corners, hats and jackets from the hall sprawled over tables and chairs, *figurini* from a side table were grouped promiscuously on the top of a cottage piano, and a mass of freshly gathered roses dripping with dew was heaped upon a sheet of the “ Times ” outspread on the hearth-rug in front of Mr. Bond’s chair. His attempt to jump up distributed some of the letters and circulars he had on his knees to the floral deposit below, and completed

the conglomerated disorder of his surroundings. It was not the room in which an elderly gentleman of some dignity and position would wish to welcome a perfect stranger.

But the young man who was shewn in had no eyes for all this. He might have been a son of the family returned from the other end of the world. He grasped both his host's outstretched hands with a cordiality at least equal to his own.

"My dear sir," Mr. Bond began. "You must think us—But Charlie wrote—His mother will thank you better than I can, Mr. Desforêts. If it had not been for you—That foolish boy wrote the fifteenth—You crossed by an earlier boat—How are you to get a chair?"

The question was answered almost before it was made. The guest deftly annexed the only chair that could have been moved without a fall of superincumbent properties. He had to dispossess a tennis bat and a pair of little rubber-soled shoes but these he accommodated on his knees with a tenderness that expressed devout apology to the invisible proprietress.

"You must not judge us by what you see here," Mr. Bond went, "on and you are responsible for this chaos yourself. Charlie's birthday, my girls declare it is. And they have a sort of a turn-out in honour of the occasion. Ah, it could have been very different if—So the father of the family is shovelled away in a corner.—But where are your things?—I won't hear of it. Hotel indeed! This catachysm doesn't extend to the upper regions. My wife will be here in one moment—Good Lord!"

The exclamation was excusable. The glass door was darkened by the entrance of a tall girl in a brown holland

over-all who was carrying a wide chess board—with much precaution. In the centre a few pieces stood in position; the rest of the regiment were assembled promiscuously on the ample margin. Her first step into the room told her of the presence of a stranger. She stopped short with a start. An avalanche of chess-men naturally followed. The visitor precipitated himself on the floor at her feet in pursuit of the scattered army. The girl stood laughing too much for words.

“Let 'em alone, let 'em alone!” commanded Mr. Bond. “But my problem—Heaven’s will be done.—Margaret, this is Mr. Desforêts.—Go and find your mother for the Lord’s sake.—Oh, here she is!”

The lady who came in was a most charming woman who carried her head habitually at a critical angle. The moral attitude connoted by this cervical deflection was imposed upon her by the general conduct of her family whom she constantly found it necessary to put into corners. They adored her and broke out immediately. Still she did manage to maintain a certain discipline.

“My dear!” exclaims Mr. Bond *fortissimo* the moment she entered. This is Mr. Desforêts. Tell Warren to see about his room at once. And—”

Mrs. Bond’s welcome was to the full as cordial as her husband’s. She instantly took entire charge of the situation.

“I see you have been made free of the house already, Mr. Desforêts,” she said with a smile that demanded his sympathy—“Yes, my dear. It is all quite right. Mr. Desforêt’s room has been ready for him ever since we knew there was a possibility of his coming. It was hardly

necessary to bring him in here. If you will read your paper for *five* minutes while Margaret picks up your chessmen and carries her flowers into the pantry. You will find the study quite ready. Mr. Desforêts will come with me."

The tranquil finality of her manner admitted no parley. The quest followed her, casting a helpless look over his shoulder at the two culprits he left behind him. Both were laughing, but Margaret was dropping on her knees to collect the chessmen and Mr. Bond had dutifully resumed his paper.

Mrs. Bond was right. He had been made free of the house.

CHAPTER II.

The Bonds were nice people of commonplace antecedents. Somewhere about 1800, a well-to-do agriculturist in the south of England came to a sudden and violent end. His property went to a grand-daughter who married the son of his nephew, a solicitor in Andover. They were lucky enough to buy a small estate, close to a fishing village which, by and by, became a watering place. The family grew rich in a moderate way and led an easy and prosperous life from generation to generation. Its present head, Mr. Thomas Bond, had succeeded to a partnership in a thriving firm of solicitors, as well as to much house-property in Kingsquay. His ambitions pointed to Parliament, but the fall of a platform in his canvass of the division made him a cripple for the rest of his life. He had always been an admirable husband and father, but in the course of a tedious illness, he fell in love with his wife and his daughters in a way that almost reconciled him to the enforced

inactivity of his existence. He could not get about except in a bath-chair without crutches or support, but did not allow this limitation to interfere with a practical participation in whatever went on in the little town into which Kingsquay had now developed. The younger of his two sons was a midshipman in the R. N., the elder, now about five and twenty, had a responsible position in a great mercantile house with which the Bonds had an hereditary connexion. He was at present at New Orleans and it was an adventure of his which had led to the appearance of Philip Desforêts at Kingsquay.

He was on leave and fishing in a wildish country of lake and mountain when he was recalled by a telegram. Half way to the nearest railway station, he was met by another telegram telling him his presence was unnecessary. He turned and rode back, taking a short cut among the hills. His horse fell and his leg was broken. His friends in camp naturally thought he had gone back to his work, the chiefs of his office supposed he had returned to his fishing. Between the two, Charlie Bond ran a very fair chance of dying of starvation. Fortunately, a couple of days later, some story of a loose horse having been seen in the hills came to the ears of Philip Desforêts who was with another party twenty miles away, in another direction. His friends made light of it, but Desforêts suspected a possible accident and started a search. After a day or two they came upon Charlie Bond half dead. The two became intimate friends. Hence the enthusiasm of his welcome at Kingsquay.

It was not difficult to persuade Desforêts to take up his quarters with the Bonds for a few days. He was in Europe to please himself, and there was no reason why he

should not pursue that object at Kingsquay. A telegram of preposterous length brought down from his hotel in London what he immediately wanted. He appeared at the girls' party in the character of a guest in the house, and by the time they all met at breakfast the next morning anybody might have supposed he had been known to the whole family for years. Belonging originally to New Orleans, there was little in his accent to distinguish him from a well-bred Englishman, beyond a slight tendency to linger upon vowels. His manner, however, was differentiated by a pleasant *sans gêne* which his name seemed to account for. It remotely but inevitably suggested France. So did his appearance though there was no telling why. It was somehow engaging without offering any special point for distinctive approbation. He dressed exactly like everyone else, only the greys and whites he affected had a sunniness about them which inevitably suggested the South. Etta Bond who was seventeen and of an outspokenness which has become characteristic of that once bashful age, declared immediately after her first introduction that it was impossible to look at him without wanting to give him a rose to put in his button hole. "To go into action with," said Margaret, "he is the ideal of a French soldier charging a battery. I am sure he would look as gay as ever."

That first morning it was too wet to think of doing any thing out of doors.

"Now, Mr. Desforêts", said Margaret, coming into the morning room with a fiddle under her arm and finding the guests making rather a poor show of reading a paper, "You must do something. Every body must do something. It is the rule of the house. I am going to practise."

"What shall this man do?" asked Desforêts with due submission. "Command the tasks, like Desdemona."

"She didn't, Mr. Desforêts," said Etta who had come in with her sister. "She only might have. If she had kept Othello properly employed—"

"You mustn't be hard on me to begin with Miss Bond. Suppose you let me choose my task the first time. I'll turn over for you." "Indeed! Not at all. There won't be lunch till—Not for hours. I know you play chess. All Southerners play chess. The North left you nothing else to do. I read it in a book. You are to come and have a game with father."

"Now?"

"This very moment. I've told him you are a performer. Etta and I will come and see you start."

Etta followed her sister with the alacrity of one invited to see something much more amusing than the beginning of a game of chess. Desforêts noticed it.

"Are you whipping in, Miss Etta? No need. I'm going like a lamb. I really do know how to set up the men."

Etta laughed and her laughter seemed to overlies something. What was the joke? As it happened, he played chess tolerably well. But he was a little on his guard as he accompanied Miss Bond into her father's study.

CHAPTER III.

Mr. Bond was sitting over a bright handful of fire in the book room. The rain beating on the window only seemed to accentuate the comfort of the interior. It focused in Mrs. Bond who possessed the genius of *bien être* and would have made a condemned cell a cheerful residence,

She was sitting beside her husband and the two were talking — with bright interchange of remark and comment. This was so evident to Desforêts as he followed Margaret into the room that he found it natural to apologize for interrupting what was evidently an enjoyable *tête à tête*.

"You must forgive me, Mrs Bond, for disturbing you in this way. But these two young ladies insist upon providing me with amusement no matter at whose expense. I am commanded to ask Mr. Bond to give me a game of chess. Would you care to massacre an innocent, Mr. Bond? My chess is infantile."

Mrs Bond had risen. Desforêts perceived half unconsciously that she exchanged a rapid look with her daughter—with her daughters rather for Etta was certainly involved in whatever was going on below the surface. There was something, he was sure.

"I would like a game immensely," said Mr. Bond "Bring the board, Madge.—What are you doing here, Etta?"

"One moment, dada," said Etta. "We just want to—" What was it? Mr. Bond had taken a book or two off the little table in front of Mr. Bond's chair and Margaret just the chess board upon it. With the chess board was a little Indian bag of dull red soft cloth that held the pieces.

Then there was a moment's pause. Desforêts became aware that he was expected to set up the men. He glanced at Margaret as he poured them out of the bag upon the board. But Margaret was impenetrable.

He felt trapped. He was an intruder upon Mr. Bond's studious retirement. Those two girls had decoyed him

for some purpose of their own, some joke in which Mrs. Bond was an involuntary accomplice. His host disapproved but was unable to interpose. He was courteously stimulating delight at the prospect of a matutinal game of chess with an unknown opposite probably a duffer. It was too thin. Well, perfect guilelessness and simplicity sometimes break through the most cunningly spread snares with confusion to the setters. He was not to show the least suspicion that he was being had. The chessman supplied him with a perfectly natural remark. "What queer men, Mr. Bond!—No, Miss Etta, I do know enough about chess to be able to put them up right.—But they are odd! Very odd, I dare say, Mr. Bond?"

They were certainly quaint. One of the Kings had a cocked hat, worn transversely. The other a turban. And the pawns were minute pyramids. Probably the work of an amateur, Desforêts thought, shewing more patience than skill, but practicable enough.

"Yes, they're odd," said Mr. Bond, who seemed to want to get to his game. "Now clear out, all you women."

Mrs. Bond made a laughing movement of retreat. But she paused for a moment, apparently waiting for Margaret who was still interested in the preliminaries of the game.

"Just one moment, dada," pleaded Etta. It is always embarrassing to be the object of incomprehensible attention. Desforêts felt they were all waiting for him to do something. He had not the least idea what. He shook out the bag. To do so is an action almost independent of the belief that there is anything left at the bottom. But he was instantly conscious that some sort of expectation

had been satisfied. Mr. Bond looked up. He fancied in response to a glance from Margaret.

"What made you shake out the bag, Mr. Desforêts," she asked with indifference that for a moment took him in.

"I thought I'd left a pawn in—what is it Miss. Bond?"

A flash of intuition told him that she was the spokeswoman of the others. Mr. Bond interrupted testily before she had time to answer.

"Do go away, all of you—Now, Mr. Desforêts, the rigour of the game?—you play."

Desforêts played an aggressive game from the king's gambit. He was beaten but he put up a very good fight. The two came in to luncheon in high spirits. Desforêts almost felt his host a protection. The three ladies were somehow combined against him. What was it? He was curious to know.

Margaret Bond was beautiful and lovable—in an eminent degree, which is odd, for she did not, materially, differ from some thousands of other middle class girls who are only pretty and nice. She was brown-haired, gray-eyed, clean-skinned and fine-limbed, but as these properties are largely common to well-fed and well-bred English women one does not advance a description much by enumerating them. An explanation of her "eminence" must be sought elsewhere than in her physical attractions, though these were really considerable. To begin with, she was quite unselfish and this was the reason, I suppose, why, though belonging to wealthy people and living in a society including any number of semi-paupers, she was universally popular and welcome. Her tolerance would have been unlimited if it had not stopped short at herself.

She was severe with herself, naturally, not of *parti pris*. Once she labelled anything as "wrong," under that label it travelled to the end of its journey. Etta's summary of her was not a bad one. "Madge is the loveliest peach in the world—with a stone in it hard enough to crack every tooth in your head." Some infantile experience probably suggested the comparison. And she was, manifestly, "a dinner of herbs" girl. Her little universe, wealth, station, even personal beauty might have gone to rack about her, and left her smiling as ever. But the loss of one particle of love anguished her. She had no affectations and hardly knew what embarrassment was. So she was always at her best: not at all unconscious of her beauty and charm, but as impartially generous with them as a running stream is of its water.

It took Philip Desforêts some hours to find out that she had become his object to the exclusion of every other ambition in life. At breakfast he was still his own man, admiring but judicial. When they met at luncheon, anything like judgment had gone by the board. It began with those chessmen. She had an understanding with her mother and sister from which he was excluded. It was intolerable. A sense of injustice flavoured his thoughts of her with gall. Before he had got through his first game of chess, he had convinced himself that this feeling was silly. The effort we made to get rid of it paralysed his critical faculty. Only admiration was left. He got up from luncheon in love.

It had left off raining. Plans for the afternoon were discussed. Mrs. Bond had to attend a committee meeting. Etta was due at a music lesson. Margaret had promised.

to go and see the roses of a lady who lived hard by. She was famous for her roses and would be ever so much flattered if Mr. Desforêts came too. Afterwards they would go and meet Mr. Bond in his bath-chair by the sea.

The moment they were alone together Desforêts began.

"Now, Miss Bond, I really want an explanation. What was it I did or didn't do when I was putting up those chessmen?"

"Nothing at all, Mr. Desforêts," said Margaret laughing.

"What made you all look—so exceedingly intelligent then? Had one of you made a bet that I didn't know enough about chess to put up the men right?"

"Are you superstitious, Mr. Desforêts?"

"Deeply, utterly. I am a sworn believer in signs, spooks, subliminal consciousness, the whole bag of tricks."

"You don't look it," said the young lady, suspiciously.

"If you begin with incredulity, you can't expect manifestations,—well?"

"Well, you mustn't laugh if I tell you—you must understand that the first time any one puts up these men, he always fancies there is a pawn short."

"Fancies there is a pawn short? Why?"

"That's just it. So we were curious, Etta and I, to see if it came off with you. Mother wasn't in it. She only guessed what we were up to. And when you shook out the bag—"

"Did I shake out the bag ? Well, I believe I did. But that was only just to see if a pawn hadn't stopped at the bottom."

"Exactly."

"Ob, how absurd, Miss Bond ! Any body would."

"Every body does. That's just the odd thing about it."

"But why ?"

"Now you have got to come in here and see Mrs. Hodgson's roses," said the girl provokingly stopping at a gate.

Mrs. Hodgson accompanied them when they came out. The subject had to be dropped. But Desforêts remained curious about it.

CHAPTER IV.

"Mr. Desforêts, you haven't scuttled your egg," said Etta as they were sitting at breakfast a couple of days later. "We have a brother in the China seas. There ! Like that !"

She jobbed a hole with her spoon through the shell of the egg she had just finished.

"Etta, don't be a little fool," said Mr. Bond laughing, as the guest suspended his spoon with a mystified air. "They say that the witches use sea-worthy eggshells to sail over the sea in and torment your friends afloat. But its only people of the same family who count, I believe."

"We won't run any risks," said Desforêts, spiking his eggshell with energy. "Thanks for adopting me, Miss Etta. Anything else ?"

"Plenty, if you like to encourage her in her silliness," said Mrs. Bond, with lofty superiority to puerile fancies.

"Mother isn't an all-round unbeliever herself," said Margaret, teasingly. "How about that chessman, mother?"

"Ah, yes," said Mr. Bond. "Women, Desforêts, are still essentially uncivilised. Superstition clings about them, do what we will. My wife is, generally speaking, a remarkably sensible woman. But she is quite unable to shake off her racial credulities."

"That is absolutely different," said Mrs. Bond, defensively. "If you have noticed a thing repeatedly, Mr. Desforêts, you naturally watch for it to happen again."

"That is the very spirit of scientific observation," said Desforêts, "and please, may I have some more coffee? But I should like to hear about the chessman. Is he a fourth dimensional man, or what?"

"It is a very sad story, Mr. Desforêts," Mrs. Bond was beginning.

"I'll tell you the simple facts," Mr. Bond interrupted. "And then these ladies may embroider as much as they please. In the time of my great grandfather who was a solicitor in Andover, some French officers, prisoners of war, were allowed to live in the town on parole. One of them got friendly with the family. It seems he amused himself by carving these chessmen. When the sets were very nearly finished, all paroles were recalled and he was marched off with the rest as a prisoner. He left the chessmen as a present. And that's all I know about it. There was a story that he tried to escape from a pontoon in Southampton water and was drowned or shot. But the fact is, he was never heard of again."

"What a shame, father!" said Margaret. "That isn't half the story. He carried off with him one half-finished pawn and promised—"

"You are repressing facts, dada," said Etta, "the poor girl they were made for—she was our great, great grand mother, Madge's and mine—well, she was in love with the prisoner. And she died—." Etta made a dramatic pause.—"She did marry a year or two afterwards, after he disappeared I mean, or else we shouldn't be here, but she died very soon. An old, old servant who'd come from Andover I don't know how long ago, told poor Uncle Robert all about it. She had heard it all from her granuy, and he told Madge and me."

"Romantic nonsense," said Mr. Bond. "The plain fact is that there's one pawn short. They had another made. Madge here says she knows which it is. I don't, and upon the strength of this rubbish all the females of this family think themselves entitled to badger any one who plays chess with me for the first time till they get out of him some sort of confirmation of this absurd belief. Etta here is quite capable of sneaking a pawn rather than—"

"How *can* you say so, dada!" protested Etta. "And it always comes off. Always," she repeated indignantly. "The story seems to have developed itself according to the strictest laws of mythical propriety," said Desforêts. "I don't think four years, only three, was it? at all an unconscionable time to take dying for love, Miss Etta. Hurry under such circumstances is hardly—ladylike. I am glad I conformed to expectation.—I suppose the French prisoners had belonged to the army of Egypt,

He saw forty very small centuries looking down from the top of each of your pawns, Mr. Bond. The pyramids made a very deep impression on the French imagination. Pyramids and Sphinxes, a forbear of my own served in Egypt, and my grandmother has a wooden pyramid on her table as a paperweight. And a sphinx. Only the sphinx is inside the wood. Outside it looks like a—"

"Inside!" said Etta, deeply interested. "Are you quite certain, Mr. Desforêts?"

"Quite," said Desforets with extreme gravity. "Not a doubt about it, Miss Etta. All you have to do is to scrape off a little wood in the right places and—"

"One for you, Miss," said Mr. Bond. "Did he bring them from Egypt, Desforêts?"

"I can't tell you much about them, Mr. Bond. My mother married again when I was five years old and took me with her. A couple of years ago I went to see my grandmother in Monterey and saw these things on her writing table. Then I remembered having seen them when I was very little and having been told there was a sphinx inside the bit of wood—like Miss Etta. I took it for a lump of chocolate. The pyramid was curious because it had a secret chamber.—That was about the first I heard about the aboriginal Desforêts who'd been in Egypt."

"He'd never been a prisoner in England, had he?" asked Margaret.

"Not that I know of, Miss Bond. How nice it would be if I could indentify him with your romantic prisoner of war,"

"There's the name," said Etta. "Ours was Dubois. Captain Dubois. That's the same as Desforêts—or quite near enough."

"How history repeats itself!" said Desforêts. "Your unlucky Captain Dubois and I experience the same vicissitudes of fortune. We are both born—quite young. We both grow up. We both come to England and are hospitably received in a charming family. We both have to do with chessmen, he as carver, I as player—if Mr. Bond will let me call myself one."

"You play very well," said Mr. Bond. "All you want is a little more practice and you'll—"

"But you haven't told us about the secret chamber," said Margaret.

"Do let Mr. Desforêts get some breakfast, you good people," said Mr. Bond.

"I am doing beautifully, Mrs. Bond," asserted Desforêts. "But it's so hard to explain. There's a wooden pyramid about as high as a coffee-cup turned over. It looks solid. But the top is the end of a square bar of wood that goes into a hole it just fits. Not quite to the bottom. The old lady declared that there had once been a lock of hair there. The top of the bit that takes off is about as big as one of your pawns. Do you understand, Miss. Bond?"

"Quite," said Margaret. "Something like our pawn perched on the top of your grandmother's pyramid." She stopped for a moment.

"That unlucky pawn! I wish something could be done to satisfy your prototype, Mr. Desforêts. I never put those chess-men out without feeling that — that lies

somewhere near and wanting to be thought of. I always do think of him.—I suppose he was caught—and shot.”

“Smothered in the mud trying to escape from a pontoon, more likely!” said Mr. Bond.

“The homeless bodies of unburied men have a reputation for keeping the soul tethered to earth, said Desforêts. If he’d been shot or hanged, he’d have been buried and so be at rest.”

“I don’t know,” said Margaret. “Our poor old great grandfather—Don’t you remember, father, when we passed that way and stopped at the place, a labourer said ‘He walked, sure enough.’”

“Very unreasonable of him,” said Mr. Bond.

“He was buried decently and the man was hanged.”

“Yes, I know,” said the girl thoughtfully. “I’m glad of that.”

“Margaret,” said Mr. Bond correctively, “a murderer must be hanged, of course. But it’s hardly a thing to be glad about.”

“I wasn’t thinking as much about the man who was, hanged,” said Margaret very seriously. “But I don’t suppose murder can be—well, exhausted, till things are somehow brought into balance again.”

“Oh, come, Miss Bond!” said Desforêts, laughing.

“Think what a lot of undiscovered murders there are and next to no ghosts.”

“Yes, that’s the worst of it. They’ve given up walking, and they join the ‘choir invisible’ of dead people with a grudge against humanity. Like that story they tell about the Attwoods. They’re not haunted but the curse of blood

is upon them from generation to generation because they gave up a poor rebel after Sedgmoor. He goes on avenging himself."

"If you've quite done breakfast," said Mrs. Bond to her husband, with the air of holding him responsible for the conversation, "we will ring and have the things taken away."

They all rose, except Mr. Bond, whose wheeled chair was usually pushed into the library.

"Poor Dubois!" he said, "He had no grudge against us, Madge, however he came by his end."

"No," she said. "I feel sure he hadn't. I don't feel like that at all. I wonder what it is that keeps him about. A pawn seems such a little thing."

Mrs. Bond paused on her way to the door.

"If you start in an hour, my dear, you'll be back by three.—But it's a lovely day. Perhaps Mr. Desforêts would like to see something of the country—It's a farm that belongs to us," she explained to the visitor, "right away on the other side of Salisbury. My husband has got to go there to see some new buildings they want. He will always go himself. Take the girls, my dear, I shall do very well alone. And come home by Salisbury and see the Cathedral and get some lunch."

Desforêts would be delighted. He just glanced at Margaret. But Margaret had promised to—

(To be continued.)

D. C. PEDDER.

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FROM CLOUDLAND.

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Idealism and Action

The Indian National Congress, the Moslem League the Industrial and Social Conferences met at Delhi, passed resolutions and have all dispersed without making any provision or providing any organisation to carry into effect the resolutions which were carried with acclamation at the various meetings. There is nothing like setting up a high ideal and working towards its attainment. The world has always moved forward in response to the impulse which came from those who saw visions. Mankind has been better for their seeing. It is poets, and publicists and men of genius who kindle promethean fire and set men steadily and earnestly searching for the realisation of the dreams they dream. The Congress and the Moslem League and the various Conferences walk with lighted torches three days in the year to relieve the gloom, and spend the rest of the year in darkness themselves. They have unsettled men's minds with their promises but have done little to

help their realisation. They have failed to direct and to organise the new forces which they have awakened. It seems as if they long for the wings of the eagle and disdain to foot the path which leads to the summit of their desires. This is impossible. Even the gods had to accept the limitations of the flesh, to show the way to men on earth. The leaders of the new movement in India will have to organise and roll up their sleeves and bend their backs to do the necessary spade work if they are to realise the aspirations which are now enthroned in their hearts.

* * *

Resolutions are like outlines of building plans awaiting execution. The architect and the artisans have to begin from the very beginning and lay the foundations on which the grand superstructure is to take shape in all its promised glory and splendour. It calls for infinite patience, wisdom and foresight on the part of the architects, and willing and steady effort on the part of the artisans, it is only in the co-operation of both that the plan can translate itself into actualities. The past efforts of our politicians, social reformers and industry builders are a record of making plans which they hope some outside power will carry out for them. They are irresistably drawn by the power of the great ideal which England has placed before India. The promise and possibilities of self-realisation are fascinating, the desire to possess and to prosper, keen and strong, like the proverbial valetudinarian who was told to apply sandalwood paste to cure his headache exclaimed, "Is it less pain to make the paste and to put it on,"—they shirk

the effort which alone can bring nearer the day of realisation? In the West all the great nations marched into the flames of war for an ideal; and the fires of the inferno which the evil passions of men lighted up were fed by the manhood and the flower of the races at war, till the evil which threatened to dominate the world was vanquished. We are admitted into partnership today because our sons gave their lives for that great ideal, and we shall gain full partnership only when we realise at home the freedom, equality and liberty enjoyed by Western people in ordinary life. You cannot have it both ways, cling to caste and creed and yet have responsible Government on Western lines which can only come when disruptive forces are finally overcome and dividing walls are finally battered down.

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In the days of yore our ancient sages turned their eyes away from the earth and we were asked to regard with contempt petty affairs of the earth. Men of heroic

The Master asked to regard with contempt petty
Change. affairs of the earth. Men of heroic

hearts contemptuously turned away from this work-a-day-world. Arjuna overmastered by this tendency sheathed his sword and turned away from the field of battle from a righteous war. And then Sri Krishna himself preached and persuaded him to continue the battle without any desire for fruit. The teaching does not seem to have borne fruit. Men who could have moulded the minds of masses continued to seek peace and salvation from this world of sunshine and shadows. Deprived of the guidance of high and heroic men and women, society deteriorated under the inspiration of lesser men who brought the country to ruin and disgrace. Things have changed now. India has been linked with England and new thought currents have disturbed the old acceptances.

The west is offering tempting and tantalising things and the East is grasping at them. The desire for self-realisation on earth is growing and pushing back the promise of a distant paradise. People are now anxious to own motors and aeroplanes; the trotting bullock carts no more satisfy them. They must remember that the promise of the air is only for those who have conquered the new element. True patriotism calls for sacrifice and ceaseless effort. Self-Government means mastery of the self and unending devotion for the common good. The barriers of caste and creed must vanish to draw the people into a common bond of national brotherhood before Self-Government becomes a reality.

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The question of Indian Reforms is an Imperial question. There are Imperial considerations which are influencing His Majesty's Government. The political situation in India demands them as urgently as the needs of the Empire as a whole. England is about to assume new Asiatic responsibilities with the avowed object of helping Self-Government and local responsibility. It has been declared, "The charge of selfishness is sufficiently refuted by the fact that in Asia as in Europe our object is to bring into existence new nations that will love and ensue liberty better than the nations that they replace. It is indeed the proudest boast of England that she is not only free herself but the cause of freedom in others—not only a free nation but the mother of free nations." The beginning of Responsible Government in India will make real to the countries coming under British protection, the promise which Britain holds out for less developed countries. On the other hand a more intimate association of the people

with the Government of the country is necessary to accelerate moral and material progress and to prepare India to take her full share in making the world a better place for mankind. The Reform Scheme has unsettled the minds of men and the sooner it is brought into operation the better it will be both for India and the Empire.

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The Position of the Civil Service. The Civil Service which has hitherto guided successfully the destinies of this great empire and enjoyed power, is naturally apprehensive and anxious to preserve the position which it has inherited. The Civilian is human, he resents strongly the criticism and cavilling to which his work is now constantly subjected. He cannot sympathise with the aspiration of the people for a larger life, and the people cannot sympathise with him. The gulf between the two has momentarily widened. There can hardly be any British officer who would deny what a help Indian co-operation has been to him, and there is hardly any responsible Indian who can assert that he can do without British leadership. It would be no use denying that the Reform Scheme not only takes away some of the prizes and opportunities of the Service but makes larger calls on temper, patience and adjustment of personal equation. Some of the grievances of the Civil Service are substantially true. The Civilian does not find his work in India altogether congenial. He has very often to live alone, cut away from all the interests of life which make life for him worth living. He has to send away his children and practically keep three houses, one in England, one in his district and the other in the hills. He was satisfied as long as he thought he was sharing the burdens of the Empire and the people looked up

to him. Now his work is more criticised than commended. The glory has departed. Englishmen no more grow rich like Nabobs, indeed after long service men have to think of ways and means. The purchasing power of the rupee has deteriorated to almost about 5 annas in value in the last ten years. The Civilian would not be human if he did not grumble. I would grumble too, under the circumstances, but I would also recognise that Indian interests must be above every other consideration. It needs renunciation of self for the greater cause of millions. Let there be unity between the people and the officials on this point and then let them both work together and appreciate and alleviate difficulties which they have both to face together. Surely a Civilian ought to get in material comfort what he got ten years ago, if not more, to enable him to do his work with some satisfaction to himself. Our politicians will do well to treat the service generously and to secure its goodwill in the transition period which is ahead of us. India needs him, and if right kind of men are to be attracted, India must make the Service attractive. The pay and the privileges of the Service should be substantially increased. The demand of the Bombay mill hands for food at the same rate as in 1914 has much to commend itself. Food is the measure of money.

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Party politics have given rise to party tactics. Opponents of the Reform Scheme talk of

Rowlatt Committee Report. Rowlatt Committee's Report as if revolutionary crime was rampant and India needed saving from herself. They ignore completely the unprecedented services which

India rendered during the war. Indeed the Report itself bears witness to the inherent loyalty of the people who unmasked and thwarted all the treacherous plots. Is there any country that has been free from crime even in the darkest days of the war? The loyalty of India was displayed in the fields of France and Flanders, in Mesopotamia, East Africa, Egypt, Palestine, Syria and Persia. It was Indian armies that finally shattered the German Eastern policy and started the tide which swept the enemy away from his deeply entrenched lines. The chivalry, self-sacrifice, generosity, and unshaken devotion of Indian peoples has stood the ordeal of the greatest war of the present times, and friends from all parts of the world speak with affection and gratitude of India's timely assistance. It is only the croakers who "chant the counter song," and have their eyes set on Indian imperfections. Lord Canning after the Mutiny exclaimed, "If the rebels numbered thousands, the loyal Indians numbered millions." It ill becomes, after India's greatest effort in the war, to talk of the Rowlatt Report and to spoil the tide of good feeling which is sweeping the empire.



It is not only the Congress leaders who indulge in destructive criticism. Sir Harry L. Stephen, erstwhile judge of an Indian High Court, has been indulging in a confessedly destructive criticism. He is displeased with the idea of reforming the Government of India and sees nothing but catastrophic changes in the Reform Scheme. He talks of divergent races and creeds which divide India, and the deterioration which has set in the position of the Civil Service. He can see no signs of

**Destructive
Criticism.**

growing unity and the change that has come over the minds of men. He thinks with something of an eastern fatalism and faith that the present system of Government must endure for all times, and is divinely ordained. According to him, what was good yesterday is good for to-day and to-morrow.

Sir Harry L. Stephen spent a great deal of time in India and must have acquired some acquaintance with Indian History and the ideals that guided the great empire builders in India. I am sure he cannot

**Trading on Past
Glory.**

accuse Sir Thomas Munro or Sir Herbert Edwards the bosom friend and confidant of John Nicholson of taking or tolerating pusillanimous or sentimental views of any thing. In those days he spoke of an "India for Indians." This was the ideal that guided the services then, why should the service be now afraid of holding to the ideal. Sir Harry L. Stephen will do well to read the remarks of the "Pioneer" in its issue of 25th November 1918 on "Moral and Material Progress in India" to realise how large schemes of public utility are shuffled about and shelved. Is Sir Harry L. Stephen satisfied that the present method of Government will secure in the future, as in the past, the willing co-operation of intelligent Indians, and give satisfaction to the masses? He must be aware that it was the failure of higher classes that led to disintegration of India, and now that intelligent classes are taking interest and working towards improvement and organisation, no Government can succeed, which disregards or fails to make use of their intelligence and capacity in the Government of the country. Has Sir Harry L. Stephen any remedies

of his own to meet the new situation which have not been used and found wanting ? Perhaps Sir Harry L. Stephen's faith in force and fraud remains unshaken. The judgment pronounced in the doom of German culture establishes a ruling which has not yet been reversed. Will Sir Harry L. Stephen define what system of Government is "consistent with history and the inherited aptitude of Indian peoples ?" How does the system, he defends, conform with the Imperial policy of Akbar who associated with himself all the intelligence and power of the country ? He would do well to define what autocracy meant in the East.



It is a curious phenomenon that while the western influence serves to broaden the eastern mind
Eastern Tenacity. the eastern influence serves to narrow the western mind. Cut away from influences of home and associations with larger ideas, the Englishman in India very often becomes dogmatic and unbending. He makes and administers laws which he is rarely called upon to obey, he levies taxes which he is rarely called upon to pay—he pays an income tax, which perhaps does not affect even a million people of the 300 millions. He tries to adjust life and labour in India of which he has no personal experience and consequently little sympathy. The habit of sitting in judgment leads to fault finding and a faith in personal superiority. There is nothing about him to bring him in human relationship with, or to test his faith at the bar of humanity by placing him under similar circumstances which he judges in others. The belief in personal infallibility grows and with it goes faith in democracy and its methods. He

begins to regard His Majesty's Government with suspicion while his faith in his own superior wisdom continues to increase. Lord Morley reminded the Government of India occasionally that His Majesty's Government was neither foolish nor ignorant. He does not believe in the spirit of the age, so far as India is concerned, with the tenacity of an Idol worshipper, he is always preaching "I worship the Idol which your forefathers worshipped before you. You must worship it too. I am the high priest of the temple and you must yield to me an unquestioning submission. The way of the apostate is the way of perdition. The new knowledge which Macaulay brought to India is unsuited and you must forget it. I have cursed Macaulay and his tribe and all those who interfere with my system." He is surprised when no one pays any heed to his anathema. He is so absorbed in himself that he hardly realises that the supreme moment in passing, and men are losing faith in him and turning to other ideals where the place of the priest is still vacant. He could take it and occupy it, if he only accepted the spirit of the new times.

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Doctor Nair—if he has been correctly reported—declared that he would do his best to ruin the Reform Scheme if his pet scheme did not find a place in the Reform Bill. **Dr. Nair or Himself.** No wonder such a remarkable declaration excited commotion. Dr. Nair is a true son of India. Did they not in the old days sacrifice imperial interests to satisfy a personal grudge. The mantle of the ancient great ones has fallen on his worthy shoulders. Where would the allies have been to-day if instead of concerting action and securing

victory they sat down to discuss territorial claims. The world is approaching International Altruism but Dr. Nair cannot help towards its realisation in his own land. Madras does not make the whole of India, and the Brahmans don't predominate in the rest of this great continent. Dr. Nair is a survival of the old type in spite of his western education. So large is his mastery that he embodies in himself with extraordinary completeness the Brahmanical fervour and Brahmanic exclusiveness. The ideal was perhaps set by his Brahman friends but he is now perpetuating the wrong, completely unmindful of the claims of millions who will be helped to a larger life if the Reform Scheme comes into being.

* * *

The Peace Conference has commenced its sittings at Paris where also Musee Guimet harbours

The Peace Conference. in silence and peace, gods of many faiths. Asoka, after the battle of Kalinga, instead of exulting and gathering in the fruits of victory was so struck with the horror of the whole business that he sheathed his sword and described on hewn stone the fruits of his conversion. The great nations that have faced the terrible ordeal and secured glorious victory or inspired with a similar ideal to secure permanent peace. Asoka could find no guarantee for permanent peace but in the conversion of Man's nature. And it seems as if already the great nations are finding it difficult to create a Super-international Tribunal. If the representatives of great nations strive to understand the rights and interests of others as though they were their own, then, a great many difficulties, which are now coming to the fore, would disappear, and a League of Nations would

be permanently enthroned. The decisions of the Peace Conference will influence the future of the world. May they be wise, generous and fruitful, is the unconscious prayer of mankind.

* * *

India may well be proud of Lord Sinha. The words of Her Majesty the late Queen Victoria have at last found fulfilment. India for the first time enjoy the privilege of direct representation in the Imperial Cabinet. Lord Sinha's appointment is a historic event. It seems as if the gods destined him for high positions. He was the first Indian Standing Counsel, the first Indian Advocate General, the first Indian Member of the Imperial Executive Council, the first Indian Member of the Imperial War Conference and Cabinet, the first Indian delegate to the Peace Conference, and now, the first Indian Member of His Majesty's Government, and the first Indian Peer of the realm. India is deeply grateful for this recognition of a worthy citizen which is also a recognition of India's position in the Empire. The Prime Minister is to be warmly congratulated on this wise and courageous step. It foreshadows the union of East and West which means the union of the world and the fulfilment of the ideals that have emerged out of the war.

OM.'

THE ancient Hindus had an aptitude, much to be appreciated in these often verbose days, of saying a great deal in a few words. The Mantra "Om" is an instance. For this short syllable contains a whole philosophy which many volumes would not suffice to state—an Eastern philosophy I may add which is gaining increased support from Western science. These two will be before long reconciled when the latter has cast aside what a friend calls its "habit blinkers." The beneficial result will, it is hoped, be a science which is religious, and a religion which is scientific.

The Mantra "Om" is composed of three letters—A, U, M,—of which the first two vowels coalesce into O. Over the Om is written the sign Chandrabindu or Nāda and Bindu, shown as a crescent with a dot or point over it. Nāda and Bindu are two of many aspects of That which in India is called the Mother, or Great Power (Māhāshakti), as it was by the near East called Magna Mater and by the Gnostics Megale Dunamis. This is both the efficient and material Cause of the universe which is Its form or body. Nāda is the Mantra name for the first going forth of Power which gathers itself together in massive strength (Ghanibhūta) as Bindu to create the universe, and which Bindu, as so creating

differentiates into a Trinity of Energies which are symbolised by A. U. M. Nada and Bindu thus represent the unmanifested "fourth" (Turiya) state, immediately before the manifestation of the world, in which animate life exists in the three conditions of dreamless sleep, dream, and waking. Man always anthropomorphises. In the West he calls the Creator the Father. More aptly Supreme Creative Being in the East and by the Shāktas called the Mother, for this Power conceives in Its Womb which is Consciousness, gives birth to, and nourishes, the Universe. The first Mantra into which a child is initiated is Mā or Mother, for that is its first word, and Mother is often the last word on the lips of the dying. Reverence to the natural Mother is reverence to the Mother of all and they who in life and at death drink the milk of that Mother attain to Her. Moreover in the world the Mother-aspect of Her who is Brahman is alone fully manifested. What She is in Herself (Svarūpa) is not known to mind or senses. The Yoginīhridaya Tantra says "What man knows the heart of a woman? Only Shiva knows the Heart of Yoginī." This is the Cosmic Heart of the universe whose systole and diastole is the going forth and return of millions of worlds. This process Brahmanism calls Pravritti and Nivritti, and Taoism (which is a Chinese adaptation of the doctrine of the Upanishads) names it Yang and Yinn. Relatively to man's knowledge the Supreme Power is said to be in Itself Being (Sat) Consciousness (Chit) and Bliss (Ananda). The Primordial Power or Adyashakti is inconceivably beyond manifested personality, for this is limited experience hedged in by mind and matter. Though not in Itself a Person It is ever *personalizing* in the form of all individual (Vyāshti) things in the world. It is also a Person as the aggregate

(Samashti) of all such personalities. Whilst infinite. it contains in Itself the sum of all human and other experience. Whilst the Power (Mahāshakti) is in Itself beyond mind and senses in that darkness (as man thinks it to be) which is the body of Mahākālī, Its manifestations are seen. It is with reference to such manifestation inferred to be the Radical Vital Potential which is, as it were, the thread (Sūtrātmā) of the whole series of being, which forms one Vital Continuity, a principle on which Indian Monistic philosophy is based. Nothing has an absolute commencement or end. All is transformed. Birth and death are modes thereof. Each existence is as it were a knot tied in an infinite rope which knot is made at birth and unloosed at death. Something does not come from nothing, and something never becomes nothing. An absolute beginning or end is inconceivable. Particular universes come into being and go. Birth, life and death are modes of the universal transformation governing all organic life "from a blade of grass to Brahmā Himself." The divine infinitude is ever such, but appears as limited function and its effects, and as apparently discontinuous because of the limitation of the senses which perceive its workings. The whole Fact is never present to consciousness, but only that section to which pragmatic attention is for the moment given, and which therefore appears localised and in succession of time. Nevertheless there is an infinite Vital Continuity stretching from the Radical Potential to its actualisation as the crust of matter, which is but an infinitesimal portion of the effect produced by the function of Substance relative to the whole universal efficiency. For ether (Akāsha) is more continuous than matter which is

but the outer crust of the Central Power. Ether is continuous and all pervading and is said to be more than a thousand times denser than gross ponderable matter. The visible earth is therefore but a microscopic point evolved by the vital Power (Shakti) of substance (Shiva) in the midst of the invisible, perpetually active, but in its own nature (Svarūpa) unaffected, Divine Substance pervading all space. Therein nothing truly exists independently of another but all are transformations of the one Power. And as that Power is Itself vital and creative, its products or rather transformations of Itself are that. As It is Being with the potentialities of all life in form, none of its manifestations are "dead," though in common parlance we concede "life" only to that which displays evolutionary growth. The search therefore for the origin of life is futile, since life is eternal and had no beginning.

All things are part of the one Mother who is Life itself. It displays itself in innumerable forms but the vastest generalisation of Its working discloses three movements of creative upbuilding, of destructive disintegration, and the holding of these two opposing forces in equilibrium. Nāda-bindu differentiate into the Trinity of Will (Ichchā), Knowledge (Jñāna) and action (Kriyā), "Sun," "Moon" and "Fire," and this self-explicating Power manifests in matter in the threefold manner described. These three Powers are A. U. M. or the Devatās Brahmā, Vishnu, Rudra. These are not "gods." There is only one God. They are Devas or "Shining ones" being aspects of the One Divine Power whose Feet (in the words of Shāstra) even Brahma, Vishnu and Rudra worship. They are scientific concepts deified, and rightly so, for their content refers to aspects of the Supreme Power which is God. Scientifically they stand

for the three functions of Vital Substance. It is incorrect to suppose that God in His aspect as Brahmā created the world some millions of years ago and has since done nothing, or that He in His form as Rudra has as yet had no opportunity of displaying His power of dissolution. Brahmā is always creating and recreating the elements of manifested substance which Rudra is ever breaking down. Throughout Nature there are these twin forces upbuilding and destroying forms, integrating and disintegrating, anabolism and catabolism tending to change and conservation of tissues and so on. The three aspects A, U, M, of the Primordial Power (Nāda-bindu) are always operating. Whilst Rudra is, by chemical destruction, breaking down the combinations of matter and thus working towards the final dissolution of things, that is the disintegration of forms into either its more general elements (Mahābhūta) or into the formless substance (Prakṛiti) the material power of all, Brahmā creates it anew by His ever rejuvenescent molecular activity, thus rescuing organised vitality from the processes which are ever at work to consume its forms. Vishnu again is the power which stabilises matter in the midst of these conflicting forces and thus maintains all Existences. Things only possess relative stability. So it is that the Power of Rudra works its purpose at the end. Matter itself is only a relatively stable form of Energy from which it appears and into which, on the attainment of its terminal state, it again merges. It is Vishnu who holds it together in equilibrium. Again leaving individual existences and looking at the sum total of manifested Energy, Vishnu, the Maintainer, throughout space and time is a theological statement of the general Conservation of Energy. To these intuited laws and truths objective science is giving increasing support. In

this sense "Om" is the Pratīka or representative of the Radical Vital Potential of the Universe and of the Trinity of Energies by which It actualises and materialises Itself as the five forms of "matter" (though ether is not ponderable matter), namely ethereal (Akāsha), gaseous (Vāyu) fiery (Agni), liquid (Ap) and solid (Prithivī). Through worship of and meditation on this Pratīka, with all its implications, man, according to Advaita Vedānta, realises himself as the one vital Shakti Mother of all.

JOHN WOODROFFE.

INDIA.
A POET'S REVERIES.

THE spell of India is over me! I am being drawn irresistably by unseen cords closer and closer to the people of our adoption—a great strong nation of brothers and sisters, within whose possibilities lies all the strength we need to enable us to carry this war to a successful issue. With their continued help we can accomplish our heart's desire, we can end this term of widespread terror, and frustrate this ever-increasing tyranny of might against right! We can work together without weapons, for there are invisible agents, against which neither sword, nor deadly missile can combat.

'The things that are seen are temporal—the things that are not seen are Eternal.' Of all the power bestowed to man, of all the endless resources placed at his disposal, of all the gifts by which he has been dowered,—there is one, and one only that is exclusively his own both in this world—and the next—and that one is the one which will conquer every other—yea, conquer the world!

Now this present war is bringing out the very best, as well as the very worst traits of character in human nature—this is patent to every one who even glanced at the news of the world, day by day. On the one hand there is utter unselfishness, complete self-sacrifice, in the laying down

of life, so dear to the hearts of each healthy, noble, true born man—renunciation of all that is dear and precious that others may live on—and that generations as yet unborn may enjoy the fruit of the self-sacrifice so divinely given. On the other hand, unrestrained wickedness that recognises no responsibilities—no laws—no limit !

‘Lord that I might receive sight’ was the cry of man physically blind. This should be our cry now, to the Throne of Grace. We must not rest content to visualise the things around us in a cursory manner. We must probe deeper into those mysteries that are hid from our eyes—things ready, ever present, close beside us in the very atmosphere that is the environment of our being. Time goes on, and on, and yet we only see as through a glass darkly—when we should see ‘face to face.’

On several occasions photographers have produced on the sensitised film of their camera, shadows of beings, and objects, that our eyes have not perceived—what we have thought of, but have not been aware were present in spirit form. For this reason the art of photography often disappoints the person whose portrait has been portrayed.

It would interrupt my theme to describe fully all I would like to say on this subject, but a curious coincidence was lately brought to my notice—the result was this—when the image of the person photographed appeared, it bore the exact resemblance of countenance to the being, whose safety, from a temporary danger was occupying his mind. To such an extent were his thoughts concentrated, that his own personal expression was changed and when the picture was developed, it bore a resemblance to the visage of the loved being on whom his fears were

riveted to a far greater extent than his own countenance—and usual expression !

We are indeed passing through the furnace of affliction. We need all the courage, all the encouragement, and all the consolidation of true friendship that we can rely on, and muster. We want even stronger and braver hearts than have yet come forward. There is no time to be lost. We are in the stress of the storm, in the trough of the ocean. We want a god-man to arise, one who will follow the example of the Lord of Life Himself, who for mankind and for our salvation,

Left a kingly throne where countless crowds
Hung breathless on the words of His Command.

We want some one to arise who with a great mind will hypnotise and influence the world, a man whose name, will be hereafter emblazoned on the pages of history in this 20th century conflict. We need one powerful enough to end this sanguinary strife—who will stem this torrent of blood and tears, this tempest of sighs, this ever present knowledge of the evil and the terror around us, that is creeping over every thing—and into every thing that we seek to undertake—as it is, the harvest of the world is being reaped before it has gained full maturity, for now.

Slaughter far worse than Egypt's plague
Claims sons from every sire!

Where shall we look for salvation—from the merciless foe that stops at nothing and respects nought by which the world has been governed, and only can continue to be governed since it was organized in the ages, long long ago?

Is this Day Star to arise in the East? Many of the most glorious events have emanated from the Orient! The Saviour of mankind was cradled in an Eastern Manger! Arts had its birth where the Sun first rises. Art such as has never been out-rivalled even in this century.

India! we shall never forget your loyalty, however many other nations range themselves with us in the common cause of Justice, and Humanity—of Right against Might. You were the *first* to respond to the call across the mighty waters and to swell the ranks that were quickly gathered in from our Island Empire. Your sons were the first to lay down their lives side by side with those so dear to our homes. For you the heart of our beloved King-Emperor first beat with pride over your willingness to do and dare—at your loyalty and devotion,—at your subsequent heroism and fealty.

We repeatedly hear the true statement, that there never has been waged such a war since the world began! It is so—and let me add in response there never has been such opportunities for us all to do our best, to come forward, if we feel we can accomplish little or great achievements. We *all* have our work to do!

As a religious nation India exceeds all others. There is no need to be reminded of that deep inborn religious conviction, that inspires and rules the actions of daily lives. Speaking one day to an Indian scholar he remarked: "You call yourselves a religious people and feel it incumbent on you to teach and preach to others. We are far more influenced by the power of religion. *We* breathe it all day long. We never dream of undertaking any task

without the upholding and help of a spiritual force". This characteristic alone should be the means of drawing us together until merged into one we become irresistably united in a Brotherhood that nothing can shatter or disannul, even as dawn merges into perfect day.

We have too long been kept apart: is it from apathy, or disinterestedness, or worse still indifference? We have not understood each other, we have not troubled to search out what traits of character we have in common. Yet who that has interested themselves in the far East *can* be wholly indifferent? How beautiful are the writings of your poets. How inspiring are your architectural triumphs. How exquisite your gold and jewelled ornaments—your fret work and carving—what a spiritual force is perceptable in all your glorious art and handiwork. We have watched your artisans in our great exhibitions—at the polishing of precious stones, in the weaving of your dream patterns of fabrics wrought out by the memory of song, and tones, that bring to the weaver's sight, the picture patterns that his hand has to complete, in material instead of set designs!

Who that has read your Rig Veda, or your love story of Ramayana, can think of you without regret, that more poetry and poem and prayer, than still exists has not been given to the world for our delight—for the means of drawing us in closer communion of soul and spirit.

We cannot have too many on our side. The side that promises freedom of thought and action, and above all *self-expression*! Those who are fighting side by side, should endeavour to certainly understand each other,

should try to discover those qualities that will draw them closer in the bond of fellowship, not only now, but in the future which we are told to look to, for a mighty and glorious change that is to spread over the world, and cause all mankind to rejoice. The facilities for this better understanding lie within the reach of many. The Oriental nations of our allies, and our brothers by adoption have the wonderful capacity for mastering our European languages. They not only speak and read our literature, but write books of deep study for our delight in our own language, and if we will only take the pains to do so, within the cover of these precious volumes we can perceive that they at least have in a great measure done their part. The interpretation of tongues is a Divine gift, how much more so, is the interpretation of the motive—the hidden essence of thought and expression that by deep desire gives a better understanding of the various racial families of God's peoples.

But, no! We go on repeating and believing all we imbibed concerning the ferocity that was exhibited in warfare, especially—that filled the mind with repugnance at the idea of European and Asiatic mingling with each other on battle fields. This is all swept away, over-balanced by the inconceivable atrocities of our enemies, whose acts and violations of the common rules of life are impossible of being chronicled and who yet proclaim that God is on their side.

A short time ago I received a letter from a friend who had been wounded, and who was consequently relegated to hospital somewhere in the war zone. It confirmed my estimate of the Indian character, which proved, that however fierce and in deadly earnest they may carry out the

desire to kill their enemies, there exists a gentleness in their nature which is quite equal if not more accentuated than those who profess Christianity. My friend wrote thus:

“After being removed from the land of olives I was sent “to somewhere, in France.” When first I came the long lush grass was starred with countless narcissi—but alas! before they had finished blooming, additional marques were required. So it came about that the lovely blossoms were mown down by dusky Indians. How gently and lovingly they performed their task, they mowed the grass and the flowers sitting down, and they laboured as if under the spell of some old world dream. Every now and again they smelt the blossoms with a look of rapture in their faces—In those kind dark hands, the flowers died very peacefully and gently that day”—

As I sit at the writing table closing my reveries on a beloved Land, the June moon is rising in all her splendour above the distant woods. It is our Sabbath, our day of rest (June 21st). Over the hill slopes lie long swathes of grasses and flowers, for the hay harvest has been reaped. These long lines of fading life just catch the moon beams and the fallen field flowers, daisies and golden butter cups and others, seem as it were to be writing a Love-sonnet to the hour. Their bent and broken stalks resemble quavers and semibreves, and their rounded blossoms notes expressing silent harmonies.

The evening is perfectly calm—not a sound is audible, not a leaf is stirring—a marauding owl shoots silently by, with furtive flight. The tired air-men have returned to their aerodromes. Birds have ceased their evening poems of songs. There is neither the chirrup of the

cricket, grass-hopper, or night rail, to disturb the absolute peace that prevails. The very moonlight sleeps on the grass! Alas, a little more than 100 miles away rivers of blood are trickling through the rutted broken roads of France and Flanders and less than a mile from hence men are groaning and tossing in pain from the recent battle fields.

On the other side of my home the sun has hardly sunned. A golden glory the aftermath of light lingers in the north-east sky. The intense clarity of atmosphere and the brilliance of the reflected light is accentuating the belts of tall dark pines and sombre auricaria that marks the boundary of our neighbours' lands. Lo! as I look up I perceive a wondrous phenomenon, a sign in the heavens—so golden is the profusion of light left by the sinking sun, that the face of the moon arrests attention. Her look of coldness, suggestive of icy regions and dead craters—the steely blue light she habitually diffuses is changed. They are not silver moon beams that creep into my study tonight—they are literally *golden* and gleaming—and the room is lit up as with a lamp of fire—there is rivalry in the Heavens. There is a symbol of great promise—as of some visible mighty changes.

Let us turn our camera towards the East, for then and there we shall find as the artist found a revelation from the camera of our thoughts, not merely a nation of over 300,000,000 souls looking to us for help and guidance, and administration, but a wondrous loving loyal people with a ready devotion willing to do us service, to dare, and to die, a ready devotion beating in the heart and soul of the whole Empire. A Love so strong, so deep, so pure, so disinterested, that will, by its

strength and sincerity, by its religious impulse, turn all our present sorrow into joy, and diffuse a golden halo that will thaw and melt the icy indifference of the past, and alter and annul the chain of friendship and brotherhood in the crucible of truth, fed and heated by a Holy Fire.

In the soul of India lies deep desires, a mine of gold, not silver, an earnest stirring after perfect ideals, a longing to reach the goals of faith and firm conviction in that one true Force against which nothing can conquer. We both want that invisible binding together that can only be sanctioned by one who sees and governs all. Then and then only we shall clasp hands across the troubled waters forgetting all the past, its sorrows, its misunderstandings, its icy cold indifference, lost for ever in the golden light of Love's immensity.

In breathless suspense we wonder day by day, now year by year, whose task it will be to grasp the scales of world power and set the mighty balances of the world—stay the hunger and the thirst, hush the sorrowful sighing of the prisoner stem the tide of combat—wipe our tears away, and restore peace to the world once more. Is all this to be the task for one alone to undertake or will it be achieved by the strength of a whole-hearted nation? India beloved India! Let thy mighty heart of over 300,000,000 souls beat into ours, reveal thyself as a Day Star in the East, overthrow and turn a deaf ear to the enemies of thy peace, and the peace of the world then shall all no longer see as through a glass darkly, but face to face.

C. M. SALWEY.

TO THE VICTORS.

The poet of our people, through the lips
 Of one of his fair women, framed a thought
 Which, at this wondrous moment on our tongues,
 Leaps from our hearts: "Thanks, thanks, and ever thanks."
 To you, our saviours, thanks, and thanks again
 Now and forever. Say the word is brief,
 Yet it strikes clear-cut, thorough, all-complete.

O men of ours from India and from lands
 Far off, our voices tremble as we strive
 To utter thanks to you, brave, steadfast, true.
 You, bruised and bleeding, broken to the death.

Success supreme has crowned you. Triumph shouts
 Aloud "Our men have won our Victory."
 And, through the clamour of the shouting, hear
 The under-current of those thanks, less loud,
 Less clamant, thrilling through all sound
 Of cheering multitudinous ;—our thanks.

Never shall you be absent from our minds,
 Never your deeds of valour be forgot;
 Never while tongue and pen possess their power.

The head-line of your history is Thanks,
 And thanks and thanks again its final word.

ERIC HAMMOND.

WOMANLINESS IN ACTION.

— — —
 A Spirit, yet a woman too

* * * * *

A being breathing thoughtful breath
 A traveller betwixt life and death;
 The reason firm, the temperate will,
 Endurance, foresight, strength and skill;
 nobly planned
 To warn, to comfort and command;
 And yet a spirit still, and bright
 With something of an angel light."

Wordsworth,

The frequent quotation of Wordsworth's poem "She was a phantom of delight" has robbed it of its freshness, but the very frequency that has made the words stale testifies to their truth, and because they are true we quote them once more.

In my essay on the Mysticism of Womanliness I insisted on the strength that characterises the typical ideal woman, a strength resulting from the correspondence of the ideal woman's will with the Will of God and her consequent realisation of inherent power. Sense of power gives courage, and, as Wordsworth says, "endurance, foresight, strength and skill," and realisation of the Unseen and Supernatural gives clearness to the intellectual sight, and keen edge to practical sagacity. The mystical element in

womanliness is the source of a balanced activity of the whole personality, and is parallel in womanliness with mysticism in manliness.

It is conceded by all impartial students of character that women of distinction are both enterprising and resourceful, daring to take the initiative when the courage of taking the first step may cost them what they know not what; drawing tirelessly upon Divine strength for means to do the difficult "Impossible." In a word that they have courage of that high order that springs from dependence on the Might of God. I have been *searching* in vain for an old Greek book to verify a quotation which lives in my memory but of which I can only give the gist, not the words. It was a passage given as an exercise for translation, contrasting the typical qualities of man and woman. Women were accredited with cruelty and courage. Men were represented as surpassing them in mercy and tolerance, but as falling below them in daring and endurance. The sentence startled a girl's mind, but it was not resented as untrue. The woman's experience has proved the truth as regards courage.

As the Ideal Woman is here dealt with, we have nothing to do with cruelty, which is a form of insanity. Righteous severity and the sternness of high principle must never be confused with a liking to cause pain. Courage is the symptom and outcome of health and the characters chosen to illustrate active womanliness are essentially healthy. They have been chosen as illustrating the courage which both dares to do uncommon deeds and to endure the consequences of their deeds; the courage which is dauntless because it is conscious of correspondence with Divine law, even when it defies human authority, an authority that, when not antagonistic to a higher Law-giver, is admittedly

binding. Illustrating courage in this way, our examples testify to the delicate accuracy of woman's perceptions, to the fidelity of her emotional instincts, to her mental resourcefulness and the clearness of her spiritual vision. They bear witness to these qualities and the courage they spring from, as typical of woman in all ages and of every race. The Greek Antigone, the Hebrew Rizpah and Moabitess Ruth, the French Jeanne d'Arc, the English Margaret Roper, daughter of Sir Thomas More, and, to bring our types down to our own day, Florence Nightingale and Elith Cavell each held a firm allegiance to the law of Duty, an allegiance manifesting itself in acts of love.

The name of Rizpah will be familiar to readers of the Hebrew Bible. In the days of the kings of Israel and Judah, in the very early days when David was king, there was a famine, ascribed to the preceding king's (Saul's) ruthless treatment of the Gibeonites. David tried pacifist methods—What could he do to appease the Gibeonites? They wanted neither gold nor silver nor that he should fight for them, but they thirsted for revenge on the man who had wronged them. He was dead. Let therefore seven of his descendants be delivered to them that they might slay them with contumely. David delivered seven, two of whom were sons of Rizpah. The seven were hanged on a hill in the days of harvest and left as a prey for the vultures and wild beasts. But "*Rizpah, the daughter of Aiah, took sackcloth and spread it upon the rock and suffered neither the birds of the air to rest on them by day, nor the beasts of the field by night.*"

There is no comment made in the chronicle of it. Her deed alone speaks for her character and her love as a

woman. We do not read of any penalty she had to pay, but we do read of a consequence of her devotion. David knew the intensity of human affection. Did 'he not love Jonathan, the son of Saul? Had he not said that Jonathan's love for him surpassed the love of woman? Did he not in surrendering seven kinsmen of Saul, spare Jonathan's son? When he heard what Rizpah had done, the capacity for love in himself was sounded and his past's heart was touched. This bereaved mother had done all that was possible for her piety to do, and he, the king, had left the bones of King Saul and Jonathan where they had been slain. He went, as soon as he realised his short-coming measured by Rizpah's devotion, and took the bones of Saul and Jonathan from the men who had stolen them from *their* hanging-place and buried them in the sepulchre of their forefathers.

The Greek Antigone's piety, though on the same plane of family affection, soared higher because it had not in it the natural mother's instinct to give irresistible impetus to action. It reached higher regions of courage and self-sacrifice than did the action of the Hebrew mother. Every one knows the story of sisterly devotion and many must have read it in the moving words of Sophocles' drama. Before Polynices fought as leader of the Seven against Thebes he asked his sisters, Antigone and Ismene, to see to it that his body should be buried if he fell on the field of battle, and thus be assured an entrance into the abode of the blissful dead, an entrance that would be denied him if his body were left unburied. He and his brother, who had wronged him, slew each other in single combat. Eteocles was buried by their uncle Creon, who then became king. Polynices was left unburied by vindictive intention.

Antigone went by night and covered the body with earth with her own hands. Creon had the earth removed and set a watch over the insulted body. Again Antigone covered the body and poured over it a libation of wine. She was seized, brought before her accusers and put to death. Of course her accusers argued that she had defied the law. She had disobeyed a command at variance with the law of her religion. She died a martyr testifying her loyalty to the divine law of love.

And, though she did not witness unto death, Sir Thomas More's daughter Margaret possessed Antigone's capabilities of affection and fidelity to duty. Perhaps there has never been more perfect sympathy between father and daughter than that between Sir Thomas More and his daughter Meg, married to William Roper. It was a comprehensive and balanced sympathy of tastes and feeling, wit and intellect, moral principle and spiritual aspiration. Can we wonder that Margaret, standing on a level of reciprocity with such a man as Sir Thomas More, should have risen to the plane of heroism when he bore witness to the world of his own time and of future generations that he, the wit, the scholar, the courtier, the man of affairs, the peerless host and head of his family, the tender father and loving friend, preferred death to surrender of principle, a death that would cause distress to those whom he had always striven to shield from sorrow? Mistress Roper was present when sentence was passed on her father. She did not faint or falter but forced her way "fearless of Bills and Halberds and did cast mine arms about Father's Neck. He cries 'My Meg' and hugs me to him as though our very souls should grow together. He sayth 'Bless them,

bless thee.' What mean ye to weep and break mine heart? And so gave me back into Dancey's arms, the Guards all weeping."

Again she made another rush, again the close embrace, but she was begged by the dear voice's whisper in her ear not to unman him. She was also blessed again and in the midst of the awful tragedy, is calm and recollected. On the day of the beheading she can say "My most precious treasure is this dear Billet writ with a coal"—her father's last letter. "They have let us bury his body"—her diary, July 19, 1535 records, "but as sure as there's a sun in heaven I'll have his head! Before another sun hath risen too."

She rose in the darkness before dawn and was rowed underneath the bridge on which she could see a dark outline that made her cower and say, "Alas! alas! that Head hath lain full many a time in my lap, would God it lay there now." A few moments later, "in an extasy of Gladness, Pity and Horror," and stretching forth her apron "she caught the burthen as it fell." One of the boatmen had whispered to her "Are ye mad, Mistress Meg, to go on this errand?" when she got into the boat. When he helped her out that she might run up to be underneath that for which she came, he said, "Mistress, and I-dared, I would go with thee."

Well might Mistress Meg write, "I doe think men, for the most part, be cowards in their hearts. Here and there we find one, like Father and like Socrates, but, in the main, methinketh, they lack the moral courage of women,"

Her own daring had achieved its end through the help of the Fool of the household at Chelsea, a man received into it out of sheer kindness by Sir Thomas More. After Mistress Roper had received the precious relic Patterson said, "Let us speed away with our Theft, for Fools and their treasures are soon parted,—I'll put ye in the boat and then say God speed ye lady, with your Burthen." The Lady records that Will, her husband, promised her that it should be buried with her "layd upon my heart."

The idyllic episode in the life of a young Moabite, Ruth, the widow of a son of the Hebrew Elimelech, whose story forms one of the books of the Hebrew Bible, does not touch the heroic level of Antigone's life's climax, nor is it on a level with the pathos and risk of Rizpah or Margaret Roper, but it shines in history with a light which claims notice because it is unusual for the quiet glow of domestic affection, uninfluenced by passion or self-interest, to be conspicuous. Whether the English poet, Hood, was alluding in his poem *Ruth* to the young Moabite widow or had given her name to the heroine of a pastoral of his own day, we do not know, but his words certainly help us to focus the lovable daughter-in-law of Naomi both in looks and character, when she, a stranger in a Hebrew land, gleaned in the harvest fields of Boaz:

"Thus she stood amid the stooks *

Praising God with sweetest looks."

The unromantic affection of a young woman for one older than herself and filling the prosaic relationship of

* Keats in his "Ode to a Nightingale" thinks the "self-same song" of the bird may have found a path

"Through the sad heart of Ruth, when sick for home.
She stood in tears amid the alien corn."

mother-in-law to her gives us a picture of filial piety of sweetest looks and stands out in these harvest fields of Memory to be gleaned by a "quiet eye" a witness to God Who is Love. It is this power in Ruth's unselfish devotion to Naomi to touch the fibres of natural affection and awaken response that has inspired musicians and poets, and artists of the brush and pencil to give form and colour to the story. The quiet impulse of family affection used to be considered the peculiar dower of womanliness. The duties wrought by their impulsion and the unselfishness these duties require in their fulfilment spell peace and diffuse sunshine in a house, but their very naturalness made them inconspicuous as a rule. But when sorrow entered the family of Elimelech and he and his two sons died, and Naomi his wife prepared to go back to her own country and kindred, the humdrum of usualness was broken. Naomi essayed to go alone, but Ruth insisted upon accompanying her, in words that have become historic and full of music—"Entreat me not to leave thee or to return from following after thee; whither thou goest I will go and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people and thy God my God." 'The outpouring of self in the service of affection has supplied the sacrifice embalming the deed for all time, although Ruth's pilgrimage ended, not in tragedy but, in a prosperous marriage.

We pass now from the womanliness that proved itself heroic in the exercise of family affection to that which had a wider area for the outpouring of love and consecrated qualities, to the womanliness of the patriot-warrior, of the servant of humanity, especially of suffering humanity, of the witness unto death, of the duty of obedience to the law of Love transcending obedience to human legislation.

We can hardly find more complete embodiment of this courage and generosity of self-sacrifice than in the French Jeanne d'Arc, and the English Florence Nightingale and Edith Cavell.

It may seem strange to take the Maid of France, whom Englishmen alas insulted because she wore man's armour, as a type of womanliness, but an impartial study of Jeanne's life, read from history not legendary tradition, convinces us that the essential qualities of womanliness were hers—the courage springing from true mysticism, the practicality resulting from the combination of faith and self-knowledge, and the perseverance through all difficulties unto the end. The peasant maid of Domremy was royal in her simplicity of outlook and insight. When her conviction of her mission made her restless she said, "This deed is not convenient to my station, yet must I do it because my Lord wills it."

"Who is your Lord?" she was asked.

"My Lord is God," was her reply.

Through every development of her short career she was led by the impulsion of Divine Guidance. She saw her Visions and she heard her Voices. She admitted this quite simply when admission was required of her, but she was reticent, as all true mystics, are and betrayed nothing of those supernatural truths which would be jeered at by materialists.

In spite of her simplicity and care to guard things spiritual from irreverence, non-mystics confused the supernatural with magic, and saw witchcraft in Jeanne's appropriation of Divine strength and gifts. Yet all her methods

were practical, and her intercourse with men was marked by shrewd and pithy sayings. In the exercise of her most virile powers and labours she kept her womanliness intact. She shrank from no fatigue, pain or difficulty of mediaeval warfare, but she avoided whatever did despite to her womanliness, and she steadily refused to take the life of an enemy. But she was always anxious to press forward. "So much to do," she kept saying, "and only one year and little more and then to die."

The flames of her martyr have put a halo round the head of the Maid of France for ever. The fire of remorse kindled by those flames burns in the hearts of the descendants of those who had a share in the injustice of her death. She carried the torch of her faith, her patriotism her self-sacrifice so unfalteringly that her life would have been a beacon fire to the students of character and of history if her martyrdom had not lit up her mission with immortal flame.

Readers of *East and West* do not need details to be given them of the life and character of Florence Nightingale. Her friendship with Mr. B. M. Malabari and her biography written by Sir E. Cooke have made them intimately acquainted with them. What we should now consider is the part her womanliness is playing in this great war, her womanliness as it lives and works in the legacy of her example. Think what nursing was in England before Dickens used his rapier-pen of ridicule and before Florence Nightingale crossed the boundary stream between ladies of leisure and working women, and then see how inevitable it is that the Lady of the Lamp takes her place among the Immortals. She not only raised nursing from a trade to a vocation, sweeping out of it

ignorant charlatanry and selfish neglect of patients, she also threw a new light on life as a whole, and on the scope of life's work, which she saw and revealed to others as service to man for God's glory. Her example has pricked the hearts of women of many nations so that they have sped to light their torch from her lamp and carry on the revelation. The womanliness of to-day in action during the war can bear unflinchingly to see sights and do deeds that would have broken the nerves of early Victorians, before Florence Nightingale rose to the great occasion of the Crimean War.

Miss Nightingale shrank from panegyric. She would have been the first to give full weight to the advantages given her by her social position and influence, and by the training of her faculties by the circumstances of her life. These gave her power to command difficult situations, to fight her way over obstacles and bring cosmos out of chaos. A woman unpossessed of position and influence would not have achieved all that Miss Nightingale accomplished, even if she had something of her will-power and genius. But, after giving circumstances their full value, the truth remains, unaltered and unalterable, that it was Florence Nightingale's *character* that made Nursing the glorious profession it became capable of being.

The heroic self-spending of Nurse Edith Cavell is too near our day, the tragedy of its climax too intimate a part of our lives to be written about dispassionately. She gave her life as simply and clear-sightedly as she gave her services to suffering humanity. She was as definite in her desire to help her countrymen to regain freedom as Antigone was in her resolve to procure for her slain

brother escape from an unhallowed Beyond. She was as cognisant of the penalty she was incurring by her aid to prisoners as Antigone was of the ruthlessness of the tyrant Creon. Both of these types of womanliness counted the cost, prepared to pay it in full. Not to die nobly would have been far more terrible to Antigone's high soul than was the prospect of a cruel death to a nature set in a lower key.

"I am happy to die for my Country and I am ready to pay the price. I am sure that in God's sight I am not an offender, because I did what seemed to me clearly to be my duty, and that is the only thing which matters," said Miss Cavell to the clergyman who ministered to her. She added, "This I would say, standing as I do in view of God and eternity, I realise that Patriotism is not enough. I must have no hatred or bitterness towards anyone."

"England must not soon forget
Such women and such worth"

chants Mr. Pakenham Walsh in his poem "The Martyr Nurse." I hope Lord Knutsford will forgive me if I quote from his address in the Church of the London Hospital, because his words help me to say the few words that remain to be said of my thoughts on Womanliness in ordinary life undistinguished by events which bring the movers in them into notice.

"Everyone present" (at the Memorial Service for Edith Cavell) said Lord Knutsford, "must have felt that an Englishwoman had set an example which showed that, amidst all the wickedness and cruelty of these awful times, nothing could daunt her courage, nothing could dim her

faith or even lessen her sympathy for all her fellow men." His concluding words are: "If we can learn from Edith Cavell's life and death that Duty to God is first and that life is nothing compared with this, then her life and death will not have been in vain and more than her name will be perpetuated here. Her Light will shine."

The response made by woman to the claims upon her courage, endurance, strength and skill during this war must have shaken to pieces, that can never be put together again, the old theory that a woman proved her womanliness by shrinking from danger, being squeamish amidst painful sights, and stopping her ears when horrifying sounds were to be heard. They have proved that such a theory is a complete travesty of womanliness.

There is, however, a fear among some who watch the great field of active life from the distance, marked out by enforced inactivity, lest, in the eager rush to the open field to render aid to their Country, the needs of the coverts of home should be forgotten, and lest the duty of keeping up the traditions of home life, its charm of repose, gentleness and loveliness be neglected. It is quite true that "the old order changeth giving place to new" and it is improbable that the composed dignity of old England's home life—to instance one order only—will be regained, but although form is a constituent part of beauty, the essence of Beauty is something greater than form, and though the laws of harmony are necessary for music to be expressed, the Spirit of Music is distinct from the law and the lovers of true womanliness hope that the joy of service in new and unexplored regions, the development of faculties hitherto

unused, the cultivation of the spirit of adventure and enterprise will not dim women's sight of their own special kingdom. It is a realm larger than even the great battle field of Europe, greater than any camp or hospital or munition works. It is the realm of human hearts and human character. The power that sways it is Influence, the influence typified by a "low voice, an excellent thing in woman," and the voice is inspired by the Spirit that is the Source of Life-Love.

JEAN ROBERTS.

TO MY FRIEND.

'Tis eastward in the land of dreams
And dreams are fancies—so they say,
That dance on sunbeams while they play,
Like mirror'd stars in silent streams.

Yet fancies are not wholly vain,
Nor mere mirages of the mind,
They often are the bands which bind,
Ripe truths that stand like golden grain.

And fancy weaves a golden charm,
That stretches out far o'er the sea,
Just flowers of thought to you, from me,
Which will not sunder in the main,

Ripe truth, ripe love, ripe friendship blend,
And go to make a happy dream,
If East to West my dream shall seem,
To bless and circle in my friend.

THE NEED FOR THE EDUCATION OF INDIAN LABOUR.

India is in a state of transition. Many problems that vitally affect her future are coming up for consideration. The war, which has now happily come to a successful close, has given them greater prominence. Of such questions, the economic development of India is not the least important. It is indeed encouraging to find the illustrious authors of the Reforms Report advocating a definite change of view and admitting the necessity for a policy by which the State should shoulder the responsibility for furthering the industrial progress of the country. Speaking later at the Cambridge Liberal Association, Mr. Montagu reiterated the same sentiments. The Industrial Commission Report, just out, bears ample testimony to the mischief caused by the neglect of those responsible for "peace, order and good government." The proposals made in this report are calculated to improve Indian industrial conditions and enable India to become 'more self-contained in respect of men and material.' Taking all these into account, one is rather encouraged to look forward to a great industrial future for this country.

It is a happy and significant sign of the times that our people have begun to take an intelligent interest in

all matters affecting the industrial progress of the country. Their industrial outlook has undergone a radical change. They have come to feel that in spite of many difficulties in the path of industrial development, the possibilities of success are many, and chances of failure are few. They have begun to realise that with some effort and at some sacrifice, the defects in our industrial organisation can be easily remedied.

Many are the factors that affect the productiveness of industry. The quality of the labour plays a prominent part in the economics of industry. Professor Taussig, in his well-known book on '*Principles of Economics*,' says, "The increase of production depends not only on the marshalling and organisation of the labourers and on their equipment with capital, but also on the strength and skill of individual workman." Apart from health and strength, skill and intelligence have become quite indispensable factors from the stand point of modern industrial conditions. Scientific discoveries and inventions have revolutionised the methods of industry. What unskilled labour was doing before the Industrial Revolution is now done by machinery. As more machinery comes into existence, the demand for unskilled labour will become less. Nowadays, the necessity for skilled labour, to handle machinery sometimes very delicate, is being increasingly felt. In an article contributed to the *Eton Review*, Lord Haldane lays great emphasis on the growing need for skilled men and indicates the ways by which that need can be satisfied. He writes :

"The development of electrical science promises to provide an enormous increase in the near future of cheap industrial power. This will be utilised in machinery, much of it delicate, which will require superintendence by highly

skilled supervisors. Production will be increased, and so will wages be. The workman will not be a labourer, but a director of these machines. He will sometimes be an inventor or an improver. We now realise that it is not either labour or capital that really creates wealth of to-day. Capital can be hired in the money-market by offering interest, and the work of the unskilled labourers can be done by the machine. It is 'direction with adequate knowledge that really creates wealth by turning the potential energy of the products of the earth into useful forms of kinetic energy. The workman of the future ought thus to be a director depending on his mental faculty even more than on his physical power. There will, in all probability, in the end evolve itself a system of such direction in every business, graded from the average worker up to the highest administrator of the concern as a whole. What ought to determine the place of our individual in this hierarchy is brain-power and training.'*

Therefore, Lord Haldane pleads, with all the earnestness he can command, for an equality of educational opportunity to every child. This, he strongly urges, will enable the community to profit to a great extent by enlisting the latent youthful talent. The recent Education Act, which provides the system of continuation schools up to the age of eighteen is a measure calculated to promote national efficiency, and owes its passage without much opposition to the fact that the English nation realised "how essential it was to national discipline and to national efficiency and national power to put more of its thought and of its energy into training the minds of its people."

Coming to India, we find that these arguments can be applied with equal force. The Industrial Commission Report goes into the question of the resources of the generating power necessary for the growth of industry. After a careful examination of all the available sources, the Report says, "the harnessing of water-power appears, however, to afford a more reliable source of energy." The condition of labour in India is not satisfactory at all. As a result of the economic evolution that is taking place and

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will take place, new and improved methods of production are sure to come into existence. If they would like to continue as efficient agents of production, Indian workmen cannot afford to lag behind. To keep pace with the times they need education and training. Various recommendations have been made by the Industrial Commission, which, if fully given effect to, may satisfy, in course of time, the conditions to which the country may be subjected by the introduction of labour-saving machinery driven by power. Great stress is laid on the extension of universal primary education. This reform, together with others suggested by the Commission, it is hoped, will increase the intellectual capacity of Indian workman, and hence his ability to adjust himself to the altered conditions for which the development of science, etc., are largely responsible.

It is really unfortunate that the large employers of labour, though aware of the increased efficiency resulting from the spread of education, have done very little to provide for the education of labourers. Capitalists, who look at things from a business point of view, may look askance at the idea. The matter for our consideration is, whether the State or the organisers of industry should undertake this task. In his paper on the Growth of Cotton Industry in Bombay, Sir Dinsha Wacha set forth his views on the housing and education of workmen. Apart from other considerations advanced by Sir Dinsha, there is no denying the fact that in all civilised countries the responsibility of providing proper facilities for education, was devolved upon the State. It is gratifying to find the Industrial Commission say 'that it would be unfair and unjust to impose upon employers this duty, which devolves rather upon the State and the local authorities.' So, it is

the earnest wish of all that the State should undertake a measure of the kind which Mr. Fisher piloted through the House of Parliament, taking care to see that all facilities demanded by the Industrial Commission are provided for.

The people in the country must be made to understand the importance of education in the industrial life of India. In addition to worldly success and material progress, wide diffusion of education provides that intellectual, moral, and spiritual equipment which enables the workmen to appreciate and take part in the higher activities of life. Every child has a right to claim for an opportunity to develop its latent powers, to enable it to take an 'intelligent and reasoning' interest in things with which it is surrounded. It is said that Macaulay used to advocate the education of the labourer's children 'on the ground of national safety.' Once he talked of 'riots and burning hay stacks,' and asked:—

"Could such things have been done in a country in which the mind of the labourer had been opened by education, in which he had been taught to find pleasure in the exercise of his intellect, taught to revere his Maker, taught to respect legitimate authority, and taught at the same time to seek the redress of real wrongs by peaceful constitutional means ? "

Is it too much to hope for the inauguration of an educational policy which adopts a system of education that turns out the children that come under it, 'models of propriety and efficiency' ?

COGITATA ET VISA.

PART I.

* * * * nec jam validis radicibus haerens

Pondere tuta sus est.

LUCRET. I. I. 138.

Sunt bona, sunt quaedam mediocria, sunt mala plura.

MARTIAL. EPIG.

Steam engines and machinery
 Have altered everything we see,
 And taken from the human land
 The ancient glory and command,
 Its cunning, and that honor meet,
 That made the labourer's bread taste sweet,
 Made man a poor dependent thing,
 And hanger on a crank or spring:
 The iron—Is this the promised goal,—
 Has eat into his very soul.

The wise man's injury in wisdom schools,
 And better than the flattery is, of fools.

A fool may run a wise man down,
 But praise no one, except a clown.

To hear a fool commend you comes to this :
 You ask yourself—' Have I done ought amiss?'

When young we read to pass away
An hour or two, or by the way;
We read, when older, to compare,
And find out why? and what? and where?
And rules and maxims that may come
Of use abroad, or when at home—
In short, that wisdom we may get;
In vain—we have not got it yet:
Reflection in its highest mood
Points all wheres to infinitude.

Truth relative and absolute
Like shadows lie about our feet,
And every thought, and speculation,
And image, fact, and correlation
Haunt—and again lol all things flee
Away into infinity.
Truly, as Novalis has said,
Nature, as by deep purpose led,
Has man his senses down depressed,
And poured o'er them an Alcahest.

'Tis never easy to descry
Whether a man is proud, or shy:
A proud man shy is rare beside
A shy man wholly without pride.

' If,' stubborn, solid, treacherous 'If,'
Impenetrable, blockish, stiff,
Sister of dislocating ' But,'
Moving in one deep, rotten rut,

With sadder retinue behind,
Of 'No,' 'Perhaps' and 'Never mind,'
And looming from the hindermost,
Like vulture, or like Banquo's ghost,
The last, not least, but worst, I ween,
The withering smile of 'Might have been—'
Pale glimmering phantoms, hovering still,
Like kites that circle round a kill,
Gibbering like ghosts in the broad day
Of life's long labyrinthine way—
O small words tho' ye be—but all
Compact of wormwood, and of gall—
Would that of ye I use had not—
Would that I might forget the lot.

'Now'—O who among the sons of men
Would hesitate to swop with 'Then'.

'Where' —How many have pronounced that word,
And answer but an echo heard.

Never does bird, beast, or plant ask—why?—
Man asks—and says—'This is philosophy'.

You no more know a person by his face,
Than, by the Railway Station, any place.

O I would know my brother men,
Each, everyone, or small, or great,
Were't only but to say—What then?—
This world—how goes it with you—mate?

Every man upon this earth,
Or stranger, or a brother;
Should interest, be something worth
To every, every other.

When all accounts shall cast up be
In the great white light of truth,
As martyr standing we shall see
The poor, poor prostitute.

Woman has sold what is most dear
For trinkets, dress, or pay,
But man—for lesser cause—I fear—
Sold justice every day:
Which has sinned deeper against truth?
And which is more the prostitute?

The sellers of justice, the takers of bribes,
The vendors of truth—I ween—
In vain shall you search through that viprous
brood
For a Ninon, or Magdalene.

O Come not to my dwelling, Fame
If I may not still be the same,
And move among the world of men
Only as a poor world's denizen.

(To be continued.)

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Many are the factors that affect the productive ness of industry. The quality of the labour plays a prominent part in the economics of industry. Professor Taussig, in his well-known book on '*Principles of Economics*,' says, "The increase of production depends not only on the marshalling and organisation of the labourers and on their equipment with capital, but also on the strength and skill of individual workman." Apart from health and strength, skill and intelligence have become quite indispensable factors from the stand point of modern industrial conditions. Scientific discoveries and inventions have revolutionised the methods of industry. What unskilled labour was doing before the Industrial Revolution is now done by machinery. As more machinery comes into existence, the demand for unskilled labour will become less. Nowadays, the necessity for skilled labour, to handle machinery sometimes very delicate, is being increasingly felt. In an article contributed to the *Eton Review*, Lord Haldane lays great emphasis on the growing need for skilled men and indicates the ways by which that need can be satisfied. He writes :

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R. S. R.

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Nature, as by deep purpose led,
Has man his senses down depressed,
And poured o'er them an Alcahest.

'Tis never easy to descry
Whether a man is proud, or shy:
A proud man shy is rare beside
A shy man wholly without pride.

'If,' stubborn, solid, treacherous 'If,'
Impenetrable, blockish, stiff,
Sister of dislocating 'But,'
Moving in one deep, rotten rut,

With sadder retinue behind,
 Of 'No,' 'Perhaps' and 'Never mind,'
 And looming from the hindermost,
 Like vulture, or like Banquo's ghost,
 The last, not least, but worst, I ween,
 The withering smile of 'Might have been—'
 Pale glimmering phantoms, hovering still,
 Like kites that circle round a kill,
 Glibbering like ghosts in the broad day
 Of life's long labyrinthine way—
 O small words tho' ye be—but all
 Compact of wormwood, and of gall—
 Would that of ye I use had not—
 Would that I might forget the lot.

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 Would hesitate to swop with 'Then'.

'Where' —How many have pronounced that word,
 And answer but an echo heard.

Never does bird, beast, or plant ask—why?—
 Man asks—and says—'This is philosophy'.

You no more know a person by his face,
 Than, by the Railway Station, any place.

O I would know my brother men,
 Each, everyone, or small, or great,
 Were't only but to say—What then?—
 This world—how goes it with you—mate?

Every man upon this earth,
Or stranger, or a brother;
Should interest, be something worth
To every, every other.

When all accounts shall cast up be
In the great white light of truth,
As martyr standing we shall see
The poor, poor prostitute.

Woman has sold what is most dear
For trinkets, dress, or pay,
But man—for lesser cause—I fear—
Sold justice every day:
Which has sinned deeper against truth?
And which is more the prostitute?

The sellers of justice, the takers of bribes,
The vendors of truth—I ween—
In vain shall you search through that viprous
brood
For a Ninon, or Magdalene.

O Come not to my dwelling, Fame
If I may not still be the same,
And move among the world of men
Only as a poor world's denizen.

(To be continued.)

RECENT ARCHAEOLOGICAL WORK IN INDIA.

- (1) *Bijapur and its Architectural Remains with an Historical Outline of the Adil Shahi Dynasty.* By HENRY COUSENS, M.R.A.S. Late Superintendent, Archaeological Survey of Western India. *Bombay*, 1916.
- (2) *A Guide to Taxila.* By SIR JOHN MARSHALL, Kt., C.I.E., M.A. Litt. D., F.S.A., Hon. A.R.I.B.A., Director General of Archaeology in India. *Calcutta*, 1918.
- (3) *The Astronomical Observatories of Jai Singh.* By G.R. KAYE, F.R.A.S., Honorary Correspondent of the Archaeological Department of India. *Calcutta*, 1918.
- (4) *Archaeological Survey of India. Annual Report. 1915-16.* Edited by Sir John Marshall, Kt., C.I.E. &c. *Calcutta*, 1918.

According to Sir Hercules Read "Archaeology has commonly been accepted as including the whole range of ancient human activity from the first traceable appearance of man on the earth to the middle ages." The records now before us do not cover the whole range of ancient human activity but they embrace a fairly wide field—geographically covering the peninsula of India as well as Burma and chronologically stretching from the commencement of the present era to the middle of the eighteenth century.

As commonly accepted, the main function of archaeology is, perhaps, purely historical; but according to Professor Myres, whose definition is well illustrated in these records, archaeology is the past tense of technology and of aesthetic criticism of manufactured objects, and as such it evidently has a wider educational function than that of being merely ancillary to documentary history. It emphasises and illustrates the cultural aspect of civilisation and throws into strong relief the evolution of aesthetic.

For the earliest periods of human civilisation ordinary documentary history does not exist, and we have entirely to depend upon archaeological research. But the present records do not illustrate this early phase: they deal principally with periods of which the old-fashioned history has already been written—a history that deals with names rather than notions and with accidentals rather than essentials. It should not have been a proper function of archaeology to reform the methods of historical research and of historical teaching—nevertheless such reform is being achieved by archaeology and allied forms of activity; and much of the best material for historical lessons in the universities and the schools is now to be found in such records as we are considering.

Archaeological work is nowadays generally done by the expert and the results of his research are sometimes expressed in form and language suitable for the expert only; but it has been recognised that the work of the expert is non-effective if confined to the expert alone, and the archaeologist of to-day, acting on this principle, wisely utilises his knowledge and scholarship in also presenting to the public the results of his research in a

form that can be readily assimilated. In this direction the museums are invaluable, but in such a vast country as India the museum is only for the fortunate minority. Of other means of distributing knowledge of this kind are hand-books in a popular form, and of such we have a notable illustration to which we shall refer below; also the somewhat despised picture post-card has been employed by the British Museum and the Egyptian Government for this purpose.

This function of popularising is closely connected with another—apparently more scientific but leading to the same end—namely the synthetic function. Scientific spade work and scientific records are the foundations of the science of archaeology; but they are only the foundations. What is the superstructure? The synthesis of knowledge is the great task of the great thinkers of to-day, and within each branch of knowledge a similar synthesis is called for. The archaeologist might with some propriety say that his work was spade work and recording only and that it was for the historian to make what use he could of the records; but this would be a somewhat narrow view to take, and fortunately it is not the view taken by the writers of the works we are supposed to be reviewing. But these works are only compartments of the building. What we want is the master builder who will design and supervise the superstructure. We should indeed welcome the publication by Sir John Marshall of a general account of archaeology in India.

Archaeological work is largely concerned with geographical distribution, and achievement here is to a great extent a matter of skilfully directed spade labour

and expert description. A large portion of the four volumes before us is concerned with the record of such spade work and with purely descriptive matter. This most essential but somewhat tedious work is done with the skill and care that are so necessary, and the excellent and ample illustrations make it really attractive. From this point of view alone the volumes are invaluable. But the archaeologist is rightly much interested in evidence connected with sequence in time, and particularly in that combination of geographical and chronological evidence that concerns itself with the transmission of knowledge or notions from one centre of civilisation to another. And this aspect is not neglected: Sir John Marshall gives ample evidence of transmission of aesthetic activity from Greek centres of civilisation to India; Mr. Kaye tells us of the transmission of technological designs from Persia to Europe and India, as well as of Greek influences still active in India in the eighteenth century of our era; and Mr. Cousens, of transmission from one part of India to another. But each of the books under review is rather concerned with some special section of archaeology and we must turn to the actual works themselves for this special information.

(1) Mr. Henry Cousens' *Bijapur and its Architectural Remains* may almost be described as a sumptuous volume. It is 10 by 13 inches in size, contains 132 pages of letter press, 118 plates and 28 text illustrations and is priced at Rs. 41—or £ 3-1-6.

The text contains an historical outline of the Adil Shahi dynasty (18 pages), a general description of the city of Bijapur (18 pages), a short note on Bijapur architecture (3 pages), descriptions of buildings (some 80 pages),

notes on the coinage of Bijapur and old Bijapur Sanads (5 pages). *There is no index.* Mr. Cousens and the Bombay Press are to be congratulated on the excellence of the printing and the illustrations.

Mr. Cousens' historical excursus covers a period of some two-hundred years (A. D. 1489-1686) and serves as introduction to the volume. It is mainly personal and is principally a record of the intrigue and treachery. Yusuf Adil Shah, the founder of the dynasty is supposed to have come from Turkey. The dynasty was overthrown and Bijapur was merged into the empire of Delhi in 1686. The one noble character of the period and locality was Chand Bibi, the wife of Ali Adil Shah, a contemporary of Queen Elizabeth.

The Adil Shahis had some redeeming features: they were patrons of art and great builders; and in the ruins of Bijapur they have given to us some of the most interesting memorials of India. Of these the Jami Masjid, the Gol Gumbaz, the Ibrahim Rauza and the Mihtar Mahal and many others are described and illustrated in detail by Mr. Cousens; but, although it is these descriptive details that make the book, perhaps the most interesting portion of it is that all too brief section that describes Bijapur architecture generally and the influences that were at work in its production. The building period proper was from 1537 to 1672. The evolution of architecture does not proceed *per saltum*, and since there is nothing leading up to the predominating style, as illustrated by the Jami Masjid (1537), Mr. Cousens concludes that the "style and its exponents were imported"; and he further states that there is "abundant evidence to show that first class architects were induced to come from northern India."

The Ibrahim Rauza is characterised by the use of delicate ornamentation that is indicative of the influence of the Hindu craftsman and, as in other parts of India, the Muslim workmen utilised actual Hindu pillars in their work; the carrying out of designs for wooden structures in stone work is also probably connected with the Hindu influence of this period.

Other points of interest are—the type of arch so common in Bijapur, but not, as often stated, peculiar to it; the technicalities of the Bijapur doming with its ‘pendentives’; the rich cornices; the minarets constructed for decoration only and not for use;

Mr. Cousens refers to the previous works on Bijapur architecture by J. Fergusson and Meadows Taylor and Captain Hart, of which one required supplementing and the other is “full of blunders”. The latter—*Architecture at Bijapur &c.* with an historical descriptive memoir by Captain Meadows Taylor and architectural notes by J. Fergusson, (London, 1866), however, contains a collection of 76 magnificent plates and must not be ignored by the student.

As Mr. Cousens states in his preface the illustrations “form the most important feature of this volume”. They consist of photographs supplemented by excellent drawings and include a plan of the city and a map of its environs. We congratulate Mr. Cousens on the production of this useful and handsome volume.

(2) *A Guide to Taxila*, by Sir John Marshall, is a small book (8 by 5½ inches) consisting of 124 pages of text and 29 plates, and is priced at Rs. 3 or 4s. 6d. Of the text seven pages are devoted to general topography, 14 to

history, 12 to art, and 72 to descriptions of the excavated sites; and there is a short bibliography and a glossary. *There is no index.*

The title is misleading in a way, for this is not a work of the type that the term 'guide book' usually suggests: it is something far more valuable and, indeed, ranks with the most important books on India. Its brevity perhaps adds to, and the popular form of presentation in no way detracts from its value.

The historical chapter, to which is appended a chronology of important events, is a model of clear exposition and skilful presentation; but the kernel of the work is the brief chapter on art, and this is mainly a record of the transfusion of technical and aesthetic activity across the north-west borders of India. It tells us of the workmen from Bactria employed by Asoka, of the waxing and waning of the influence of Greek numismatic and glyptic arts, of the employment of western architectural ornamentation, and of western influence in the plastic arts. Many examples are recorded and illustrated, and particularly noteworthy are—the vine-wreathed head of Dionysus in silver repoussé, and the beautiful bronze statuette of Harpocrates, the Egyptian child god of silence.

But the Indian side of the question is not neglected and on this we quote from the book itself: "In spite of its wide diffusion," writes Sir John Marshall, "Hellenistic art never took the real hold upon India that it took, for example, upon Italy or Western Asia, for the reason that the temperaments of the two peoples were radically dissimilar. To the Greek, man, man's beauty, man's intellect

were everything, and it was the apotheosis of this beauty and this intellect which still remained the keynote of Hellenistic art even in the Orient. But these ideals awakened no response in the Indian mind. The vision of the Indian was bounded by the immortal rather than the mortal, by the infinite rather than the finite.....And to these higher aspirations, these more spiritual instincts, he sought, at a later date, to give articulate expression by translating them into terms of form and colour."

Neither are the more purely descriptive chapters of the ordinary guide-book order. They are full of the romance of exploration and discovery, and the fact that the author himself has been the chief discoverer naturally vivifies the record. The only blemish is the lack of an index.

(3) *The Astronomical Observatories of Jai Singh*, by Mr. G. R. Kaye, is of the same series as number (1). It is 9½ by 13 inches in size, contains 150 pages of letter press and 26 plates and is priced at Rs. 14-12-0 or £ 1-3-0.

This is a work of somewhat unusual type to issue from the Archaeological Department for it deals with the science of astronomy. On examination, however, it proves to be a particularly interesting record of a certain phase of past technology (and so fits Professor Myres' definition) that gives unsuspected evidence of the transfusion of knowledge between different centres of civilisation. It also differs in another way from most of the other publications of the Archaeological Department in that it is a record of a phase of intellectual activity of a particular individual—Jai Singh of Jaipur. Jai Singh (A. D. 1686-1743) is one of the most interesting characters of Indian history. According to Tod he was not of unimpeachable character but

Mr. Kaye speaks of him as a 'princely scholar'. At an early age he showed a predilection for astronomical studies and determined to use his influence for the advancement of the science and to this end he "bound the girdle of resolution about the loins of his soul" and constructed at Delhi "instruments of an observatory, such as had been erected at Samarqand.....and instruments of the same kind in Sawai Jaipur, Muttra, Benares and Ujjain."

The work of Mr. Kaye is largely concerned with the description of the remains of these observatories; but he also traces the evolution of the instruments they contain and the influences which directed Jai Singh's activities.

The subject matter of the book therefore deals with Jai Singh's preparation for his astronomical work (8 pages); his own publications (8 pages); the instruments of his predecessors that he employed (14 pages); the instruments he devised himself and the observatories he built (33 pages); an estimate of his work (21 pages); appendices 42 pages; a bibliography and index. There are many excellent photogravure illustrations, plans of the observatories, diagrams of the instruments and a map of Ujjain.

To the general reader perhaps the chapters estimating the value of Jai Singh's work will be the most interesting. Jai Singh flourished at the beginning of the eighteenth century, but he lived amongst mediaeval surroundings and was thoroughly mediaeval in character. In the mediaeval intellectual universe the supreme astronomical authorities were Ptolemy and Ulugh Beg of Samarqand. It is not surprising therefore that Jai Singh came under their influence, but it is remarkable that this influence should have so far predominated with a Hindu as to

exclude practically altogether the influence of the Hindu astronomers, among whose works, however, Jai Singh would find nothing that could satisfy his practical tendencies. It was as a practical astronomer that he developed. He first experimented with metal instruments such as were employed by the Muslim astronomers—particularly the astrolabe, of which Mr. Kaye discovered at Jaipur some exceedingly fine specimens; but he was dissatisfied with these and adopted the Muslim idea of making his instruments as large as possible. He designed and had built at Delhi an immense sun-dial (68 feet high), a pair of huge stone azimuth instruments, brass and iron astrolabes 7 feet in diameter, &c; while of the telescope and astronomical clock he appears to have made no use. And this occurred some two centuries after Copernicus and during the latter part of the life of Isaac Newton! But Jai Singh was not in close contact with European ideas and, in the special circumstances of his experience, it is not altogether surprising that he refused to follow the lines of research indicated by European astronomers. "Had he done so," writes Mr. Kaye, "his power and his wealth might have enabled him to alter the whole condition of Indian scientific scholarship, and instead of his labours ending with his death, when (in the words of Tod) 'science expired on his funeral pyre,' there might have been established a living school of research."

All we now have left of his astronomical activities are, besides the stone instruments at Delhi, Jaipur, Benares and Ujjain (those at Muttra were sold as building material), a portion of a Sanskrit translation of the *Almagest* and Ulugh Beg's tables brought up to date (1728).

In conclusion Mr. Kaye writes: "Considering the state of the country in which Jai Singh lived, the political anarchy of his time, the ignorance of his contemporaries and the difficulties in the way of transmission of knowledge, his scheme of astronomical work was a notable one, and his observatories still form noble monuments of a remarkable personality."

Mr. Kaye is to be congratulated on the accomplishment of a piece of difficult work, which obviously entailed a great deal of original research. His book also is a 'fair monument' to that remarkable prince Jai Singh II of Jai-pur, as well as to the semi-anonymous dedicatee.

(4) *The Annual Report, 1915-16, of the Archaeological Survey of India*, edited by Sir John Marshall, C. I. E., &c., Calcutta, 1918, priced Rs. 18 or £1-7-0; consists of 116 pages of text and 61 plates. It contains eight monographs of which the principal are:—

(i) *Excavations at Taxila* by Sir John Marshall (38 pages, 26 plates); (ii) *Monolithic Temples at Masrur* by H. Hargreaves (10 pages, 8 plates); (iii) *Pre-Muhammadan Monuments of Kashmir* by Rai Sahib Daya Ram Sahni (30 pages, 13 plates); (iv) *The Art of Burma and Tantric Buddhism* by C. Duroiselle (15 pages, 6 plates). Four short articles (18 pages, 8 plates) complete the volume. *There is no index.*

(i) Sir John Marshall's *Guide to Taxila* which we have already reviewed, incorporates the main facts of this official record of excavation at Taxila—a record of steady and skilfully directed work, which, if it has resulted in no very startling discovery, has been amply rewarded by a large number of interesting finds. The Dharmarājika stupa

alone has yielded, besides several relic caskets, statues, &c, some hundred minor or detached antiquities' as they are described; the Kunāla monastery has been further cleared and the evidence suggests that its destruction was due to a hostile invasion; further clearing of the Sirkap and Sirsusk sites has produced more relics still; while the Lālchak mounds and the group of Buddhist monuments near the village of Mora Morādu have proved specially interesting. The remains at Mora Morādu have some special value on account of the numerous fairly well preserved stucco reliefs and statues, of which that figured in plate xxd gives details of the technique of these coloured figures; but a still more valuable discovery is a stupa almost complete in every detail. It is twelve feet in height with a plinth divided into five tiers, with elephants and Atlantes alternating in the lowest tier, and Buddhas seated in niches alternating with pilasters in the tiers above. The decorations are in stucco and were once coloured. This stupa, Sir John Marshall believes, is the most perfect of its kind yet discovered in northern India.

This fruitful record ends with a list of fifty-two rare and unique coins found at Taxila during 1915-16.

(ii) The paper by Mr. Hargreaves on the monolithic temples of Masrur in the Kangra district appears to be a particularly good piece of archaeographical work.

"While rock-cut caves are numerous in various parts of India," writes Mr. Hargreaves, "only three series of free standing rock-cut shrines have hitherto been noted, namely, the raths of Mamallapuram (the so-called seven pagodas) the two Kailas shrines at Ellora, and the temple at Dhamnar in Rajputana. Of these the two former are

Dravidian in style, the Dhamnar temple being the only example where the Indo-Aryan architect has attempted to rival the Dravidian in producing a monolithic exterior. In point of style, therefore, the Masrur monument has only one rival, but one it entirely outclasses."

An interesting local legend ascribes the building to the Pandavas but Mr. Hargreaves suggests, (there being no direct evidence,) a date somewhat later perhaps than the 8th century of our era. While certain details are reminiscent of Gandhara and Gupta technique, the monument is said to possess all the features of Indo-Aryan style perfected as if they had been practised for centuries.

(iii) Rai Sahib Ram Sahni's study of the monuments of Kashmir gives scope for legitimate deductions regarding the migration of technical and artistic notions, and the opportunity has been well taken advantage of. The first ten pages of his paper are introductory to the descriptions that follow, and give an extremely interesting survey of the influences that were at work during the development of pre-Muhammadan Kashmiri architecture, which took place between the 8th and 12th centuries or thereabouts.

Many points of contact with art foreign to Kashmir are referred to, as also are the features that differentiate Kashmiri architecture from the various styles that obtain in the plains of India. In particular the indirect influence of the Greeks and certain aspect of the influence of the Gandhara and Gupta schools are noted.

(iv) Mr. Chas. Duroiselle's paper on the Ari sect in Burma exhibits one of those strange examples of morbid mass psychology that often are extremely useful in

illuminating the phases of history which embrace them. Here, as in so many of similar cases, the disease is a religious one. The religious history of Burma from the opening centuries of the Christian era up to the XIth century is still practically a blank and the very little we do know has been obtained from foreign sources. The expansion of Buddhism in Burma cannot be much earlier than the fifth century and of Buddhism for some six centuries after its introduction we know little. Any evidence bearing on this period is therefore particularly valuable.

The Ari appear to be a sect of quasi-Buddhists but their history has been somewhat of an enigma and the opinions of the authorities have not been altogether in agreement. M. Duroiselle is now enabled to throw some light on their history by the discovery of a number of frescos in two temples among the Min-nan-thu ruins near Pagan. Some of these are illustrated in the six plates attached to M. Duroiselle's article but some are of a character so vulgarly erotic and revolting that they could neither be reproduced nor described with propriety. M. Duroiselle fixes the date of these frescos as the early part of the XIIth century. Their character agrees with oral tradition regarding Ari practices. The temples in which they were found are Buddhist places of worship as the images of Buddha show, and the presence of Tara indicates that the Ari were Mahayanists. They also appear to have been the priests of some kind of Naga worship as well as the Shamans who presided over the ceremonies of the indigenous Nat worship and the animal sacrifices and drinking bouts connected therewith. They were, evidently, strongly affected by Tantric influences, which -

apparently, spread to Pagan from Bengal or northern India about the VIth century.

The remaining four short papers, although of minor interest, have their value. They call for little criticism but perhaps for the suggestion that bracketed phrases in translations of inscriptions should be most sparingly used. Their employment is liable to abuse and certainly the insertion within brackets of ideas that do not occur in the original text is unjustifiable.

There are two blemishes to the otherwise admirable productions reviewed above. One is a trivial matter—the list of ‘Agents for the sale of Books’ is placed most inappropriately immediately after the title page : surely this list, which adds nothing to the beauty of the volumes, should be placed at the end. The other is more serious—three out of the four volumes have no index and thereby lose a great deal of their value. An index is not merely a matter of convenience for the user of the books but may be said to be a first step in the synthesis of the department of knowledge with which the particular volume deals.

But we must not end this sketch of recent archaeological work in India on a discordant note. The general impression of the reviewer is one of pleasure in the possession of these well turned—out volumes and admiration for the scholarly work of their authors

AERIAL TRANSPORT AFTER THE WAR.

(Mails by aeroplane from Britain to India.)

THE war has revolutionised our whole conception of aviation and its possibilities. During the past blood-red years this old world has gone spinning down the ringing grooves of change at break-neck pace. In no sphere, however, has the progress been so rapid and the transformation so complete as in that of aeronautics. At the outbreak of the war the aeroplane was but a costly mechanical toy; the military Powers of Europe, though beginning to realise its value, were experimenting with it only in a timid and cautious fashion. Had a daring expert suggested that the aeroplane would prove a decisive factor in the next great war, the "practical" men—too often men without vision or foresight—would have laughed the suggestion to scorn. Had an equally daring postal reformer suggested that the aeroplane may soon become a rival of the steamship for the transport of mails—that within the space of a few years an aerial post would be established between Bombay and London or Southampton and Cape Town, linking up the distant parts of the Empire—he would have been branded as a dreamer and a visionary. But the conquest of the air is already an accomplished fact. Daring aviators, vying with the eagle in his kingdom of the air, have made

successful raids into every territory, bombing German munition factories and steel works, shelling the nests of the U boats, and hunting down the pirate craft on the high seas. They have been the eyes and the ears of the army during the war. Along with tanks they have led the attack in many a hard-fought battle and many a brilliant advance, harrassing the retreating enemy with bombs and machine gun fire. Nay, more, British airmen have flown over Nineveh, over the Garden of Eden, and bombed the fleeing Turks on the Plains of Armageddon. The aeroplane has routed the unwieldy sausage-like Zeppelin and established its place as one of the most valuable machines of modern warfare. In the commercial and industrial sphere, too, the future of the aeroplane is assured. Bombing aeroplanes capable of carrying a heavy load of explosives for hundreds of miles into German territory, can be quite readily adapted for transport purposes. Big schemes for aerial transport are already complete, and now that the long looked for dawn of peace has come, they will be put nto practical operation. Of these transport schemes one of the most important is the establishment of an aerial post. There is no reason why—within a reasonable period—letters from Britain to India, from Aberdeen to Simla, should not be conveyed, for the greater part of the distance at any rate, by aerial post.

Before considering the possibilities of aerial transport, however, it may be well to glance briefly at the story of the conquest of the air—one of the most remarkable romances in the whole history of modern invention. Even those who are still young will have no difficulty in

remembering the thrill of interest with which they read, only a few brief years ago, of the first successful experiments of French and American engineers with "heavier than air" flying machines. It is scarcely fifteen years ago—it was on December 17th, 1903, to be precise that Mr. Wilbur Wright and his brother the pioneer, 'bird-men' made their first flight with a motor-driven aeroplane. A couple of years earlier they had commenced their "gliding" experiments in North Carolina, and, living in seclusion and in Spartan-like simplicity they set themselves to solve the great problem of flight. The primitive "gliders" taught them several useful lessons, but in the earlier stages no motive power was used. The pioneer "bird-men" simply started their plane from the top of an incline and, lying at full length face downward on the under-side of their 'plane' projected themselves forward into space. By this simple method they succeeded in gliding or flying about 200 or 400 feet. When they succeeded in taking a mighty skip of 600 feet without touching earth they felt that they had accomplished something to be proud of. And undoubtedly so they had. That rudely constructed "glider" though it might provoke good-natured laughter among a bevy of latter-day airmen, was nevertheless the forerunner of the powerful bombing aeroplane which sweep through the sky like a thing of life, defying the storms and the anti-air-craft guns, hurling death and destruction on the enemy. Fore-rudders and vertical rudders were added to the gliding planes, and eventually the true enterprising Americans added a 16 H.P. motor to their flying machines. That was a big step forward; and on the memorable 17th December they succeeded in flying 260 inches against a

slight breeze in 59 seconds. It was the first aeroplane flight in history, and already the brothers Wright were confident that there was big possibilities in their invention. In the following year, Mr. Wilbur-Wright made a flight lasting 5 minutes 17 seconds, and in 1905 that record was beaten by a flight of 38 minutes 13 seconds.

In 1906 Mr. Wright went over to France when the achievements of the American airmen were already arousing considerable interest and speculation and the first flight was thus described.

"The first flight I saw him make he flew round the ground at a height of about from 25 to 30 metres, rising, falling, and turning at will and returning to earth with greatest care whereupon we all gathered round him and expressed our congratulations, to which, I believe, he was utterly indifferent—only he was too good-natured to show it.

On the second flight, which I witnessed, a successful start was made, and the aeroplane gradually rose to a height of 70 inches, gazed on with ever-increasing admiration by the enthusiastic crowd.

The scenic conditions under which this flight was made left a most delightful impression in my mind. It was past 4 o'clock; a darkening veil was falling on the wintry landscape, which one of our companions, the Tika of Kapurthala, said, reminded him of an Indian jungle scene.

The rays of the setting sun tinged the winter sky with shafts of purple, red and gold. The outline of the great man-eagle, circling round above our heads, stood out black against the sky.

Suddenly he soared to an altitude of 300 feet, and poised for a moment; then like a hawk, he swooped down to a level of 200 feet. Again he soared; then amidst the enthusiastic applause of the spectators, he glided gracefully to earth."

There were comments on the simplicity of the mechanism of the great inanimate bird, "the crudeness of the materials employed in its construction, and the rough-and-ready way in which they had been put together," but it will be apparent at once that the aeroplane used by Mr. Wright in France was a great advance on the old-time

glider. That experimental glider may, in fact, be said to bear the same relation to a modern aeroplane as the old fashioned velocipede does to a motor bicycle.

Meanwhile other pioneers, attracted by the success of the brothers Wright, had also turned their attention to mechanical flight. Mr. Santos Dumont, the Brazilian millionaire, the late Captain Ferber of the French Artillery, Mr. Henry Firman, Mr. Bleriot, whose famous cross-channel flight on July 25th, 1909, was hailed as one of the finest achievements of the day, Leblanc, Grahame White, Pierre-Marie—these were names to conjure with in the world of aeronautics before “aces” and bombing aeroplanes were dreamed of.

But by this time the European Governments had awakened to the importance of the aeroplane as an arm in warfare. Germany, it is true, pinned her faith to airships of the Zeppelin type, but Captain Ferber strongly advised his Government to offer £24,000 in order to secure the Wright invention for the French Army, and the British and Italian military authorities were also keenly interested in the new developments. Aeroplanes, however, were still comparative novelties in the summer of 1914. I remember, only a short time before the days of war were let loose, watching a number of intrepid airmen passing along the Aberdeenshire coast on a seaplane flight round Becham—competitors all for a big prize offered by an enterprising London newspaper. The aeroplane, by this time, was coming to its own, though probably not one person in a thousand who watched that memorable flight realised the possibilities of the new invention.

Another milestone in the progress of mechanical flight was passed at the time when the whole world was watching

with breathless interest the progress of delicate diplomatic negotiations in Europe. The war-clouds were hovering ominously near ; the issues of peace and war were trembling in the balance ; already, by bending a listening ear to earth one could hear the tramp of armed men reverberating throughout Europe. It was at this crisis in the world's history that a successful trial flight was made from the east neuk of Aberdeenshire in Scotland to the coast of Norway—a distance of some 300 miles. In normal times the flight would undoubtedly have attracted wide-spread attention, for it proved for the first time the possibility and practicability of an aerial service, for passengers and goods traffic, between Britain and the Continent. Even experienced airmen, however, failed to foresee the extraordinary strides that would be made in the conquest of the air in the space of one or two brief years.

M. Louis Paulhan, one of the world's most famous flyers of the pre-war days, who won the *Daily Mail* £10,000 prize for a flight from London to Manchester, declared in 1911 that the aeroplane was never likely to be used as a general carrier of goods.* He predicted, however, that one very clear opening for the practical employment of aeroplanes lay in regard to the carrying of mails. In this field he expected the aeroplanes would be engaged in quite a short time. For carrying the mails over difficult or inaccessible country, he said the aeroplane would be of very great use. In response to a further question M. Paulhan hazarded the prediction that when we reach the year 1920 we might expect to send an aeroplane passenger service established and running regularly between cities. These

* "The aeroplane" B, Claude Grahame White and Harry Harper.

cautious predictions, it may quite justly be said, represented the views of the majority of pre-war aviators. That was the steps of aeroplane development in the autumn of 1914. Then, while these experiments, speculations and controversies, were still in progress, the world was plunged into Armageddon. The thunder of cannon began, and for four and a half years reverberated unceasingly over Europe. Almost from the first days of the struggle the aeroplane took a foremost place as a weapon of war. Scarcely a week passed but some new improvement was made on the flying machines, some new feat accomplished by our daring and resourceful aviators. They have fought the baby-killing Zeppelins and beaten them on their own ground. They have carried heavy weights of bombs for long distances into enemy territory. Man's mastery over the machine has become every day more complete. Heroic flying men have met death in the skies with a jest and dodged him by looping the loop at an altitude of thousands of feet. The "aerial navies" which Tennyson saw "grappling in the central blue" have become grim realities. Even Mr. Wells's wildest dreams of "war in the air" have been realised. Ordinary counsels of prudence and the stern dictates of the military censor forbid one describing in detail the improvements which have been made on the aeroplanes since the outbreak of the war, but it may be confidently affirmed that four and a half years of war have witnessed more rapid developments in aeroplane design and construction than twenty years of peace would have done.

The war has brought havoc and desolation on the world. It has been marred by outbursts of savagery on

the part of our enemies that would discredit the heathen Bushmen of Africa. Future generations may yet regard it as one of the darkest chapters in human history. But even the dark shadows have been brightened by flashes of glory—by the deathless valour of our gallant soldiers who have faced all the devilries of modern warfare on some of the bloodiest battle-fields in history. The blacker aspects of the war are writ large in the records of humanity; but one need not be either a bellifist or a jingo to appreciate the fact that the war has brought into prominence some of the noblest as well as some of the basest qualities of mankind, and has provided an incentive to mechanical invention and scientific advancement. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that during all these terrible years nearly the whole of the world's intellectual and material powers have been devoted to purposes of destruction. Necessity, the mother of invention, spurred man onwards, and every week, almost every day, that passed witnessed some new improvement in the weapons of warfare. It must not be forgotten that the death-defying "tank," which has broken the "impregnable" German lines and swept the enemy backwards towards the Rhine is a British invention. Some of the most valuable improvements on the aeroplanes are also the result of British inventive genius and industrial efficiency. Aeroplane factories have been established all over the country, and the output of flying machines has increased by leaps and bounds. And in design and construction the advance has been equally marked. Were it permissible to give full details one could unfold a tale worthy to rank among the great romances of industry. That would be obviously injudicious at the present time; but nevertheless it may be legitimately

claimed that in design, construction and output, British aeroplane makers to-day lead the world. It is no exaggeration to say that after the war is over, neutral nations who wish to obtain the best-type of aircraft--whether for military, postal, or commercial purposes--will have to turn their attention to the most of the British manufacturers. Quite a notable machine is the twin engined "Aero" of 200 to 300 B. H. P. It carries a pilot and two gunners. Loaded with 1,000 lbs. of bombs it will climb to an altitude of 10,000 feet, and then sweep through the skies towards its objective at a speed of 100 to 110 miles per hour. Note next the torpedo-carrying sea plane. This machine can take a useful load of 2,140 lbs.—including the torpedo. It carries fuel for a seven hours flight during which it maintains a speed of 75 to 85 miles per hour. The lighter type of machines can reach an altitude of 25,000 feet. Such are some of the notable achievements of British aeroplane makers and British aviators.

American workshops, too, turned out aeroplanes in increasingly large numbers, and so were our gallant allies in France and Italy. Nor is this all. The war has also brought into being a miniature army of highly trained airmen—expert, intrepid, and resourceful. Even the veriest novice who crosses the Channel to France and challenges the German airman to combat can accomplish feats (all in the day's work) which, before the war, expert aviators would scarcely have dared to attempt. The time has come when all this wealth of men and material will no longer be required for war purposes. The powerful aeroplanes and expert airmen are no longer required

for national defence—or rather only a small proportion of their number will be necessary for military and naval work. But that is no reason why the valuable machines should be allowed to rust and the hand of the airman to forget its cunning. Rather the military airmen will form the nucleus of a great army of skilled aviators whose services will be available in the new sphere of commerce and industry. We have the machines ; we have the men ; great workshops are fitted up with machinery for turning out aeroplanes and still more aeroplanes. There will be room for all these in connection with the aerial mails and aerial transport work of the future. For every airman with the colours to-day there is a place in the commercial aerial navy. But in that new navy the planes will be utilised for commerce and not for war.

There will be big developments—far reaching developments—in this direction in near future. Already enterprising businessmen are laying their plans for the future. One of these new schemes is specially interesting: I refer to the proposal to use aeroplanes for the conveyance of the newspapers from London to distant centres. At the present time the circulation of the great London newspapers is materially restricted in the provincial towns by difficulties of distribution. London newspapers, despatched by rail or motorbus, do not reach the distant town until the day is well advanced. In Aberdeen, for example, where the present writer has his abode, the newspapers from the Metropolis rarely arrive until twelve or fifteen hours after publication. And in these days of hurry and bustle news that is twelve hours old loses half its value. But the aeroplane, although

it may not annihilate distance, will bring remote towns closer together, and shorten the journey, it may be by several hours. Instead of the "newspaper train," the "newspaper aeroplane" will leave the Metropolis for Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, Southampton, Newcastle, Edinburgh, Glasgow and other distant centres. Sweeping through the skies at a speed of 85 to 110 miles per hour the newspapers will be quickly transported to their destination and it will be possible for the Liverpool business man and the Manchester politician to read his "Times" or his "Daily News" at the breakfast table, along with the local newspapers. And no doubt the "live" London publicist will be equally eager to read his "Manchester Guardian" sent by direct aerial service to the Metropolis. All this is neither speculation nor prophecy. The plans for aerial transport of newspapers are already complete ; and that they will be put into operation very soon is just as certain as anything in human life can be.

Another notable scheme might be described as a sequel to the Scotland to Norway flight already referred to. Arrangements have been completed for the establishment of an aerial transport service between Aberdeen (Scotland) and Stavanger in Norway. "The commercial advantages of such a service will be at once apparent, especially when one recalls the close business relations which have existed between Scotland and Norway for many generations past. Mr. F. Handley Page, in an article contributed to the current issue of "Overseas" speaks optimistically on the great future in store for aerial transport. "The great improvements recently made in the big machine" he says—and on this vitally important question he is entitled to speak with

authority—have rendered commercial transport a practical possibility.”

It has been ascertained that it will be possible to carry mails and passengers at a rate which compares very favourably with railway and steamship charges. It is obvious, therefore, that an intelligent public will inevitably take up the aeroplane as a means of transport in the same way and as naturally as they now patronise railways. Commercially, aviation starts with a far better chance than did Stephenson's first engine. As to danger, it would be infinitesimal when war conditions are removed, and certainly no greater than when travelling by railway, motor, or steamship.

The same expert authority points out that it would be possible to deliver a letter to America by aeroplane as quickly as a deferred telegram, and that documents could also be sent for signature. “*The aeroplane will shorten the journey to America to one day.*” That last sentence sets forth in vivid and concrete fashion the revolution in locomotion that has been effected by the conquest of the air. The distant parts of the earth will be brought nearer. World airlines to encircle the globe is a proposition that is taking concrete form. One enterprising company—Whitehead Air-Craft Limited—has already constructed a vast central aerodrome in the vicinity of London. It is also making arrangements to establish associated aerodromes in various parts of the earth so as to assist in linking together the world's commerce. In regard to flights from Britain to America, Mr. J. A. Whitehead, of Whitehead Air-Craft Limited, takes a daring gaze into the future by hinting at the erection of flexible floating aero-stations in the Atlantic Ocean. These harbours for air-craft would be kept in position under their own power. Thus the flight across the Atlantic might be accomplished by the giant seaplanes of the future in two or three easy stages.

The flight from Britain to India presents even fewer difficulties. A glance at the map will show that the journey might be accomplished *via* Gibraltar, Malta, Cyprus and Palestine by means of aero-stations, nearly every one of which would be either on British soil or on territory within the "sphere of influence" of Britain and the Indian Empire. Or if it were desired to make the flight by more direct route, then the present overland route to India might be followed to Brindisi, thence to Cyprus, Baghdad, Damascus, Basra, along the coast of Arabia skirting the Persian Gulf—and then on to Bombay. That is a route almost as direct as that which the crow flies. The flight over neutral or allied territory to Brindisi might necessitate an aerial traffic agreement with other countries, but that should present no more serious difficulties than the present international postal arrangements. At the same time the whole problem of aerial traffic will no doubt have to be considered in the immediate future either by a League of Nations or by the Governments concerned in the various transport schemes. The aeroplane presents a new problem to the Inland Revenue authorities; for the flying smuggler can laugh at frontiers and fiscal barriers. But that is perhaps a digression. The point of interest to us at present is that, as a result of the great improvements that have recently been made in flying machines Bombay is only fifty hours distant from London. It is quite true that 50 hours' continuous flight may be impracticable at present, even with relays of airmen; but, allowing for reasonable delays, letters despatched from Bombay on Monday morning might easily be delivered in London on Thursday—that is to say in three or four days' time—and a reply might be received in India on the following Monday: all within a week.

That is one of the highly interesting vistas which our glimpse into the future of aviation opens up. The aerial post is no idle dream. The machines are in existence; expert airmen are already trained for the work, and when their sterner duties in France and Flanders are finished their skill, their daring, their resource and their enterprise will lay the foundations of a great aerial transport service.

WILLIAM DIACK.

INSTALLATION OF THE INDIAN DEMOS.

OPENING a Bombay daily on a cold morning, a month after the signing of the armistice by Germany, I saw a "Triumph of Democracy" announced in flaring head-lines. What had happened? Nothing of the kind that is generally recorded in history. A meeting had been convened for the purpose of voting a memorial in the name of the citizens of Bombay to Lord Willingdon, and the triumph proclaimed consisted in preventing the success of that concourse, which dispersed in confusion after a resolution had been read and the Chairman had declared it passed. The requisitionists and their opponents alike claimed victory, and "democracy" was conspicuous on both sides.

That occurrence throws a flood of light on the Indian Demos. The Proceedings of the meeting were to commence at 5-30 in the evening; the 'anti-requisitionists presented themselves at the Town Hall at 7 in the morning. This may seem amusing, but to fast for twelve hours sitting on armless chairs was no amusement. The first lesson to be learnt is that the Indian Demos is docile, devout, patient and appreciative of self-sacrifice. The requisitionists would not be check-mated, and they immediately brought in a large contingent of—well, the riff-raff of the city, say their opponents. But that is betraying the innate snobbery of

mankind; for to speak of riff-raff under a true democracy is treason and blasphemy. A Hall is to be erected in commemoration of the triumph. New India may one day be as full of such halls as old India is of temples.

Demos was in the golden age known as Vish—from which we have Vaishya; and as the word also means 'to enter', a political theorist explained that the people were so called because they enter the stomach of a king, as food enters the stomach of an animal. He apparently meant that the ruler swallows up the taxes of the people. Not all deglutition is safe, and from the earliest times sages have warned kings not to rouse the passions of the people by harsh measures. Indeed one sage was bold enough to record his view that the taxes are only wages paid to rulers for work done. Demos had pretty much his own way in the villages, but he was not formally installed either as king or as minister in the days of large empires. That is the dream of our Iron Age—if this metal is not noble, it is indispensable.

The dream has gained in vividness during the last ten years by the influence of two magic words—self-government and self-determination. The scope of the ideas conveyed by them may be widened, if the visionary is so minded, to the extent of denying admission to Europeans into the public services and political institutions of India; and a few Indians have asserted that the British Government is bound to introduce any reforms that the people may decide to insist on, and the Montagu-Chelmsford proposals may be rejected as *ultra vires* of the rights of the present Government. No organised body of public opinion, however, has taken up this position, and discussion is confined to

the length of the advance towards the goal which may be made in the present circumstances of the country.

Some Home Rulers have adopted for their motto the saying of Manu that self-dependence is bliss, while dependence on others spells misery. I doubt if the sage intended to recommend self-assertion in politics ; at any rate he was not a republican. At the same time he was not a sycophant, nor had he any reason to be, in view of the reverence accorded to him by kings. But if he were to come back to our planet, I suspect that as a religious teacher he would agree with H. G. Wells, who says: "The new conceptions of religion do not tolerate either kings or aristocracies or democracies. Its implicit command to all its adherents is to make plain the way to the world theocracy." If the sage were to meet the novelist in person he might say to him with a twinkle in his eye: "You have dethroned the old Theos and set up in his place another, who is really Demos—the collective mind of mankind. Is that theocracy?"

More popular than Manu's saying is the dictum of the British statesman that good government is no substitute for self-government. This word savours of race and is capable of doing mischief in a country like India, where the people are of our race and the government represents another. One of the greatest services rendered to sober political thought by the Declaration in Parliament of August 1917 was to popularise the phrase "responsible government," and an equally greater service has been rendered by the Montagu-Chelmsford report by giving currency to another phrase, "*order*" and good government." Home Rulers lay emphasis on the word *self*,

which means a small fraction of the Indian population, for education has not made much progress among the masses. The famous Declaration turns our attention to other considerations.

Any number of plans for installing Demos in the new office may be easily proposed. The Secretary of State and the Viceroy do not claim originality for their proposals, most of which would appear to have been suggested by one or other of the experienced administrators consulted. Sir R. Craddock has proposed a new constitutional scheme for Burma. He does not favour an Executive Council, which means that he would make the head of the province responsible for the Government, rather than a body of persons of whom he is the head. But this does not make any difference in the position of the Demos. Instead the work being divided among several councillors, it would be entrusted to several Boards, and the president of each would be a non-official selected by the Lieutenant-Governor generally from among the elected members of the Legislative Assembly.

The Declaration made in Parliament lays down that "the responsibility for the welfare and advancement of the Indian peoples lies on the British Government and the Government of India." The Home Rulers may not consider themselves bound by this declaration, but Secretaries of State, Viceroys, and Provincial Rulers are all bound by it. Home Rulers may say: "We, educated Indians, will be responsible to as many of our country men as are able to enforce the responsibility. As for order and good government, did we not somehow get on in the days of the Pindaris? We will get on somehow: self-government is

our birth-right.' I believe that the authors of the Declaration will reply: "The people are thankful to us for the peace, order and good government which we have established. We have no reasons to believe that they would gladly go back to the anarchy from which we have saved them. At any rate we cannot leave them to the anarchy which must follow our withdrawal'."

Order and good government can not altogether be dissociated from each other. But no Government is perfect, not even the British Government, under which bad things do manage to flourish. The contrast between the present Government and its predecessors is acknowledged by all; the comparison is not in favour of the British Government in all respects, and mistakes, selfish as well as ignorant, have been made. But on the whole the present Government has earned the right of keeping the responsibility in its own hands, until the spread of education enables the majority of the population to entrust it to elected representatives and to enforce its intelligent will. A deputation of Home Rulers to England may or may not be able to persuade the British nation and the new Parliament of justice or expediency of relaxing restrictions laid down in the Declaration of 1917. But the Government of India is bound by them.

Before framing their proposals the Secretary of State and the Viceroy listened to suggestions; after framing them they have again invited suggestions. The response has been ungrudging, and the reform scheme and the war legislation have overwhelmed the Government with work, so much so that the work of the forthcoming session of the Imperial Legislative Council will be curtailed in certain directions.

It would be a waste of time, and would betray lack of humour, for a magazine article to discuss the details of the Montagu-Chelmsford proposals at the present stage. They may be altered by the authors themselves after further consideration. But it is well that Demos understands the real position and does not get into unnecessary panics. Some of these panics have resulted from reading into the Montagu-Chelmsford report sentiments which are not there. They might have been expressed by others, but not by those statesmen.

By way of illustration let me consider the impression that the authors of the report have abstained from proposing any substantial change in the Government of India, because they distrust the capacity of educated Indians to manage their affairs. No such distrust is expressed anywhere in the report: the distrust is rather in the machinery proposed by themselves for the realisation of responsible Government, or in the untried electorates that have yet to be formed after receiving the recommendations of the special Committees. Paragraphs 189-190 explain why a hybrid arrangement has been proposed for the provinces, and why before it is introduced in the Government of India one should know the result of the experiment. It has been objected in England to the proposed division of responsibility in the provincial Councils that it must lead to friction. This criticism is anticipated in the report and the experiment is confined to the provincial units precisely for that reason.

It may or may not be extended to the Government of India, but the reason for the hesitation is not distrust in the capacity of individual Indians. To whom is the Government of India to be responsible, and how are imperial

electorates to be constituted? The Report answers that an experiment may be tried by constituting first the provincial electorates. It is quite possible that after receiving the reports of the Reforms Committees, the Viceroy and the Secretary of State may feel encouraged to extend the experiment even before acquiring experience of the results. The uncertain factor is the provision or birth of constituencies "capable of exercising an intelligent choice in the selection of their representatives"—the intelligence or humour of Demos. In another paragraph reference is made to the proneness of many educated Indians to pursue will-o-the-wisp in preference to the exigencies of peace and order. This is only a reason for the "hybrid arrangement."

Distrust of the unknown is probably an instinct of all animals. Why should an ornamental Privy Council be distrusted? Is Demos absolutely utilitarian and innocent of sentimentalism? Why should members of council without portfolios and without votes be distrusted? A most valuable feature of the Montagu-Chelmsford proposals is that they profess only to make a start along a new road and provide for decennial enquiries. India is not a nation of yesterday and ten years may be a minute for the Gods. Ten years ago the Indian leaders were overflowing with gratitude for the Morley-Minto reforms: to-day much more radical reforms are treated with scorn by the friends of Demos. We are marching rapidly. Our self-confidence is boundless. Does Demos follow innocently with an open mouth, or does he really grow wiser every day?

THE FLIRT.

SPRINGTIME, and the twilight softly falling.

The peach, plum and quince trees in the old orchard were at the height of their glory when a young girl (in her soft muslin frock she looked scarcely more, despite her twenty eight years) came slowly down the grass-grown path and seated herself on a fallen log beside the quince tree.

Birds twittered in the branches near her.

Away in the bush a morepork called harshly to its mate.

Around her, the peaceful quietness grew, and gradually some of the pain died out of her eyes.

Tomorrow, Frank would return from Camp; she knew what he would ask her—and she knew what her answer would have to be!

Mary Travers shivered a little in her light dress; she half rose as though to go back to the house, but sank back on to the log again; it was easier to reason out the tangle her life had been, in the midst of the quiet comprehending orchard.

Her thoughts slipped back ten years. She saw herself as she had been when she and George Travers married.

A shy little hospital nurse; very beautiful in a delicate sensitive way, and absolutely alone in the world except for the over-worked doctor Uncle.

Travers fascinated the girl from the day they first met. He set himself out to do so. He was a wealthy, keen man of the world, and he took his fair little bride to his big Auckland town house.

Mary became more fascinated ("dazed" would probably be the better word) each day with her surroundings.

Despite her fascination she knew she did not love her husband, but her Uncle had so impressed her with the fact of Travers' adoration that she determined to be a true and dutiful wife to the polished, brilliant man.

But Travers gave balls, and dinner parties, too, Mary was expected to preside at 'afternoons,' to return innumerable calls, and help entertain the wealthy people Travers brought home for lunch.

Mary smiled wauily, now, at the very thought—she had been just a beautiful, delicate, retiring child!

George's women friends were discreetly polite and comprehending, at first; later, they became merely patronising.

George's manner grew cool towards her; then he too, grew patronising.

Her quiet beauty lost its first fascination for him.

Her childish timidity merely bored him. When she was twenty, her baby girl was born.

With all her starved young heart, she loved the tiny morsel of humanity.

For six months she lived in a perfect heaven of delight, forgetting everything (even her husband's dislike for babies) in the tending of her one delicate child : and then the baby died.

Her grip on life seemed to tighten suddenly, then.

She woke to the fact that her husband did not love her; that his big house was being managed a hundred times better by George's widowed sister, than she could ever hope to do; so quietly, she left him.

She wrote her explanations.

He answered, offering her a handsome allowance, and mentioned, that circumstances being as they were, it was a good thing the child had not lived.

Mary set her teeth hard; refused his allowance, and went back to nursing.

For seven years she kept steadily on.

Her strength improved, and her character broadened and developed; then, when the cruel European war came, she determined to offer her services for the front.

First, she decided upon a month's holiday and rest in the Sounds.

She had been for a short summer trip to Picton once, and the beauty of all the hills, and blue, wonderful sea, appealed to her more strongly than any place had ever done before.

So she had come in the early spring time to a home-like boarding-house, picturesquely set in a dip between two bush hills.

She had met Frank Burleigh the day she first landed from the mail launch.

He was waiting on the beach for his mail bag, but stepped forward and courteously assisted Mary from the launch, then carried her small basket up the gravel path to the house.

Mary had smiled her thanks into the strong, bright, boyish face.

She saw him when he called next mail-day, and the next ; each time he raised his hat politely, and wished her "Good morning."

The third time his mother came with him; a frail little lady beside her stalwart son.

They stayed to lunch, and they sat at the same little round table with Mary.

They talked of the weather; of the joys and beauties of the Sounds, and of all the hundred and one things congenial strangers find to converse about.

Mary accompanied them down to their launch.

The old lady had held out her hand. "My dear," she said, "we are a quiet little family; just Frank, my sister, and I, and being "Sounders," are most unconventional, but if you would care to see our home, return with us now, and Frank will run you back in the launch this evening."

"Oh, thank you!" Mary had said, and she had gone.

She felt suddenly like a tired child who had first found a sweet comprehending mother.

She went often to the home across the bay, after that.

She never spoke of herself or her troubles; she wore no rings; she wanted to forget the past entirely; she just found rest and comfort in the sweet graciousness of two

good women, and the protecting tender companionship of a boy of twenty.

The last Sunday of her stay, Frank came early to take her to spend the day.

Just before they landed, he had put his great brown hand over her's as she held the rudder.

"Mary," he said, and her heart had leapt unaccountably as she heard this boy use her name, "I've enlisted, and I'm going over to Wellington next week, same boat as you, to go into Camp. It will be ripping, won't it?"

Frank strove to say the correct "elder sisterly" thing.

"Your mother will be very proud of you," was all she said

"And you, Mary?" The young eager voice asked.

But he had had to run the launch ashore, then, and Mary had gone quickly forward to jump out before he could help her.

In doing so, she twisted her ankle, and sank down, a limp little heap, on to the gravel.

Quick as thought, the boy was beside her.

"Mary, Mary dear!" he cried, "you're hurt. Why hadn't you let me help you?"

She smiled bravely and tried to rise, but the boy had gathered her into his arms as though she was a child.

"I'm going to carry you up to the house, little girl!" he said, almost exultingly; and the woman had gone white as death when she felt his strong gentle arms go round her

"Does it hurt so much, dear?" he questioned as he noted the rigid line of her sensitive lips.

Then he kissed her, once, twice, with all the first love of his strong open nature, and almost as in a horrid blurred dream, Mary let him.

Mrs. Burleigh received them in her quiet comprehending way.

She insisted that Mary should be her guest until she quite recovered.

Mary thanked her, and stayed.

Frank sailed for Camp.

He wrote to Mary regularly, and she answered his letters.

Then she promised Mrs. Burleigh she would stay until after Frank's final leave from Camp, for the ankle took a long time to grow properly strong.

Mary had grown to love the two gentle women, and they, too, loved her, but no one asked any questions!

Heavens! Why had she not told them everything in the first place?

And tomorrow, she would have to tell Frank! And she loved him—loved him!

"Mary," Mrs. Burleigh's voice called, suddenly, "child, you will catch cold if you stay admiring the beauties of nature much longer."

"Coming, dear," Mary called, and she rose, stiff and chill to go to the house.

"Child," Mrs. Burleigh had called her, and a smile twisted Mary's lips, for she realized, then, that she felt only a child, a lonely, unhappy child; and she knew, had their love been possible, that the years between, would have made no difference to hers and Frank's happiness.

Tears blinded her eyes as she almost stumbled along to the verandah.

A bat flew swiftly and silently by, and lost itself among the pine trees.

Suddenly two strong khaki arms went round her.

"My little girl," Frank said, "I've given you a surprise, haven't I, coming tonight?"

And he kissed her, with perfect confidence, again and again.

Horrified, she drew away, but the boy did not notice, he had his arm round her and led her along the garden path.

Then stopping, he saw her face more clearly.

"You should not have done that," Mary said in a choking voice.

"But I love you, dear," the boy said, bewildered, "I'm asking you to marry me, Mary!"

Then Mary saw the utter cruelty of it all.

"I can't," she said, evenly.

"Mary," he said, "I thought you cared," then fiercely—"Heaven's! you haven't been just flirting with me, have you—Mary?"

This question gave her an inspiration: it would be the easiest way for them both.

"Yes," she said, and looked at his face one instant.

A smile, bitter, cruel, and old, twisted and marred the strong young sweetness of his mouth.

Mary turned quickly and went to her room.

She left by the mail boat next morning.

Six months later, they met again.

It was the morning Mary had read of the death of her husband.

She was nursing in a big military hospital, and Frank came into her ward in the heat of the afternoon—to die!

She saw that clearly, when she looked at his poor suffering face.

In the evening she had the opportunity to speaking to him alone. And she told him all. Even to the freedom that had come too late.

"Thank God, I've been able to tell you, dear. I thought at first," she said, "that it would be easier to let you think I was just—a flirt."

"My little girl," the soldier boy said, weakly, "I thank God, too, but I've loved you all the time, Mary; somehow, I didn't think you were, and yet——"

His voice was trailing, pitifully. Mary had her arm round his poor tired head.

"Look after mother for me, Mary——."

"Don't talk or worry, my dearest," the girl implored, "I love her as if she was my own, and when you are better and we get married, my soldier, she'll live with us."

A happy light crept into the boy's suffering eyes.

"I'm all smashed up, darling; it's only a case of 'good-bye' for you and me Mary; but I'd rather have a parting like this, than our last one, Mary, even if it was only for a little while. You—have—not—missed—me—yet—Mary—"

She laid her lips on his, unhesitatingly, proudly.

And next day the clean young fearless life of Private Frank Burleigh journeyed out into the Great Unknown.

ETHEL B. BEAUCHAMP.

A DIRGE OF VICTORY.

BY CAPTAIN LORD DUNSANY.

Lift not thy trumpet, Victory, to the sky,
Nor through battalions nor by batteries blow,
But over hollows full of old wire go,
Where, among dregs of war, the long-dead lie
With wasted iron that the guns passed by
When they went eastwards like a tide at flow;
There blow the trumpet that the dead may know,
Who waited for thy coming, Victory.

It is not we that have deserved thy wreath.
They waited there among the towering weeds:
The deep mud burned under the termite's breath,
And winter cracked the bones that no man heeds:
Hundreds of nights flamed by; the seasons passed,
And thou hast come to them at last, at last.

(From "The Times")

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FROM CLOUDLAND.

The Conference of Princes which sat recently at Delhi marks another step in the advance
Narendra Mandal. which India is making towards constitutional Government. The Princes considered the Reform proposals which were generally approved, and special sub-committees were appointed to examine some of the more important recommendations. The decisions taken indicate an earnest desire to march with the times and to take a share in the making of a new India by personal sacrifice and unremitting endeavour, worthy of the traditions of the great Raj Rishies, who lived to serve only. This is the most significant and the most happy augury for the future of India, promising a federation of a larger unity, without which all the moral

and material strength of the country has been only its weakness, bankrupt of fruit.

The support given by His Highness the Maharaja of Gwalior to the Reform Scheme in his speech puts into eclipse the theory that neither the people nor the Princes favoured the Scheme. His highness is not in the habit of wasting words. He said, "These measures which are irrevocably promised will bring in their train enhanced loyalty and contentment in India." Nothing could be said more clearly or indicate more definitely the need for an advance towards responsible Government in India.

* * *

The reference, which His Excellency the Viceroy made about the Civil Service in his opening speech at Delhi, was certainly needed, though it does not seem to have pleased the service, or the politicians. The Service undoubtedly has a legitimate grievance, and so have the Indian politicians. The conditions of Service have materially changed: the value of the Rupee has greatly depreciated while the cost of living has enormously increased. The Service is surely entitled to have in real value what its salaries represented twenty years ago, and no petty ideas of economy should bar the way of improvement. On the other hand the Service should also admit the necessity of a close co-operation of the people in the

**H. H. The Maharaja
Scindia's Speech.**

**I. O. S., and the
Viceroy.**

Government of the country, the change is inevitable in the larger interests of India and the Empire. It is futile to protest because the Service is expressing dissatisfaction with changed conditions, and it is not meet for the Service either to oppose larger opportunities, which are now offered to the people of India to learn to help themselves. Imperial patriotism based on courage and faith should bring the people and the officials together for the great cause of human happiness, a cause which has just been crowned with victory.



The men in the services are so dissatisfied that they frankly declare that their sons will no more come to India. This is not as it should be. Some of the officers have long connection with the country, and there is no reason why these long established links should be broken. To men of capacity and courage India offers an immense field. There are fortunes bigger than those which the nabobs ever made in the days of old, and opportunities bigger than any ever presented to the Empire builders, in the India of today and tomorrow, for men who can dare and devote all their energies to translate their dreams into realities. The Civil Service perhaps is played out, but India is not played out, and the call for English leadership is as strong today as it was yesterday. India and the Empire will be richer by English and Indian co-operation in Industrial fields.



The reference in His Excellency's speech to the services rendered by the Press was felicitous. It is perhaps the first acknowledgment that the Government of India does not altogether think with Tolstoi that the world would be a better place if brains were sterilised and brought to the level of Ivan the fool. His Excellency seems to have reluctantly recognised that men who made and unmade opinions and ruled currents of thought, stirred hearts, and stiffened hands for action were also serving the Empire. The game of government cannot be played without the co-operation of men of God-given power and strength ; you may as well play a game of polo on a team of donkeys.

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Mr. F. H. Brown in an interesting article in the Trade Supplement of the Times tells the story of the material aid which India was able to render to Britain. He fittingly calls it a great factor in allied victory. The article will pay for perusal, and I am tempted to draw upon it to a limited extent " It is indisputable " writes Mr. Brown "that if the resources of India had not been placed at the disposal of the empire, the difficulties of the allies would have been enormously increased and the prosecution of their campaign on the great scale ultimately reached, would not have been possible. The value of the war exports of the dependency has exceeded £100,000,000, per annum, and in most cases

commodities have been supplied at rates considerably less than those that would have ruled in the abnormal conditions, if there had not been state control. Sir Thomas Holland was controlling expenditure amounting to £2,000,000 per month. The equipment and stores directly supplied by India to the 30th September reached a total value of close upon £80,000,000. Besides the ministry of munitions was supplied with 15,000 tons of wolfram valued at £2,150,000 at a price much below that ruling in other countries. Hides at controlled prices have been supplied to the value of £10,000,000 and out of the tanning materials myrobolam alone have been shipped to the value of £1,400,000. The value of raw hides acquired for Government since 1917 amounts to some £2,500,000. The oleagenous products of India have been supplied at pre-war rates to the value of £31,000,000. In regard to Provisions the immunity from privations has been in part, at least, due to the value of Indian shipments of wheat, more than 3,000,000 tons since October 1916. Foodstuffs from India have been purchased to the extent of 4,750,000 tons at £43,000,000 at prices substantially less than those ruling in other markets of the world. In the matter of Textile manufactures, India has been supplying the requirements of a year which came to 20,000,000 yards of Khaki-drill 3,500,000 yards of drill shirting and 17,500,000 of puggree cloth ; wool at controlled prices 162,000,000 in weight valued at £8,800,000 was supplied. India supplied 1,800 miles of track, 200 engines and more than 6,000 vehicles for Mesopotamia, East Africa, and Palestine and 10,000,000 cubic feet of timber for Railways."

Mr. Brown has shown what India has been able to do in the matter of supplies. How much **India's Great Need.** more India would have done if her resources had been developed in times of peace ? The report of the Industrial Commission bears witness to India's rich resources in raw material, and poverty in manufacturing accomplishment. The recommendations of the Industrial Commission would be barren, unless they are accepted. India's great need is Industrial development.

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What is necessary is to provide a driving force to develop the resources of India. His **The Driving Force.** Excellency Lord Chelmsford, when he assumed his high office, was determined to give a start to Industrial development in his time. The sands of time are running and no one can say when the new department recommended by the Commission will begin work. If His Excellency wishes to see a start made in his time he can begin immediately by calling in to being a couple of Imperial and Provincial boards (a) a board of food production, agricultural and pastoral Industries (b) a board of commerce, manufacturing, and other industries. Men who have made their mark in agriculture or commerce should be asked to join these boards. These boards should be invested with authority, and have funds at their disposal to secure expert opinion and power to raise capital, and guarantee dividends. The boards can be asked to frame a definite programme of agricultural and industrial development for the coming five years. Money will flow in for projects promoted by well-represented boards.

The question of food production is now a world question. There are irrigation projects, which have been in the air for a generation and are not likely to materialise and emerge out of that elusive stage for many generations yet, unless all the projects are considered by a board of experts once for all, and finally sanctioned, or rejected. **Food Production.** The food production board, with the help of irrigation experts, could examine the schemes, and pass final orders making definite provision for funds. The lucid report of the Irrigation Department issued by Mr. Ward promises to double the area under irrigation. These promising projects are not likely to mature for another fifty years if left alone. If the progress is to be accelerated, other methods must be found to push them.

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The Board of Commerce could take up the development of industries which have been proved during the war. The idea of reviving hand-loom industries is played out, and must be finally dropped. **The Board of Commerce.** In these days of aeroplanes, when powers of nature are every day brought under service, to talk of handloom and home industries is to betray the possibilities of progress. The Board of Commerce can take advantage of the experience of the Munitions Board and frame a definite programme and start work. The danger is that the Government of India absorbed by politics and other things may forget that on the economic development of the country depends the contentment and prosperity of the millions.

The Government of Bombay is to be congratulated on its generous programme for the education of the sons of men who gave their lives in this war. The Punjab supplied the largest number of soldiers

An Imperial Obligation.

and it will be in the fitness of things if Sir Michael O'Dwyer, before he leaves the helm, makes adequate provisions for the sons of men who answered the call. The Government of Bombay is going to issue certificates which would entitle the sons of soldiers to:—

(a) free primary education plus an annual allowance, according to requirements, but not exceeding Rs. 6, to cover incidental expenses such as slates, books, etc;

(b) on passing Primary Boys' Standard IV or Girls' Standard III to a scholarship of Rs. 3 per mensem, in Standard I, II, or III of a recognised Anglo-Vernacular school plus (in the case of an aided or recognised school) the cost of fees levied in those standards, and of such games and extra fees as may, ordinarily, be charged. In Government school a free Studentship will be granted in addition to the scholarship, and no games fees will be levied;

The scholarship will ordinarily be tenable for three years, but when the education of the child has been retarded by sickness or any other unavoidable cause, the period may be extended to four years at the discretion of the Inspector of Schools concerned;

(c) to a scholarship of Rs. 5 per mensem in an industrial or technical institution recognised by Government on completion of the primary course of Anglo-Vernacular Standard III. The scholarships will be tenable for

the period necessary to complete the course in the institution. These scholarships will not usually be granted to children who are under 12 or over 17 years of age at the date of their admission to the technical institution concerned;

(d) to scholarships in high schools and Colleges reserved for the benefit of persons possessing the Collector's certificate referred to above without prejudice to the right to compete for all open scholarships. The reserved scholarships in high schools will be awarded on the results of the examination, and the award of scholarships in high and special schools in each district will be of the same value as the open scholarships, and awarded on the same conditions to the candidate eligible for reserved scholarships, who secure not less than 40 per cent. of the total number of marks for the examination. To those who qualify for the school-leaving certificate examination, and wish to join a college or higher technical institution, scholarships of Rs. 10—15 will be awarded, provided that the candidates secure not less than 50 per cent marks in the school-leaving certificate examination, or such other qualifying examination.

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(e) When education of the type required is not available in the town or village in which the pupil resides, or when the conditions of home life, or the poverty of the guardian is such that residence in a hostel is considered necessary by the Inspector of Schools concerned, (or in the case of College students by the Director of Public Instruction) for the efficient training and education of the pupil,

an addition will be made to the school or College scholarship to cover hostel charges, on receipt of an application from the guardian, provided that the hostel chosen is approved by the Educational Authorities.

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The seed sown by Mr. Malabari is bearing fruit. Seva Sadan which he founded is developing into a Home of Service. The Poona Branch seems to have done extremely well, while the Bombay Branch continues its useful activities. The idea originated with Mr. Malabari and Diwan Daya Rama Giddumal, the two friends who, all through life, regarded service as the highest privilege. They saw the distress that was, and were not discouraged when friends called their proposals Utonian. To-day an institution, altogether unsectarian, is sending out sisters of mercy to relieve suffering. Nothing that is good is ever lost.

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The Punjab Education Report is of an unusual interest, as it breathes a new spirit of hope and faith. Education in the Punjab has not altogether come into its own, but there are signs that the spirit of progress will no more be overweighed with other considerations. Mr. Richey, the popular Director of Education, held a conference on female education the other day at

The Punjab Education Report.

Lahore and it is hoped a material advance in providing suitable education for girls will be made. The extent to which Female Education has been neglected can be gathered from the fact that there is no training college for women teachers. Young women who wish to take teaching as a profession are expected to join a man's college!



By the death of Miss Matilda Betham Edwards, England loses a novelist of no mean re-
Miss Betham Edwards. known, while both France and India are the poorer for the loss of a true friend. Miss Edwards started as a novelist nearly half a century ago, for we believe her first book, "Kitty" was published as long ago as 1872, and since then she has had several novels to her credit, which were read with great interest at the time of their publication, though perhaps they did not bring her to the front rank of English novelist. She may be said to have devoted the best part of her life to the service of France, and to a better understanding between that intrepid country and England, and with that object she wrote several books, notably Anglo-French Reminiscences, 1899; East of Paris, 1902; Home Life in France, 1905; and an account of her stay in Alsace Lorraine, which she brought out during the war. The French Government were not slow in recognising her services, for Miss Edwards had the proud distinction of being an Officer de l'Instruction Publique de France—an unique honour for an English lady. It may

not be generally known that of late she had taken a genuine interest in Indian affairs, and by her pen had wrought much for the furtherance of the Indian cause. She firmly believed that India was fit for self-government, with certain safeguardness, and the formation of the Reform Scheme delighted her much. She honoured this Review with several well written articles, one of the best being a considered and sympathetic review of Lord Morley's "Recollections."

THREE METHODS OF UNITING EAST AND WEST.

THE close of the Great War of 1914-1918 leaves all thoughtful observers with the feeling that the world has become a unity, not in the sense of a complete recognition of a single interest, but in the sense that, for the first time in history, a real world-conscience has begun to operate. The object of religion (I mean the religion of Humanity) is to foster this noble process until the world-conscience has led us all to a belief that all nations have a common material, political and spiritual interest. Part of this process is represented by the effort to realise a closer understanding between the soul of India and the soul of England. It is of this effort, and of three methods of supporting it, that I desire briefly to speak here.

In order to make my standpoint quite clear, I may say, at the outset, that I think the time is ripe for re-constituting the Empire as a British Commonwealth. Under this re-constitution, we should have Home Rule for England, Home Rule for Scotland, Home Rule for Ireland (and perhaps for Ulster separately), these countries being Home Dominions, each with a Parliament of its own. The Oversea Dominions would be, as now, Canada, Newfoundland, South Africa, Australia, New Zealand. India

would form a Dominion, in which a variety of Governments (Native States, Presidencies, etc.) would be federated, —the Chelmsford-Montagu scheme acting as a step towards this Dominion status. The colonies (such as Rhodesia) and protectorates would be the care of the whole Commonwealth, with a certain measure of help or advice from the League of Nations. And, for the large issues of defence, imperial finance, imperial treaty-making, etc., a supreme council would comprise representatives from the Home Dominions, Oversea Dominions, and the Indian Dominion. Events are even now drawing us in the direction of some such great scheme. It is not my purpose to discuss it further, but the simple sketch I have made of it will show the spirit in which I shall deal with the three topics that follow.

1. *Political Method.*—It is of vital importance that the people of India and the people of England should know each other's qualities, needs and history better. When I say "England", I also imply the whole British Commonwealth. And when I say the "people," I do not mean the aristocratic and middle classes of England, and the higher castes of India. I mean the vast mass of the workers,—the factory-workers, miners, seamen, peasants of England, and the immense multitude of Indians who live in villages and till the soil. The upper and better educated classes are, of course, included also, for I am not writing in a Bolshevik temper! But when we talk of the people, either in India or England, we ought to think of the majority, whose labour and endurance provide the material basis of civilization, art and religion. Political life in both countries will be benefited by mutual aid between the Indian masses and the English masses.

Hence, it would be good if, at Indian political congresses, delegates representing English labour could be present and take part. It would be good if at English congresses, Hindu, and Moslem delegates could be present and take part. In both cases, this delegation should be regarded as a normal procedure, and not as a remarkable incident once in 10 or 20 years.

Let me state frankly a defect which I observe in English circles, and another defect which I observe in India circles. In England, the working-class has no effective conception of Indian life and thought, partly because popular writers have not tried to picture the real India to the English imagination, and partly because Missionary Societies have given most one-sided views of the psychology and manners of the Indian people.

In India, so far as my observations have gone, the Home Rule party (or parties) have been so absorbed in criticising the Viceroy, the Viceroy's Council, the Governors, the Civil Service, and the rest, that they have forgotten the foundation on which all English officialdom rests, namely, the labour and life of the English masses. I wonder how many Hindu gentlemen who spend time in censuring the British Raj could give an account, however elementary, of the growth of English Trades-unions? Yet the Trades-union is, in many respects, a more vital part of English history than even the House of Commons.

If I were a Hindu, my first thought would be, not for the Civil Service, but for the welfare of the hundreds of millions of peasant-folk, including the untouchables; and I should try to learn its secret of the progress made by the labouring masses of England, and apply its lessons to India.

2. *Educational Method.*—I am an old teacher as well as an old politician, and it happens to be a theory of mine that History, in the richest sense of the term, should be the basis of education. In history, I include literature which reveals the history of man's thought. The *Ramayana*, for example, is a most important item in the history of India, for this wonderful poem does so much to mirror the love, hope, and admiration of the Hindu race. Indeed, I define the aim of education as Service of the common weal, realised in daily industry, and inspired by history, that is, the history of our nation or country, and the whole history of mankind. Hence, I think it of tremendous consequence that English young people should learn the best stories and teachings in Indian literature; and that Indian young people (Hindu and Moslem) should know what is best in English literature. I do not mean that Hindus should read and recite English poetry and prose, nor even that they should learn English at all. But, in their own vernaculars, they might be told the most beautiful stories out of Shakespeare, Milton, Tennyson, and other great writers. All pupils in Indian schools should read plain, simple histories of the English peasants, miners, seamen, and so on; and all pupils in English schools should read the history of Indian villages, craftsmen, artists, and the rest.

I may add that it has been my business, for many years, to address children, and I have done so in America as well as Britain and I have made it a practice to introduce, with some frequency, stories of Indian life and virtues.

3. *Spiritual Method.*—Superficial people sometimes say that the East is spiritual and the West is material,

and I agree that appearances often suggest this comparison. But it is not a true observation. For underneath all its craze for mechanism in war or peace, we still find deep spiritual yearnings in the Western soul. Once when I was in Bombay for a few days, Sir Narayan Chandavarkar honoured me with an interview, and I shall never forget his saying that he thought the English people possessed profound spiritual qualities. I have read a good deal of Hindu philosophic and religious literature, and of English literature in the same fields of thought. I find different forms of logic, different language, different imagery, but I do not find any fundamental difference. What we want to do is to teach both peoples how great is their unity, in spite of divergences of expression.

In saying this, I am far from recommending that Indians should study English philosophy and religious doctrine, or that English people should pick up strange theosophical phrases, and talk in the style of Buddhists. I have read the Vedas, but they do not display the soul of India to me so well as the beautiful tales of Rama and Sita, or the great princes of the war of Kurukshetra, or the lives of the Hindu saints and teachers. I wish the common people of England knew these things, and learned them in the same simple way that they learned stories from the Bible. And, in like manner, I wish that the common people of India could hear stories of our best English souls—Thomas Moore, Milton, Bunyan, Fox, Penn, Blake, Wesley, Wordsworth, Ruskin, Morris, our women-teachers, nurses, and social workers.

I should be sorry if the reader supposed I set no value on the efforts of University professors, pundits, Congress

leaders, political journalists, and the like. These instruments of progress all have their value. But the main thing, to my mind, is to bring the soul of the multitudes of the West into fraternal relation with the toiling millions of the East. May the best Servants of India and the best Servants of England devote themselves to this supreme religious task.

FREDERICK J. GOULD.

TO U. S.

Long years are gone since parted by the sea
The restless deep whose ever widening shores
Through each long year, receding bar the doors,
Rearing remorseless waves 'tween me and thee,
Yet come what change may come, no change can be
A change of heart or love. Nor can change cause,
Those dear and sweet remembered days to pause,
As sunny beams of light, at least, to me,
Sometimes I wish them here again: those days,
Of deep lit fervour, life and fun. Sometimes,
I wish thee nearer: that memory's rays,
Had sweeter links to bind ethereal chimes,
Which float dim music o'er the sunny days,
Of this far country mingling with my rhymes,

THE WOMEN OF FRANCE AND THE WAR.

FOR the last four years the women of France have borne a weight of pain and anxiety that can hardly be realized by those of our allies, whose fatherland has escaped invasion. Taken as a whole, they have nobly responded to the call made upon their endurance.

The war has considerably modified the conditions of life among us, and though there are exceptions to every rule, it seems safe to say that the Frenchwoman of the War bears little or no resemblance to the witty, frivolous and immoral Frenchwomen of the plays and novels, that are most widely read beyond our frontiers.

It is always difficult to penetrate the inner life of another country and there are many true lovers of France, who are ignorant of certain aspects of her complex personality, just as there are lovers of Paris, who know nothing of the deeper tender current of the brilliant city's life, nothing of its better side, of its charities and heroisms.

Even the friends of France hardly realize the value of her traditional influences, nor the conservative spirit that is hidden under her revolutionary mask, and the French people themselves are partly responsible for this misconception. French books and plays, immoral and indecent, were, before the war, widely circulated in foreign countries.

where they were assumed to represent the ordinary standard of morality in French families. That the type of women they depict exists in France, as elsewhere, is a fact, that she represents the general type of womanhood is a falsehood, and one of the consequences of the great war will be to reveal to the world, another sample of French women.

The necessities that are the result of the ordeal through which France is passing, have brought out, in a wonderful manner, the fortitude, self-sacrifice and courage of her daughters. In many of them, these virtues, long practised in the shade, were suddenly fanned into heroism by the perils of the hour; in others, where these same qualities lay dormant under a crust of selfishness, the stern touch of adversity set them free to develop and to bring forth abundant fruit.

As early as the 2nd of August, 1914, when the call to arms echoed through the fields of France, the men obeyed the summons with a steady courage, very un-French in its reticence and absence of display. Their mothers, wives and daughters were hardly more demonstrative, but those among us who were in Paris during those solemn days, will not easily forget certain scenes and certain words, pregnant with fervent patriotism. "My son, do your duty, I ask for nothing else," cried the mother of a sturdy soldier, when she parted from him with lips that quivered and eyes that filled with tears. "My child, look at that flag," said a bare-headed woman, poorly dressed, who with her small boy stood before the first German flag taken from the enemy. "Never forget that you had the honours of seeing the first flag sent home by our men."

On a memorable day in September, 1914, when the Germans were close to Pafis and the distant cannon was distinctly heard, a solemn function took place at the shrine of St. Geneviève. Coming away from the Church, a group of women of the people flocked down the "rue Soufflot." "St. Geneviève saved Paris a long time ago, she will save us again" said one, and her companions approved with child like confidence.

The same self-control prevailed in the provinces; when the day's work was over, the women assembled in the churches and said their rosary for the fighting men. After nearly four years' war the same women, older, sadder and more bent, are bravely doing the work of the absent soldiers. Catholic groups of old men, children and women may be seen throughout the length and breadth of France, sowing, ploughing, tilling the ground, bringing in the hay and harvest, picking the fruit, watering the cattle, etc. They work with less enthusiasm than four years ago, but with a patient courage that is infinitely pathetic. "Our peasant women in Auvergne are marvellous" writes a lady, whose "Chateau" lies in this mountainous region, "even our children join and our old 'Curé' tucks up his cassock and brings in the hay."

In Brittany, the women work as hard as they pray, in the wine district near Bourdeaux, their task is more difficult, the vine requires scientific treatment and careful handling, but, if I believe the wounded men from these regions, their wives and their aged relatives have combined to preserve their cherished vineyard from ruin.

Sometimes, the work is carried on close to the line of fire, on a ground that is occasionally swept by the German shells. There are half-ruined villages where a few

women and children remain, they steal out at night and plough the fields or pick up the vegetables till daybreak.

These peasant women know that the future of the soil, so dear to the French land-owner, is in their hands; the harvests of the future are theirs to save or to sacrifice, and this sense of responsibility is a powerful stimulant. Some of these workers are very young: a girl of fourteen directs an important farm near Vendôme. In Burgundy, the young widow of a soldier, writes to be kept informed of the organization of an agricultural syndicate of which her husband was the Secretary. She remains alone at the head of an important farm and has five little children, but, she writes, "I want to continue my husband's work and to save it from being ruined by his death. He is dead, but his work ought to live." In Normandy, an old woman of 70 remains alone with two orphaned grandchildren; she is the capable mistress and manager of the two farms, once worked by her soldier sons. A soldier's widow in the "Marne" has three children under thirteen; her house was pillaged by the Germans in 1914 and her provisions have since been requisitioned by the French, but, with a servant boy of sixteen, she keeps her large farm in excellent working order. In the mountains of l'Ardèche, another widow of the war, who is only twenty six, nurses her baby, waters the cattle, mows, digs and ploughs, helped only by her aged father-in-law.

It is a well-known fact, perceptible to those who have travelled much or lived long in France, that the Frenchwoman, married to a working man, is often her husband's most efficient assistant. An Englishman, who, for

twenty years, has been in constant touch with women of this class believes that nine times out of ten, the husband's business is more or less flourishing according to the extent of the wife's share in its management. Accustomed as they were to share their husband's responsibilities, the women, whose men folk were called to the front took up the government of the shop, hotel or factory with a firm and capable hand and, as a rule, they keep things on an excellent footing in spite of increasing difficulties.

In Paris and in many large towns, more women are now employed in the tram cars and on the railways, in the big shops and banks. They are generally brisk, capable and methodical and, after the war, where thousands of men are killed and others maimed for life, women will retain many of the posts that they now successfully fill. Women of the world have a different part to play than their humbler sisters, but personal experience enables me to say that, in general, their attitude has been excellent. Hundreds among them have enlisted to serve in the Red Cross or in the military hospitals; they left their comfortable and refined houses on August 2nd, 1914, and took up their post in the hospitals when the fighting men rallied round the flag.

The Red Cross lectures and classes had been assiduously followed by many of them for years past and, when the call to arms sounded, they formed a disciplined Army of volunteers, trained and certificated to play the part of hospital nurses. Since the war, hundreds of others have gone through the same course of training, to such good purpose that there are now in France over twenty thousand voluntary nurses, belonging to one or other of the Red Cross groups, exclusive, of course, of the hospital

nurses belonging to other organizations, such as the "Assistance Publique" and the military "Service de Santé."

Statistics might here be quoted that abundantly prove the self-devotion with which French women, accustomed to lives of ease and refinement, took up and persevered in, their hospital work. But statistics, though they may serve to support a statement, lack life and soul and, space being limited, I prefer to speak of the women, whose work I have followed day after day. One, the Marquise de B, is the widow of a distinguished General, she is no longer young, but, on August 2nd, 1914, she took up her work where the Red Cross Society appointed her. She closed her delightful apartment, dismissed her servants, shut herself up as a matter, of course, within the walls of a Paris hospital and there, through summer and winter, she has been ever since. Her two grandsons, the last of their name, have fallen at the front, but she remains at her post, broken-hearted and patient, finding comfort in ministering to the stricken soldiers. She is faithful, with a soldier's faithfulness, to her self-chosen duty, a tradition that, being the daughter and the widow of fighting men, she carried in her blood; a lonely, noble figure, truly Christian and intensely patriotic.

Another younger woman, the mother of an only son, worked under my eyes during the hundred days battle of Verdun. Her husband and boy were fighting at the "Dead Man's hill"—le Mort Homme—a tragic ridge with a name that is terribly significative. She worked from early morning till late at night, helpful,

bright, keeping her own fears at bay lest they should overshadow the wounded soldiers, who needed encouragement. Another Red Cross nurse, a small dark woman under forty, faced a worse ordeal. In August 1914, she was at the head of the Red Cross Hospital at Noyon, when the Germans entered the town. She is a first rate nurse, quiet and capable, and her skill made her of value to the invaders. During nine months, she remained among them as a prisoner; they were months of much hardship and of intense tension, during which her ministrations soothed the death agonies of hundreds of French wounded, in whose eyes she personified the country, the homes and the families, from whom they were separated. Her dignity and capacity impressed the Germans and saved her, not indeed from many trials, but from gross insults. Many Red Cross nurses have been mortally wounded while attending their charges, nuns and women of the world alike figure on the list of these victims of the war; the last of whom were the nurses of Vadlamcourt, a hospital in Lorraine that was deliberately shelled by the enemy's air-ships in August 1917. One who was present described to me how the nurses, while assisting the wounded soldiers, were fired at by the German air-men, who flew low, heedless of the big Red Cross painted on the wooden roof.

But, the Red Cross has not absorbed the energies of all the women of France, many are devoting their time to other patriotic or charitable works; it is impossible even to name them all, as they increase daily when new necessities arise. "Ouvroirs" or work meetings for the women whose bread winners are at the front, were started at the outset of the war; many of them were organized by social workers, whose knowledge of the needs of the poor goes

hand in hand with their desire to moralize, encourage and cheer their less fortunate sisters. These Ouvroirs are less needed now that the dearth of men and the prolongation of the war, have opened to women other ways of earning their daily bread. Many women now employed in munition works, on railways, in tram cars, four years ago, depended on their needle to earn a livelihood.

The retreat of the Germans in 1917 from certain districts of Northern France opened a new field, where the charity of the women, who have escaped invasion, can spend itself on their unhappy countrymen. Thus, the Marquise de G, well known in Paris society, is one of the promoters of the "bon Gîte," literally the "good lodging or home," that provides the peasants, whose homes are destroyed with wooden houses. The undertaking is of considerable importance, two other French associations and a British Society, join forces with "le bon Gîte." The homes they build are not luxurious, but practical and healthy and, those who know how obstinately the French peasant clings to his soil, realize the inestimable blessing conferred on these homeless people by these different associations. Let us add that the sudden advance of the enemy in March 1918 and again in May, swept away many of the "homes" built up by the "bon gîte," but the workers are not discouraged and, with the generous assistance of our American allies, they have now devoted themselves to the refugees who, during the tragic weeks of last spring poured in to Paris. At the Northern Railway Station, these poor people found a warm welcome and timely assistance at the American Canteen, where they were fed and, if necessary, clothed by Red Cross ladies in charge of the work. While the allied soldiers fight shoulder to shoulder

on the battle field, the allied women of the "entente," fight the evils of war in their special province, on the grounds of charity.

Another work, organized and directed by women of the world has several branches. It touches one of the poignant sufferings inflicted by the war. "*L'oeuvre des veuves de la guerre*," is founded for the benefit of the widows of our dead officers and soldiers. It provides widows, whose worldly position has been shattered by the blow that destroyed their domestic happiness, with work, with medical and legal assistance; it helps them to educate their children and, at the same time, it develops their energy and self respect. One of the leaders of this important association has successfully organized a branch that promises well; she excels in discovering the gifts and aptitudes of widows, who, being deprived of their husband's pay, have now to earn their bread. She knows that they are often as well born as herself, that they must be handled with patience and tact, and she does this so excellently that many useless and apparently incapable young widows are now fully equipped for the struggle for life. Personal acquaintance with some of the working members of "*L'oeuvre des veuves de la guerre*," enables me to praise, not only their practical powers of organization, but also the tact and delicacy, with which they treat their much tried sisters, infusing energy, while they bestow sympathy.

Another Association, "*La Ligne des Achitenses*," founded during the war, will continue when the war is over. Its object is to banish articles "made in Germany," from the French market. The members go round big shops to obtain a formal promise from the owners that they will

sell only articles manufactured in France. To make this easier, another Association, "La Ligne du jouet français,"—the League of the French toy—promotes the making of toys prettier and as inexpensive as the German toys that once flooded the market here. The difficulty of making prettier toys is nothing, but to reduce prices to the German level is more laborious and many technical difficulties had to be conquered. Let me add that our most popular toys now are those made by our maimed soldiers, for whose benefit classes have been founded and whose Latin power of assimilation soon makes them tasteful and clever workmen. This may be noticed in the hospitals where to beguile the long days, our wounded men use their fingers to good purpose. A blacksmith from the north of France made bread crumb flowers, that resembled delicate Dresden porcelain and another who, before 1914, manufactured ginger bread at Reims, makes bead necklaces so charming, that all the visitors to the hospital are eager to buy them. These aptitudes would lay dormant, were it not for the assistance and encouragement that their nurses give them, to use their natural gifts, with a view to the future.

Without trying even to summarize the hundreds of Leagues, Associations and Guilds, that have been founded to relieve different victims of the war, we may safely say that the woman who at the present moment is not engaged in war work of some kind is an exception among us.

There is room for every one in the tremendous effort started to mitigate the miseries that are the consequence of four years' war and the women of France are patiently and bravely responding to the appeals made to their hearts, their brains and their purses.

It would be unjust when speaking of the French women's devotedness, not to mention the nuns of different orders, who have watched over our wounded soldiers in the hospitals, often at the peril of their lives. At Arras, in 1914, several Augustinian sisters were killed by the shells: "I offer my life for France," whispered a young religious, Soeur Suzanne, when she fell, and at Reims, under the terrific bombardment, there were men who day and night cared for the sick, the poor and the wounded, that were left in the stricken city.

Some religious women, trained within their convent walls to habits of silence, humility and discipline, found themselves suddenly forced into positions of supreme peril and responsibility; they had to mediate between the invaders and their prey and they did so as if accustomed to the part. In August, 1914, Soeur Julie, of the congregation of St. Charles, was the providence of the little town of Gerbèviller in Lorraine. She provided for the wounded, fed the famished inhabitants, prevented the utter destruction of the place and she has since received the Legion of Honour and the "Croix de guerre" for her excellent service. A sister of charity, Soeur Gabrielle did the same at Clermont en Argonne. She stood between the terrified people and the German General, who threatened to burn the town, she saved her hospital and her cripples and commanded the respect of the enemy by her fearlessness, and also by her impartial devotion to all the wounded, French and German alike.

The venerable superioress of the hospital at Senlis did the same; her calm and quiet energy reacted on her surroundings when the enemy, having occupied

the town, posted "mitrailleuses" in a field adjoining the hospital and fired at the building over which waved the Red Cross flag. It was my good fortune to visit the hospital some weeks later and to see the wall of one ward riddled by German bullets. It was filled at the time of the invasion with wounded soldiers, chiefly Algerians; the sisters walked to and fro among them, praying aloud and saying encouraging words to these big children: "Pray with us sister," they cried "don't leave us, we feel safe when you are near." Their confidence was rewarded, for, though the furniture of the ward was damaged, not a soldier was touched.

If the nuns of France, trained by years of discipline to habits of self renunciation could meet trials of no common order with extraordinary courage, what shall we say of the wives and mothers, whom the war has deprived of their best beloved. Their sacred sorrow commands respect and a certain reserve, and must be touched upon with the utmost discretion.

We know, however, of many cases where these mourners, religious faith and keen patriotism, raise them to a standpoint of heroism that seems almost superhuman. This happens among women of all classes, rich and poor, noble and plebeian. The Duchess de X remembers that her dead son, the head of his house, begged her if he was taken "to put France first and foremost, because nothing else matters", and, in the same spirit, a peasant woman from a far off region standing by her husband's body, in a Paris hospital said: "he died for France and was glad to do so, he was right; France is his mother, I am only his wife." A letter lies before me where another peasant widow writes:

"he died like a good Frenchman, this thought softens my great sorrow; his task has ended, mine will be to teach his children to be worthy of him." A noble lady, the mother of ten sons, all of whom were at the front when the war broke out and five of whom have been killed, writes: "I gave them to France with all my soul, but my heart is broken."

These words express the feelings of the majority: their acceptance of a sacrifice that was commanded by duty, is thorough and unselfish, the grief that accompanies it will endure, but it acts as a stimulant to generous activity and complete self-devotion.

The women most heavily tried by the war, are the bravest and most helpful, those who grumble, tremble, complain at small restrictions and spread pessimistic rumours, are generally women who have been spared the more tragic aspects of the upheaval.

It is encouraging to remember that the Frenchwomen of the war, who have so nobly responded to their country's call, hold, in their hands, the generations of the future. The influence of the French mother is considerable in her family circle and the children of to-day who will, please God, be the builders of a new France, will be the better men and women because of their mother's attitude during the great war.

BARBARA DE COURSON.

BUDDHISM.

THERE is no subject more serious in human thought than religion. In the whole range of comprehensible sciences none is so grave as the difficult topic of religion. It is a law, and a law of God. The struggle of man towards Satva and Giyana has commenced with the birth of man, and God's connection with man has also ever since been an accredited fact. The world exists, for God loves it. Man lives, for God loves him. Love is the law of existence. Love regulates our deeds. The law of Love constitutes religion in its true sense. Buddhism is a code of laws just as every other religion is. Difference in religious sentiments arises owing to different modes of approach. Buddhism unifies all religions into one, having widest sympathies and principles. Different men have different minds and different minds have different Gods. But the true God is the One conceived by a Perfect Soul, a Buddhisattva. No man has been born perfect, only Buddha is born perfect. The life of man is an unceasing striving after this perfection through long ages. When he becomes perfect he becomes a Buddha. There are three stages of human evolution, *viz.*, the brute stage, the man stage and the angel stage.

The term 'Buddha' means the enlightened one in whom Divine Knowledge has made its home. Buddhism

therefore indicates the "Religion of Light" showing the path of Nirvana. Nirvana is the freedom of the soul from the control of Nature. Buddhism teaches that as suffering is the burden of our whole life, desire the continuance of it, and death the end, we must take life as a mere stage of growth. Hence, renunciation will secure us peace and happiness. "This, O Rishies," says the Bhagvat, "is the whole truth concerning suffering. Birth is painful, and so is old age, disease is painful and so is death, union with the unpleasant is painful, painful is the separation from the pleasant, and any craving that is unsatisfied, that too is painful." There is peace only in Nirvana. And Nirvana is attained only when the fire of lust and desire is gone. When the flames of hatred and illusion have become extinct, then Nirvana is gained. When the troubles of Mind, arising from pride, credulity and all other sins, have ceased then Nirvana is gained. Nirvana is complete absorption into life force itself. It is perfection which is acquired by a Buddha during his periods of incarnation. Anuruddha thus gives us the knowledge of Buddhism. "Dismiss the craving for enjoyment and all thought of self, and live in your deeds, for they are the reality of life. All creatures are such as they are through their deeds in former existences. The thought forms are the realities of our spiritual life. They are transferred from one individual to another. Individuals die, but their thought-forms regulate their reincarnations according to their deeds. Deeds shape the slow progress of growth, the thought structures, which build up our personality and that which you call the personality and that which you call the person; the self, the enjoyer, is the totality of thoughtforms, the living memory of past deeds Deeds

done in past existence are stamped upon each creature in the character of his present existence. Thus, the past has given birth to the present, and the present is the womb of the future. 'This is the law of Karma, the law of cause and effect.' There are ten virtues whereby to attain Nirvana, namely, liberality, observance of the precepts of the law, retreat into lonely places, diligence, patience, fortitude, wisdom, benevolence, and thoughtfulness. The Purusha has to be liberated from the fetters of the Pranakasha by the processes of virtue, the spirit has to be free from all thoughts and questions under the influence of the Lotus fire. Every fact must be endowed with Ojas till the dormant Kundalini is awakened in the heart. When the cosmic intelligence is completely understood Aptaship is acquired and the Purusa enters the realm of Nirvana. To the Buddhist the spirit is an embodiment of sensations, tendencies, powers and ideas. As soon as self is born it becomes its own centre and when it is assailed by sensations, tendencies, powers or ideas it becomes contaminated and then takes a bodily existence. Gautama was a moral philosopher, the burthen of his teaching is. "End the self life and end the misery." He discarded dogmas, doctrines and rituals. His aim was to seek nothing, but seeking nothing to gain all.

From the Vedas we come to learn that India, prior to the invasion of the Aryans, was inhabited by Nagas, Daityas and Rakshasas, crude in form and extravagant in shape. Suddenly they were confronted with a tall, fair complexioned race of Aryans making inroads into their fertile lands. The Aryans established their kingdoms and went on increasing their conquests till they came to the Vindhya, and became the masters of the whole country.

The political arrangement of the Aryans was feudal, the government was purely patriarchal. The paterfamilias was both high priest, warrior and ruler, all in one. Peace and happiness prevailed. It was the golden age which probably occupied many centuries. At this time it was thought necessary to separate the priesthood from sovereignty, so the patriarch gradually began to give away the charge of religious ceremonies at various occasions to a separate class called the Brahmans who now assumed as great an authority as the patriarch himself. They became a medium between God and man. The Brahmans created not only the machinery of worship, but also the worship of machinery. Megasthenes, the Greek ambassador at the court of the Aryan kings, says that he saw the power of the Brahmans was so great that kings were subservient to their will, the people were the mere tools of their wanton desire. Megasthenes in his account of the Magadha kingdom applauds the code of Manu, yet Manu supported the tyranny of the Brahmans. The higher Hinduism failed to vivify the lower with a pure stream of religion. The whole Bharatland was in suffering when Buddha came and delivered his message pointing the Eightfold Path. "This, O Rishies, is the noble Truth concerning the way which leads to the destruction of suffering. Verily it is this Eightfold Path, Right views, Right speech, Right aspirations, Right conduct, Right livelihood, Right effort, Right mindfeelings, Right rapture."

In the small province of the king of Kapilvastu the Great Reformer was born to proclaim:

"Peace and goodwill, goodwill and peace"

Peace and goodwill to all mankind."

The history of Buddhism is woven round the biography of the great teachers. The birth of Buddha is estimated at about 643 B. C. and it is said that when Buddha was born, all earth was filled with peace and joy, the sick were healed, the deaf became able to hear and the blind to see, the poor were relieved of their poverty, the hungry were fed and the naked were clothed. A certain Rishi who came to see and adore the new born babe began to weep. "What means this? O rishi! Do you see any bad influence around my child?" asked the king. "I weep, O king," was the answer given by the Rishi, "because I am old and stricken in age and I shall not see all the glory that is about to come to pass. This God Buddha only visits the world after many Kalpas. The bright boy will be Buddha. For the salvation of the world he will teach divine law... and this salvation I shall not see, this is why I weep."

Buddha spent the early part of his life in the palace of his father. Once he saw a sick man, a dead man, a pale man and a Bhikshu and his confidence in the world was entirely shaken. Thereafter, the prince left the world and came to Vaisali where he took a Guru. But the Guru proving unsatisfactory, the Bhagvat went to Rajgriha. He disliked some of the Gurus here too, and leaving the place he resorted to Asoka Jonesia, where Asoka and other Buddhist monarchs built stumbhas and monasteries in honour of the great Buddha and his successors. Here Buddha fought out his battle and reached truth which he now proclaimed to the world. One of the great disciples of Buddha was Anuruddha. Gradually the new doctrines began to be carried far and wide into different parts of the country. Before he left Buddhism Vaisali he had gathered more than a thousand Buddhists

under him, and before leaving for Kapilvastu, the land of his father, Buddha got 20,000 yellow robed Bhikshus as his followers. At Magadha he converted king Bhimbisara, which marked a epoch in the history of Buddhism. Buddha sent his disciples to distant regions saying, "a great duty is yours to work for the happiness of men and spirits. Let us separate and go each in a different direction, no two following the same road. Go and preach Dharma." Buddhism appealed to reason, showed the path and left each man to think individually for himself. From the spread of Buddhism in distant lands like China and Burma we can imagine that, India the land of its birth, was wholly conquered. Meanwhile Buddha passed away in the year 470 B.C., full of joy, telling his disciples not to sorrow but seek salvation without weariness.

After the death of Buddha two factions arose, *viz.*, the Great Vehicle and the Little Vehicle. They were officially recognised at the fourth convocation before Kanishka in A. D. 10. The Great Vehicle believed in the future Buddha, while the Little Vehicle believed in the Buddha of the past. To settle the recurring points of contradiction on the sacred topics of religion, fortyfive years after Buddha death, the great disciple of Buddha convened a convocation at Rajagriha in Magadha with Kathapa as President. Here Ananda, a favourite pupil of Buddha's, read a paper on Dharma, and Upali a learned disciple of Buddha's read one on Winayo. For seven months together discussions on various topics took place which resulted in the final settlement of the Tri Patakas or the Three Baskets, which became the code of Buddhist scriptures. The convocation was dissolved amid thunderings and rockings of the earth.

One hundred years later the Schisms grew very troublesome, and the great Vehicle demanded for definite relaxation from the austerity of the Laws. King Kalathawka built a splendid hall for a fresh convocation at Magadha. Here at the persuasion of the President the Vihara regulations were made less stringent. In this convocation the king dealt a heavy blow to Buddhism as the official creed, by his words, "My task is finished."

A third convocation was held in the year 241 B. C. when it is stated, that 60,000 heretics were expelled from the Church on account of their disobedience to the Tri Patakas. Asoka was on the throne at this time, and under him, two officers were sent to Burmah to effect many radical changes in the Kyoungs. According to the Arthakatha which a critic proves wrong on the grounds of Asoka inscription on the Bairat rocks, thirty-four books of the Tri Patakas were reaffirmed at this convocation.

The fourth convocation was held in the days of the Kashmiri Prince Kanishka, who, it seems, compelled Buddhism to be professed even by staunch Brahmans. The tendency of these convocations was to establish the power of the Great Vehicle. Megasthenes, who visited Patna at the time of one of these convocations, writes that instead of the Buddhists retiring into jungles, he found lazy Buddhist monks living in sumptuous monasteries, and entering into puerile disputes as to whether or not, they should have fringes to their conches.

Man progresses slowly in thought and belief. A quick advance brings a speedy fall, due to want of adaptability. Buddhism fell because it was 2000 years in advance of the then current systems of belief. Its teachings did not harmonise with the thought atmosphere of

the times. The new creed was too Perfect, and in times its precepts and its main principles were forgotten, and intellectual speculations usurped the place of religious belief. Buddhism became too subtle, too abstract, too metaphysical to suit the weak and the weary. Immediately after Buddha's death change began. Subhadra, one of the oldest disciples, said "Revered ones, leave to mourn. We are now happily released from the rule of the great Sharamana, we shall no more be tormented with 'this is allowable and that is not allowable,' we can now do what we wish and leave undone what we do not care for." The result was that the religious spirit departed and only formalities remained. Brahmanism again appeared, it could not be defeated on its own ground. The kingdom of idolatry, which Buddha wished to overthrow, survived. He was himself installed in temples, his relics took the place of the idols. Two reactionary forces arose, therefrom, in the revival of ancient Brahmanism and of Jainism which now began to displace the faith of Buddha. As time advanced, Vedantism, Jainism, and original Brahmanism expelled Buddhism from its home. It only survives in the heights of Thibet or the hot deserts of Mongolia or in the green woods of Burma and Japan.

Wherever Buddhism continued to be followed the evolution of worship modified the teaching. The Gopardhas introduced snake worship, the Kashmiris elephant worship, while the Southerners promoted the worship of the Maitreys. The old thought rushed upon the people with all its dazzling glory and Buddhism faded from their view. No religion can exist by itself in its original form. Mutability is the law of Nature. Buddhism while dying was being reincarnated in Jainism. The warm Aryan

imaginations revived Brahmanism which had in it something to sooth passions, something to creat a higher love, and something to stimulate nobler expectations. Brahma creates, Vishnu preserves and Shiva destroys. Deliverance by faith was connected with the worship of Vishnu, and that by deed with that of Brahma, and by renunciation with that of Shiva. The theological interest was vivified by mythological and legendary narrations. Sankaracharya travelled all over India and established Mathams or schools of philosophy, principally at Dwarka in Kathiawar, Gangotri in the Himalayas, Juggannath in Orissa and Shivnagari in Southern India, which became the chief seats of Brahmanism. The way to Moksha was by the door of Knowledge and not idolatory, which had brought about the fall of original Brahmanism. He promulgated Vedantism which is sti'l regarded as the highest teaching in India. The result was that Buddhism was driven-away from the land of its birth, and with it departed unity and national glory. Brahmanism and subjugation have in the past gone hand in hand. Will a new India growing into nationalhood discover a new religion? Who can tell. The message of Buddha rings eternally true.

JHABWALLA.

THE ROMANCE OF A PURDAH WOMAN

Allah! I pray thee curse that serpent's face,
 Those serpent's eyes, that evil tongue of hers!
 From day to day, I learn to dread her more—
 What stores on stores of lies she hath of me!
 What bitter hate of one herself hath wronged!
 What jealousy of one now cast aside
 For such as she—who hath no heart, no soul
 But only eyes, and wicked, evil tongue!

Allah! By oft-repeated lies of me
 My husband's mind is poisoned 'gainst his wife
 I *am* his wife—yea, though she oft denies
 And says I am a slave, his wife no more:
 For she alone hath right unto the name—
 She—who hath been his wife for one short year .
 While I, O Allah! knew him as a child
 And though we parted ere I had turned twelve
 I had e'en then been chosen for his bride.....

She beats and worries me throughout the day
 It is so hot, I scarce can see to work
 My eyelids burn, my brain seems made of lead—
 She hath no pity—none—for grief or pain
 Of any but herself, should she have aught
 Which might be passed for either, small or great!

Allah! Allah! I cannot live like this!
'Twere better far to die and pass away!
'Tis only when I have gone hence at last,
And work hangs heavy on her hands all day
She will have sorrow—not for me alack!—
But for herself, that she hath more to do.

Allah!—To-day see struck me with her hand
Upon my face—I burn to think of it!—
Because I did not heed her twentieth call
When I was heard at work upon *her* sheet!
And threatened she to tell my husband all—
Ah! If she e'er told all! she but tells lies;
And he doth list her tales, and beat his wife...

O Allah! When I could not bear aught more
I did run out into the outer Court,
And hid from her behind the jasmine bush
To bide until my husband should return
And then with pray'rs and cries beseech him spare
For once at least his poor and illused wife,
And hear my tale ere she should tell her own.

I pulled the jasmine-blossoms from the bush
And thread them on the hairs from off my head
Into a heavy wreath for him to wear,
And kissed them as I waited there for him
And washed them with my welling tears the while.

I waited—Allah!—till the sun had set:
I watched the cawing crow to flap away:
I watched our golden fields turn grey and still,
And darkness gather swift towards the house:
I heard the jackal howling o'er the plain
And still I waited, though my blood ran cold:
I waited till my fears e'en for myself
Were swept away in greater fear for *him*

Allah, Allah! he comes not home tonight!
A messenger is sent to tell us so:
He hath been taken ill upon the street
And carried to the English hospital.
My heart is throbbing so, I scarce can breathe;
My eyes are brimming so I scarce can see!
And all is dark and sorrowful to me—
My husband comes not home to us tonight!

O Allah! Love is greater far than hate:
My fear for him hath quelled my hate for her
I crush the jasmine-wreath beneath my foot
And pass within the hous to seek for her,
To take her comfort in her first great grief.
I strive to help her rise and cease to weep;
I force her take some food and beg her sleep;
While all the time her tongue but strives to cut !
She curses me each moment for my pains:
She chides me for some fancied clumsiness.
E'en this I would forgive her in this hour—
But Allah! when she says I have no heart
And never could have loved my husband—Ah!
My brain takes flame and all my thoughts turn fire:
I clench my hands lest I should throttle her: !

Do I not love? O Allah! would it e'en were so!
Then would I never know this agony—
This depth of dark despair that weighs my heart
In fear for him who may not e'er return!...
I pray thee seal my eyes and let me sleep:
And if he comes not more, then take me hence
Take me away, O Allah, in my sleep!

* * * * *

Ten weary dawns have come and have crept hence:
 Ten restless nights have robbed us of our peace:
 But all shall be forgotten now—this day
 For he—my lord, my husband comes again.....
 Allah ! I thank thee with my joyful heart
 That thou hast heard our ceaseless pray'rs to thee
 To give him health and bring him safe at last.
 And Allah, bless that English hospital
 We shall not fear it now since him it saved.

* * * * *

O Allah! What a change in him is wrought!
 He, who did leave us with a giant's frame
 Has now returned a wreck of flesh and bone.
 I fear, twill be some time ere we, with care
 Can give him half his goodly health once more—
 But, Allah ! still my heart sings at my task :
 To cook his food and offer him to drink
 Is now a greater happiness for me....

O never shall I wish again to die
 For Allah ! thou hast e'en sent joy to me
 In giving me my husband's love once more—
 Yea ! O'er and o'er my lips give praise to thee :
 For 'twas indeed a wondrous miracle
 Was wrought for me, by thee, but yesterday....

O Allah ! was it not thy kindness great
 That led my husband softly to my room
 To ask for milk and find me with this book—
 In which I write my full heart's thoughts each day ?
 I swiftly sought to hide it from his gaze
 But he did take it firmly from my hands
 And Allah, if my heart knew fear, 'twas then !
 When sat he down upon my bed to read,
 And stood I trembling at his side, the while
 He read my soul, laid bare within a book :
 My love for him—who had forgotten me,
 My hate for her—alas ! his favoured wife !

He read it line by line, and page by page,
Nor looked up once that I might see his face :
And when the end had come he was so still
I feared 'twas wrath that held him speechless so,
And cast myself upon my knees by him,
And begged him to forgive me for thy sake
O Allah ! thou—who sent his illness hence....

And then, O blessed moment, when he took
My head between his hands and kissed my brow
And showered kindly, loving words on me
Such as I ne'er had heard from him before
My tears rained thick upon my face for joy
And pure relief that he did chide me not.

O Allah ! when my cup of joy was full .
He lifted me and bade me get him milk :
“Go dearest wife,” he “said Your husband thirsts
For milk, as well as wifely love and trust.
Thou hast thy tasks—but do them all for me
And I shall strive to earn them with my love”.

I rose and went—the cup had overflowed
My joy did spread around me as I moved—
So strong, so sweet, 'twas like the jasmine scent:
I did his bidding, and my task was light:
And then I built a shrine within my heart
Enthroned his words therein to cheer me e'er...
O Allah, Allah, Allah! I must fail
To tell in words of Earth, the bliss of Heav'n!

G. A. DE MELLO.

INDIA LOQUITUR.

THE Lord be thanked for the dawn of the day which had been longingly expected for four years and more. We may find comfort in the thought that millions of lives have been saved, which may have been sacrificed if the War had continued. Not only that, but many anxieties have come to an end, many troubles have ceased, and peace unhindered by any restrictions, is happily now in sight. The people of the world may once again devote themselves to peaceful avocations.

What else has the intervening hand of Providence brought about, or at any rate, let us hope, may bring about? First that the rightful will come into their own. Next, that the fate of cruelty and faithlessness will be a warning and an object lesson to the world. Lastly that the unprincipled enemy having been brought on his knees, aggression and encroachment will hereafter be things of the past.

The Goddess of Justice lent her scales, one side to Might and the other to Right. We of the living generation are lucky to have witnessed the weighing with our own eyes, and to have seen the balance inclining on the side of Right. The staggering events of the last four years have also demonstrated that Providence transcends all human designs, and that ultimately Righteousness alone doth triumph.

Is it not a miracle that has been worked? Will the short-sighted still refuse to see that:

“Our acts our Angels are,
For good or ill,
Our fatal shadows that walk
By us still.”

Lest we forget: we can only render a good account of ourselves and live at peace with ourselves and the world, as long as we keep in the Divine presence, and obey the Laws ordained by the Almighty. He knows what is in our innermost hearts: the deepest motives it is impossible, from Him to hide.

Fear the Lord thy God: whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy heart and all thy might. These are prescribed and together supply a rule of life compliance with which leads on to good fortune. So long as this brief code is followed there is forgiveness of misdeeds after due repentance. But to forget the All-Highest, is to meet with trouble at every step.

There is safety in remembering His Commands. Where there is the fear of God, there is all that is gracious in human nature—honesty, justice, goodness and the most pleasing of manners. But all these virtues vanish, the moment selfishness steps in. All the dissensions that are rending the world are clearly the result of misguidedness, and this misconception of the real duty is manifested in a variety of ways. In some instances it takes the form of taking no notice of peoples sufferings or of not readily relieving them. In others it is exhibited by the jeopardising of public interest for the sake of personal fame or self-glorification. Either line of conduct is inconsistent with true humanity.

We may well appeal to people to bethink themselves of the wail which suffering sends up to Heaven. We may well remind them that there is a limit to human patience. How long can human beings put up silently with iniquity. And, further, even if there be no justice in this world, there is justice in the Hereafter. The imprecations of the suffering would one day surely evoke an ample response, and the people responsible for inflicting misery would have to answer for their deeds. For, be it remembered that every act of every man is recorded in a scroll with the exactitude with which a phonograph registers all sounds. It is strange that, so often, people profess sentiments which are worthy of angels but when it comes to action even these men behave as if they were something less than human.

To justify oneself before the seat of supreme judgment is by no means an easy matter. It is much more difficult than the proverbial cracking of a hard nut. True glory is the reward of self effacement only and God approves of the conduct of only such men as have feared him and tried to do right.

Apparently there is, in the world, a great diversity of Religions and of the rules of conduct; but really there is no difference between them, because they all aim at the one thing, namely, to know and realise God. The differences in the various religions, and the conduct prescribed by them, are due merely to the fact that the "Law givers" sought to suit their teaching to the natural and other conditions which they found in their time. As all rivers ultimately fall into the sea, so all religions eventually unite in the Common Hall of Justice which is the Court Divine. But the wise of the present age fail to grasp this eternal truth

and by inventing various shibboleths only divide society into factions. Viewed in detail the Province of Religion is very extensive, but certain principles may be deduced, which if acted upon in daily life will bring contentment here and tranquility hereafter. These are here expressed in the form of injunctions or Commandments:—

1. Thou shalt worship with all thy heart the Lord thy God.
2. Thou shalt remain devoted to God's Vicegerent thy King.
3. Thou shalt follow thy religion.
4. Thou shalt protect all other faiths than thy own, and take interest in them.
5. Thou shalt maintain complete control over all thy appetites and desires.
6. Thou shalt be generous of disposition and within thy means charitable,
7. Thou shalt make thyself instinct with sympathy.
8. Thou shalt falter not in thy righteous decisions.
9. Thou shalt eschew, anger, jealousy and greed.
10. Thou shalt be patient under all that overtakes thee.
11. Thou shalt respect thy elders and superiors.
12. Thou shalt listen intently and with sympathy to what any one has to urge, but shalt do only that which thou believest to be right.
13. Thou shalt order all thy affairs with wisdom.
14. Thou shalt love the truth and therefore love justice.
15. Thou shalt faithfully fulfil thy promises.
16. Thou shalt work for and maintain union.
17. Thou shalt duly punish the wrong-doers.
18. Thou shalt be lowly minded.
19. Thou shalt endeavour to be modest and yet far-sighted.
20. Thou shalt forbear from meanness in any form.
21. Thou shalt be true to thy salt.
22. Thou shalt endeavour to bring joy where misery is.
23. Thou shalt not lend thy ear to calumny.
24. Thou shalt not forget what thou art.
25. Thou shalt honour the honest and the faithful.

Although the wisdom of these injunctions lies on the surface, yet the intellectuals of the present age will not readily subscribe to them. Rather they would stigmatise them as morbid and weak-kneed sentiments which are responsible for arresting the progress of India.

This condemnation would be in accord with the prevailing mental attitude which demands that every proposition shall be scientifically demonstrated in a laboratory or on a black board before it can be regarded as worthy of acceptance. It may be observed, however, that the matters to which the foregoing injunctions relate are neither geometrical propositions nor problems in Algebra which can be proved in the manner suggested. .

This is not to suggest that the truths laid down are incapable of proof: only, they require a different board for the purpose of their demonstration. They can be worked out on the tablet of the heart.

Also we may remind the faithful worshippers of ratiocination that the world takes many things on trust, because the sources from which they arise are believed to be trustworthy. As a matter of fact, if every body insisted upon proof of everything, the world's business will come to a stand still. Then again the principles which have been here enunciated are such as anybody can prove for himself so far as their utility is concerned; on the other hand the process of their deduction is not within the capability of every man. That requires great application and self-effacement. Certainly the process is not within the capacity of a "fashionable gentleman." At the same time, if a person applies himself to penance and purification of the heart and devotes, at least, as much

time and earnest attention to the matter as is given to taking the degrees in Science or Literature, he may hope to convince himself that the afore-stated injunctions are as true as any scientific laws.

The joy to be derived from such application transcends all the pleasures that are usually sought after. And yet the attainment of the perfect life would appear to be the object for which we are born in this world.

In contrast with this, the conditions of life in the present times would appear to be perfectly amazing. People appear to be all in the air and will not condescend to set foot on *terra firma*. They run after shadows and care not for substance. What is worse, they let go the real for the sake of the imitation article. Any how, it is some comfort that such an angle of vision is confined only to a limited circle. But the pity of it is that unity is non-existent and differences of opinion exist even amongst the smaller groups and bodies. And yet each group and party wishes to be in the ascendant. The consequence is that impatience reigns supreme. There is dissatisfaction on every side, so much so that there is no agreement even between people of the same persuasion. Every one tries to be No. 1. Sincerity is a discarded virtue. What is professed by the lips is not necessarily in accord with what is deep down in the heart.

Home Rule and Reform are at present the watch-words of the people. In this connection, it seems worth while to draw attention to the scheme exhibited by Nature. In Nature we do not find uniformity—instead we find diversity of type. Nay more, variety of species would appear to be favoured by Nature. Not only are people of various countries

ethnically different but in consequence of their varying environment they also differ in temperament. These circumstances naturally give rise to varying customs and traditions, no less than to different religions. Even the *flora* and *fauna* of the different parts of the globe differ from each other. Wherefrom it seems permissible to conclude that local conditions must determine the type specially suited to any country or people in respect of any matter. This would appear to be really necessary because we do not find uniform conditions to prevail even in different parts of the same country. To take a homely illustration, Bengal produces plantains while Kashmir produces saffron. Who would not desire to have the ideal within grasp: but is this practicable?

What applies to the vegetable kingdom also applies to the realm of administration. The same system does neither prevail everywhere nor would appear to be entirely suitable to all parts of the country. Take for example the land revenue system. We find the Zamindari system existing side by side with the Ryotwari. All these differences of type suggest the inference that the conditions to be found in the different countries were created or brought about by Divine or human wisdom with an eye to their special suitability. What is, therefore, suitable for one country or people is not necessarily suitable for another. It is this conclusion from the order of Nature which makes the demand for Home Rule so unintelligible.

Numberless people, before now, have felt the same disaffection towards diversity in Nature and vainly tried to alter her scheme: similarly, innumerable wise heads have laboured, in the past, to have one language, a common religion and an uniform system of administration for the

whole world but to no avail. Such efforts do not promise ever to prove anything else than futile. The fact of the matter is that however high human ambition may soar, human capacity is only limited. How can man in such circumstances, hope to change the very order of Nature?

Reflection shows that all that is in Nature is founded upon some profound principle or other. One of her Laws is that there shall be diversity of type. If in place of this rule there was sameness: if, for example, all men had the same face and the same disposition, how could there be any relative progress. There would not only be a dead-level in all matters in all countries but to push the illustration home, no wife would know her husband, nor a child his parent.

So there must be an inscrutable purpose behind what, we see, as for example, the survival of the Indian type of civilisation. Its rivals of the past, the civilisation of Egypt, Greece and Rome have come and gone with practically all their characteristics. But the Indian nationality still survives and her much-ridiculed practices of daubing the forehead and marking the cheeks as well as her institution of the Sacred-thread are still there: continuing to be very much in evidence at every ancient shrine or holy bathing place. The question that at once arises and clamours for an answer is, why is it that while the other ancient races have disappeared from the surface of the globe, the Indian people, more ancient than all others, is still surviving and retaining most of its original characteristics? The ways of Providence are mysterious and inscrutable: but it seems that in matters spiritual no country can come up to the level of India. It is, therefore, possible that a Wise Dispensation has enabled India to survive for the set purpose

that spiritual light may once again radiate from this ancient centre. Notwithstanding all the ridicule and carping criticism that has for many years been levelled against the social institutions of India, the bulk of the country's people still adhere tenaciously to them. The opinion, may, therefore, be hazarded that, in view of all the foregoing facts, it would be contravening the plan of Nature for the Indians to give up their principles, their usages or their religion. Such a disposition on the part of a people to be untrue to their own past can only degrade them in the eyes of other nations.

A marked feature of the Indian polity is the divergence of race and creed which it embraces. This gives rise to diversity of tongue and custom. But an even more marked feature and a still more special characteristic of the country is to be found in the fact that it has always been accustomed to personal Rule. In consideration of this to get Home Rule. In consideration of this, to get Home Rule, is to give an open and standing invitation to Nihilism, Socialism, Communism and Anarchism. How far this is desirable may engage the thoughtful? Suppose that India gets Home Rule. Is anybody prepared to aver that all misery will disappear and all disaffection will come to an end? Most certainly not. There is no doubt, however, that if Home Rule comes, the leaders of that movement will have great cause for satisfaction, as they will be able to have a finger in most pies, and to count themselves amongst the foremost people of the country.

It seems the order of the day that such as have the courage of conviction, and unflinchingly speak out the truth, are ruled out of court. Nay, worse, they have to

hide their diminished heads. But those who are ready to say ditto to anything, are the ones that swim on the tide of popular favour. Much time is nowadays spent in ridiculing each other—what hope can there be of improvement in conditions so thoroughly wasteful.

We may well call upon the Ordainer of all affairs to shower His Mercy upon us from on high, and to see us through this internecine war and civil dissension, as it pleased Him to bring us unscathed through the greatest war known in history. But for Divine Intercession, for which we earnestly pray, to us there seems nothing ahead except mutual quarrels and tribulations. History gives us a clear warning that whenever Civil Strife has attained any appreciable proportion, it has always led to Revolution. The results of Revolution are too well known to require mention. The help of the Army has to be invoked, rival parties become ranged in opposite camps, and war properly so called ensues. Principalities and Powers disappear and the work of generations is undone.

Unless such catastrophes be desired, there are many possible ways of attaining the professed object. Slight changes in the existing administrative machinery will produce a form of Government akin to Home Rule. Of course, the problem is not easy of solution. But in our opinion, if the following principle are applied great satisfaction will be rendered to the people. The measures suggested will come as a balm to sore hearts and the task of administration will be greatly facilitated.

While superior power should be retained by the Rulers in their own hands, the public should be induced to apply themselves to the promotion of the country's good. This,

of course, consists in the prosperity of the people. To bring about this end, it will doubtless be necessary to remove all restrictions which stand in the way of material advancement. The people will thus attain their ultimate goal.

What the impeding conditions are will be presently stated. But is it not advisable to form a local administration in each district, sub-district and village, and to hold the inhabitants of such local areas responsible for good Government? Similarly local Governments and Provincial Boards might be constituted for higher units. These local administrations should be subject to laws which have been framed in consultation with the people. Of course, the Government will have to reserve the power to prevent anything that was objectionable, and to approve that which was not so. In short the Government would have to assume the position of a "Balancer" and in that capacity to decide what is not good for the public interest.

The corollary from this proposition is that the heads of local administrations and Departments alike would occupy a position analogous with that of the President of a Council. Just as in cases of difference of opinion amongst the members it is the business of such a president, by discussing the pros and cons of the matter under consideration, to bring about the adoption of the right view; similarly the officers of the Government will have to guide the deliberations over which they preside. The Balancer—to use the phrase for brevity's sake—must, however, beware of playing the parties off against each other, by siding with one, one day, and favouring the other, the next. If not, a sense of injury will be engendered and the country's

best interest will suffer. Should there be any disposition to apprehend that the adoption of the system suggested will lead to the eventual overthrow of the Government, we may at once say that this is impossible, so long as the officers of the Government continue to prove by their acts that they have the good of the country at heart, and so long as they effectively prevent the creation of dangerous conditions.

In our opinion the Zamindar is an important link in the chain of administration, for he knows every bit of the ground and all matters that appertain to it. Further, he knows what his requirements are. There is no reason, therefore, why Zamindars, Associations or Boards should not be started. These Boards should be employed to improve the agricultural conditions in all their aspects, so that the yield of land and of forests in the shape of raw materials could be collected in abundance and made readily available. This would help the manufacturing industries and therefore the trade of the country.

Similarly, there may be started in each sub-district the Traders Associations with the object of promoting commerce. The Presidents of such Associations or Board would be the same officers of the Government, and they would play the part of "Balancers" by restricting the Boards' activities to profitable concerns and by composing differences. If they play this role successfully, not only will people continue to be happily engaged in their callings but also they will not wish to concern themselves with the Home Rule and other similar movements. The District officers should be enjoined to consult these Boards in all matters and to encourage their making suggestions. These officers must create an atmosphere of confidence in which

the people would unhesitatingly approach them regarding any disabilities under which they suffer. The officers would have to remove all legitimate complaints without importing into such rectification either their personal feelings or any false idea of prestige. At the same time they would have to have the authority to over-rule anything that was undesirable. In such cases they would, of course, give their reason for interdicting what they refuse to allow. But much more important than the explanation of reasons for the sake of rendering satisfaction is the tone adopted and the general attitude towards what is disallowed. The former must be conciliatory, and not fierce, and the latter, that of friendly difference. If not, all harmony of working must go by the Board and the hydra of discontent must make its appearance.

The Bodies contemplated should be invariably consulted in regard to all such matters as call for suppression. For example, they may be usefully consulted as to how sedition should be prevented, how crime should be suppressed, how the Police may be improved and how religious differences may be composed.

Military and Political matters should, however, be the sole concern of the Government, who would also retain the purse string in their own hands. When demands for money are put forward they must be carefully considered, but the Government must decide how money is to be allocated under the several heads. Once the allocation has been made, the Associations and Boards should be at liberty to spend the moneys as they like, as long as they spend them usefully and profitably. Such expenditure would often involve the engagement of officers. In making these appointments it should be endeavoured to give equal opportunities to all castes and creeds, consistently with

the condition of certificated qualification. And it will be a good policy for any Government to lay down the proportion in which the different castes shall be employed. Such an injunction would of course be consistent with the numerical strength of the various communities.

It is not suggested that there should be separate offices and agencies. What is intended is that if a decision has been arrived at in one of these Bodies, the existing agencies should give it effect in the ordinary course of discretion procedure. The Government must of course retain complete direction in the matter of increasing and decreasing the allotments.

It is the duty of communities whom Providence has called to rule over others to treat equally and impartially their own kith and kin and the people whom they govern. This equality of treatment must extend to official appointments also, in order that the governed may have no occasion to feel that if responsible posts were held by some of their own, they would have received treatment that was at once helpful and advantageous. The subject races must not be allowed to think that if some of their own countrymen were highly placed on the official ladder then only would a number of themselves have enjoyed the opportunity to occupy minor official positions. In short, the Government should so perform their task that the subject people would not know that they were under a foreign master.

We think that it rests entirely with the officers of the Government to induce with feelings of perfect trust the subject people and to make them thoroughly devoted to the Sovereign and his Government. So long as these

officers are just and kind there can be no doubt that devotion will be forthcoming. Consequently officers who engender discontent amongst the governed can not be looked upon as loyal servants of the Crown or of the Government.

The people of this country are essentially religious. Their pursuits are ultimately for the most part spiritual. Consequently, it is the clear duty of the Government to protect the various religions and to render every help in the performance of all the religious practices and ceremonies. Such protection should be rendered in an impartial manner and with an utter absence of bias or bigotry. An ample politeness should characterise their relation with all who belong to different persuasion. By this means it would be found extremely easy to gain a mastery over the people's hearts. The Indian States furnish so many illustrations of the effectiveness of this policy. This policy neither lowers the prestige nor compromises the position of any Government. On the contrary, it heightens the esteem in which the Government is held by the people. But what is far more important, this policy helps to eradicate the most common and acute difference. It is not inconsistent with any one's personal faith and saves such a deal of heart-burning and animosity. "If you live in Rome, do as the Romans do" is a well-known principle. Without such a principle the practical business of the world cannot go on, simply because you can't carry the people with you.

As an example of how this principle should be applied in practice, we would observe that there does not seem to be the slightest reason why on the occasion of such festivals as the "Id" and the "Dasehra", the Government

Officers concerned should not themselves organise a "procession", as is done in the Indian States. If this were done, people of all faiths and persuasions would join. Such a procession might start from a central point in the head quarters town and may end up after passing through the principal streets, at the Town Hall or some other place selected with an eye to suitability where a *Shamiana* may have been pitched in advance. At this place the *Durbaris* may be asked to take seats and congratulated on behalf of the Sovereign. "Itar Pan" may then take place and the "Durbaris" may thereafter be enabled to mix freely with and congratulate each other. This done, the proceedings may terminate. The procession and the Durbar at the end would naturally have to be fixed for a convenient hour, so that the people who took part in them would have comfortably got through the observances enjoyed upon them by their religion. We have no hesitation in saying that any objection to this plan can only be regarded as unreasonable. To import considerations of dignity and prestige into such a matter is to shut ones eyes to all reason and to court difficulties.

To turn to other matters, the question is also being debated, at the present time, whether to treat the Indian States as a separate interest or as one with British India. We remember that there appeared in the "*Times of India*" two articles upon this question. One in the issue of the 20th December, 1917 and the other on the 13th of June, 1918. Apropos of them we are of the opinion that the position as well as the Treaties of the State ought to be completely respected. But at the same time counsel should be sought with them in all matters relating to commerce,

Education, Agriculture and all others of common concern. No less should they be consulted in respect of regulations to be framed and laws to be enacted which are likely to affect them. Such consultation can do no harm. On the contrary, the two interests would thus be harmonised. For example, take the Companies Act. If this is framed under any other conditions the interests of general trade are bound to suffer. Further, if the representatives of the States are allowed to join the representative bodies or assemblies in British India, such joint deliberation can not but ultimately have an improving effect upon the administration of the States. Furthermore, the States would thus become acquainted with the requirements of the people in general. As regards matters that are undergoing development, it can be productive of nothing else but good for the people both of British India and the States to know what Laws or Rules of business retard all round progress. Such joint deliberation would of course be worse than useless, unless all together approached questions in a friendly spirit, that is to say, with the object of affording all possible help to each other.

After all the States though separate are friendly, allied and related administrations. It can possibly do no harm, on the contrary it will surely do good to render them legitimate satisfaction and thus to carry them along. Their loyalty to the British Crown is undoubted; their favourable disposition towards British Indian aspirations is equally unquestionable. It must, therefore, be held to be good policy to help on their progress by removing all hampering restrictions and impeding reservations. Their support being admitted by an asset of the Empire, there

can be nothing more impolitic than to make them disaffected. Why not then ensure general harmony and smooth administration by enlisting their co-operation in the general progress of the country?

We think that the time has arrived for the constitution of such agencies as would acquaint people in this country with what is happening in foreign countries in matters of Trade, Agriculture and Education and also advise in respect of such matters. These agencies might usefully issue leaflets from which the suggested Associations would see the stages of progress attained.

Another suggestion is that Panchayat Boards should be appointed with enhanced powers with a view to save people from the ruinous expenditure of litigation. It may, however, be provided that if any party be dissatisfied with the award of a Panchayat Board, resort may be had to a regular Court of Law.

It also occurs to us to remark that delay, in the disposal of matters generally, also makes for defective and inefficient administration.

In any case a very pressing problem is to arrange that the capital of the Empire is all employed within the Empire and does not have to find employment in foreign countries. This, of course, is only possible if Industries are pushed and Trade and Commerce are effectively enabled to expand. The sister countries within the Empire should freely help each other with Capital. Experience has shown, however, that owing to delays in the approval of schemes, business men can not afford to keep themselves or their capital idle and, therefore, arrange to employ their wealth in foreign countries.

Again, the question of taxation in relation to the attraction, or otherwise, of Capital must also be seriously considered. Heavy taxation has a tendency to scare away Capital.

Yet another crucial matter is the maintenance of happy and sympathetic relations between the officers of Government and the leaders of public associated with them in the transaction of public business. The treatment of the latter by the former should be such as to indicate identity of interest. It is a mistake to suffer these two classes of exponents to be ranged in opposite camps, and to give rise to a condition of affairs in which one party is sworn to attack, and the other pledged to defend. Such a state of things is productive of much harm. Frankness combined with amiability is a wonderful talisman.

The following matters require the earnest consideration of administrators. Inattention to them often leads to discontent and unpopularity:—

(a) The Revenue with its subsidiary department, Land Records and the Police are extremely important branches of administration. Their condition is, however, far from satisfactory. It is most important for the success of a Government that the ryot should trust its officials especially of the Police Department. To bring about such trust it is necessary that the superior officers should maintain close supervision over the acts of their subordinates. The effort should be to create the feeling in the mind of the ryot that the Government functionaries, specially of the Police, are their well-wishers and mean to protect them from harm. It is of course the business of the Police to bring the wrong-doers to justice, but they can do a great deal towards keeping the peaceful in proper temper.

(b) It is a platitude to say that the ryot is the goose that lays the golden egg. Even more, it is the supporter and the real benefactor of those engaged in the task of administration. This consideration entitles the ryots to the very best of treatment. But generally the ryots suffer the greatest hardships at the hands of District Officers, the police and even the Chaprasis. Consequently not to check the evil is to suffer a great blot to remain on the administration.

In this connection an appeal may also be made to the legal profession. Its duty is to defend the innocent and also to see that the wrong-doers do not escape punishment. Tyranny and injustice can be greatly minimised if this noble profession will adopt this creed. The criminal, the mischief maker, the oppressor and the liar who cause so much trouble should be made to suffer the maximum punishment prescribed, in order that there may be created a wholesome respect for law. If the police, the Courts and the legal profession combine in this humanitarian object, it will greatly redound to their own credit and all administration where such a righteous league exists will be highly and deservedly beloved of the people.

(c) In conclusion we would say the Government should endeavour, by all means possible, to engage and seek counsel with people in the transaction of public business. It should also continue to afford proof of the fact that all those within the British Empire are one, by having no diversity of aim, and by the absence of any real conflict of interest, but above all by virtue of being the subjects of one common Sovereign. It should further evince a disposition to work in with the people.

With the consciousness which we have of being prompted by none but the purest of motives in voicing these sentiments we hardly think it necessary to insert a word of apology at the end. Still we may express the hope that our observations will be read only as they are meant. We neither claim perfections nor divination. We perfectly realise our proneness to all ordinary human errors. All that we claim, if we may repeat it, is to have been led into writing this piece by a stern sense of duty to the country and an irrepressible desire to render service to the best of our lights. Our judgment may have gone astray and vital considerations may have escaped our limited ken. But we trust that our readers will requite our spirit of friendliness by construing us without any prejudice. Of course if an open mind is not brought to bear upon our reflections, they may well appear to be fraught with evil.

Let us see how far all this goes down with the people. One can only do one's best. The result must be in the lap of the Gods.

AN INDIAN PRINCE.

A PUNJAB PEASANT'S PRAYER.

THIS is a free translation of a poem which was recited by Chowdhari Shahab Din at a great meeting held in Lahore in the presence of Sir Michael O'Dwyer and under the patronage of the Punjab Publicity Committee. It is now sung in the villages of the Punjab and indicates how the minds of men are moving.

On many a battlefield, India
Victorious marched. Her deeds of glory
And her sacrifice, in money and men,
Answering un murmuring, her Emperor's call
Which mighty conflict made on faith and love.
Now waits for bounties from her Sovereign Lord.

Our eyes are set in hope, on his Durbar
Whose single glance can fulfil all desires,
And fill our empty hands with choicest gifts.
Our raft is tossing on the waves still,
And he alone can guide it to the shore.
With longing eyes we wait expectant all.

We only beg, for a small boon
Ours is not, an unusual claim,
We beg for equal rights, give them and see,
How we spend ourselves for the Empire.
Order, that our brothers, beyond the seas
Treat us as equal children of thy flag.

Colour distinctions, stronger than the caste
Should part no more Imperial brotherhood,
And bar the way of mutual helpfulness
Among the members of one great household.
India the brightest jewel in your Crown
Is its great glory and its chief renown.

A CONVERTIBLE RUPEE.

UNDER a gold exchange system the principal money of a country consists of token coins, which are convertible into gold at a more or less constant rate for purposes of foreign payments, but which are inconvertible for purposes of internal currency. The rupee is thus partially convertible. When the balance of trade turns against India, and a demand for gold for export arises, the Government freely convert rupees into gold or Reverse Council Bills, *i. e.* means of obtaining gold in London. But for purposes of internal circulation the Government are not bound to give a single sovereign in exchange for rupees.

If rupees were made fully convertible, gold in circulation as currency would increase. Is it desirable to encourage the use of gold as currency? The view of the Chamberlain Commission was that it is wasteful to use gold in circulation and that India should be encouraged to develop economical habits in matters of currency. "The people of India neither desire nor need any considerable amount of gold for circulation as currency, and the currency most generally suitable for the internal needs of India consists of rupees and notes." As a paper currency is more economical than a metallic currency,

even when the latter consists of silver tokens, the Commission recommended that the Government should encourage the use of notes. But the Commission also recognised that, over 90 per cent of the people being illiterate, for many years to come, coins will be preferred to notes in India, and they laid down that "the Government should continue to aim at giving the people the form of currency which they demand, whether rupees, notes or gold, but the use of notes should be encouraged."

The importance of giving the people the form of currency which they ask for can not be exaggerated. Suppose notes are forced into circulation. If the notes are inconvertible, they will depreciate, and a note professing to be worth a hundred rupees may not exchange in the bazar for one anna. If they are freely convertible, notes which are in excess of the needs of the people will return to the offices of issue. If there is the least unwillingness or delay in the conversion of notes on demand, the whole mass of paper will depreciate. As is well known, currency notes depreciated to some extent in the last year of the war, the discount on such notes amounting to 5 per cent in some cases.

The extent to which notes can be pushed into circulation in India is at present very limited. That it is desirable to encourage the use of notes, will be admitted by everyone. Money is the medium of exchange and from that point of view paper is preferable to silver or gold, being more economical, and in some respects, more convenient. But even in advanced countries a metallic circulation exists side by side with a paper circulation. In less advanced countries like India the proportion of

metallic money in circulation to paper money must be high. And it may be dangerous to reduce the proportion by forcing paper into circulation.

Apart from coins made of copper and nickel, our metallic circulation before the war consisted of a very large amount of silver and some gold. During the war gold entirely disappeared from circulation. Gold mohurs were coined in the last year of the war to enable the Wheat Commissioner to carry out his programme of wheat purchases in the Punjab, but as might have been foreseen, the gold did not come into circulation. The war is over, but the metallic currency, as during the war, consists of silver, nickel and copper.

Will gold come into circulation again? The answer to this question depends partly on the attitude of the people toward gold as currency, and partly on that of the Government. If there was a genuine demand in India for gold as currency and if the Government were not unwilling to satisfy that demand as far as possible, gold would circulate again as currency. It may, further be said, that since the importance of giving the people the form of currency for which they ask has been recognized, the Government should endeavour to satisfy the demand for gold, if gold is wanted for circulation.

But do the people ask for a gold currency? How far is it true that the people of India do not desire any considerable amount of gold in circulation as currency?

In accordance with the recommendations of the Fowler Committee the sovereign was declared legal tender in 1899 and an attempt was made in the following year to introduce gold into circulation. Payments of gold from the Currency

Reserve commenced on 12th January 1900 at the currency offices in Calcutta, Madras and Bombay, and towards the end of that month at the remaining five currency offices. "The instructions issued were to tender gold to all presenters of notes, but to give rupees if they were preferred." Later on sovereigns were sent to the larger District Treasuries with instruction that they might pay sovereigns to any one who might desire to receive them in exchange for rupees, or in payments due by the Government. In March 1900 the Post Offices in the Presidency Towns and Rangoon were instructed to give gold in payment of money orders, and the three Presidency Banks were requested to issue sovereigns in making payments on Government account. These arrangements continued in force throughout 1900-01 and it was estimated that about £ 6,750,000 were put into the hands of the public. Of this amount part was exported, and more than half returned to the Government, so that not more than £ 3,000,000 remained in the possession of the public. Because a considerable amount of gold had returned to the Government it was thought that the people did not want gold as currency and preferred rupees. The Comptroller of Currency in the report on the operations of the Currency Department for 1899-1900 said:

"The issues of sovereigns from currency offices under these orders were not inconsiderable: but the receipts continued large and considerably in excess of the issues. Gold has apparently not yet begun to circulate in the country as money." But, probably, gold had begun to circulate as money. In the case of the agricultural community payment of Government dues is the chief item of expenditure. The return of gold to the Government was

not an indication of the desire of the agriculturists to get rid of the gold as fast as possible: it rather showed that the people were using gold as money should be, and is meant to be, used. If the gold had remained in the possession of the people it would have been said that it had been hoarded.

The net absorption of sovereigns in 1901-02 amounted to £9 millions. The increase in the popularity of the sovereigns is shown by the increase in the amount of the absorption every year. The amount absorbed was £1 million in 1902-03; £2 millions in 1903-04, £2.2 in 1904-05, £2.7 millions in 1905-06 and £3.9 millions in 1906-07. "The absorption in the year under report," said the Comptroller of Currency in his report for 1906-07, "has so far been the highest on record, the United Provinces, and the Punjab, showing the largest demand." But the absorption in 1907-08 (£6.2) millions was 59 per cent greater than that of the preceding year. "The absorption in the year under report" said the Comptroller in his report for 1907-08, "has been the highest on record, the most notable increases having occurred in the United Provinces, the Punjab, Burma, Madras and Calcutta". The absorption in 1908-09 was only £2.4 millions, but it "would have been higher than ever, had gold been available." In 1909-10 it was still less, being only £.8 million, but it "would have been higher had gold been available throughout the year." The receipts at the Currency Offices for imports amounted during the year to £7,139,000, but they were received only in the closing months. There were no receipt from April to October 1909 (both inclusive). In 1910-11 the total absorption amounted to £7,187,000 as compared with £6,220,000 for 1907-08. As regards the popularity

of the sovereign the Comptroller of Currency in his report for 1910-11 "said that the apprehension that the sovereign would not be popular was not well founded-..." But he pointed out that "the acceptance of the sovereign is not yet general," possibly due to the fact that they were not everywhere offered. The Comptroller also doubted whether the sovereign had established itself *as currency*, though he recognized that "so far as it pays for produce and so far again as it comes back in payment of revenue, it acts as currency." His theory was that the acceptance by the cultivator of gold in payment of his crops was probably in the nature of barter. In 1911-12, however, the absorption of gold in Northern India and Bombay necessitated special enquiries as to the exact use made of the gold. The result of the enquiries was published in the Currency Report for 1911-12. The enquiries showed that a very considerable portion of the gold absorbed in the Punjab was actually in circulation as currency, that in some cases better rates and terms could be obtained when gold was tendered in payment of produce than when silver was offered, gold thus being practically at a premium. "The people preferred gold because it was less troublesome than silver money." The enquiries made in the Gujranwala district showed that all the grain agents paid the Zemindars chiefly in gold and that the Zemindars paid their revenues in gold. The Zemindar prefers to have his price for the grain in gold as he can easily carry it, and easily exchange it, and if necessary, put it away. He shies at currency notes of any value as they cannot be easily exchanged, and to receive payment in silver mean cost of carriage and a greater risk of being robbed." Gold was, in short, preferred because it is money of higher monetary utility than silver. The enquiries

made in Bombay showed that gold was not being hoarded or melted to the same extent as before, and that the gold circulation was steadily increasing. The enquiries made in the United Provinces, Madras and Burma showed similar results.

The total absorption of sovereigns in 1912-13 (£10,245,000) was more than a third in excess of that in 1911-12 (£7,600,000). Special enquiries were again made as to the exact use to which the sovereigns were put, which confirmed the result of the enquiries made in the preceding year.

In 1913-14 the absorption of sovereigns amounted to £12,074,000. Special enquiries made in this year showed that "in certain parts of India at any rate, sovereigns are used to an increasing extent to real currency transactions." The sovereign "had certainly displaced silver to some extent in Bombay, the Punjab and the United Provinces, and probably in a lesser degree, in Madras and Burma also." The general conclusion of the Comptroller of Currency was "that in large portions of India the sovereign is now entering largely into ordinary transactions in cases in which there are of sufficient size to make its use possible."

With this mass of evidence before one it is impossible not to conclude that there was a genuine demand for gold as currency before the war. Considering that a great part of this evidence must have been available to the Chamberlain Commission, it is somewhat difficult to understand how that Commission reached a different conclusion, that the people of India "neither *desire* nor need any considerable amount of gold for circulation as currency."

The chief objection to a gold currency for India seems to be that the circulation of gold on a large scale in the country would weaken the Reserves now maintained for the support of exchange. If gold took the place of rupees, the Gold Standard Reserve would cease to grow and the strength of the Paper Currency Reserve would be diminished by the amount of gold which is withdrawn from it for currency purposes. It is pointed out that "sovereign for sovereign, gold in circulation is less effective than gold in reserve for supporting exchange." The weakening of the Reserve means the weakening of the Government's position at a time of exchange difficulties. Hence the conclusion that it is not to India's interest to encourage the use of any considerable amount of gold as currency. Now it must be admitted that a stable exchange is preferable to an exchange which is not stable. We may even go so far as to say that the establishment of the exchange value of the rupee on a stable basis is of great importance to India. But this of course does not mean that every thing else is of no importance to India. Exchange is not everything. Supposing it were proved beyond doubt that the token currency issued by the Government under a gold exchange system tended to become inflated, though the exchange value of the rupee in terms of gold remained stable, it would be well worth considering whether the people were not paying too heavy a price for the advantages of a stable exchange. Again, suppose the people lost their faith in the token rupee. The result would be the depreciation of the rupee in terms of commodities generally. In such a case those who were able to offer gold would be in a position to make their purchases more easily and on better terms than those who offered silver or notes. Prices of

commodities in terms of gold would be lower than in terms of silver or paper. The Government by making a proper use of the gold reserves, might prevent the exchange from falling, for a time, but in the end the depreciation of the rupee in terms of commodities would also affect its exchange value in terms of gold.

The form of currency which a people will use does not and should not, depend upon considerations of the stability of exchange alone. It is very largely a question of sentiment. No government can force upon the people a currency to which the people strongly object. And no government can continue long to resist the demand of a people for a form of currency which they are determined to have. The form of currency also depends upon the scale of wages and incomes in the country. In this connection it may be noted that wages, incomes and prices in India have risen considerably during the last twenty years, in which fact we may find some explanation of the increase in the demand for gold as currency before the war.

And from the view point of the stability of exchange the gold exchange system, the great war has shown, is not an ideal one. A token coin remains a token coin so long as its intrinsic value is less than its face value. When the value of its metallic content rises so that the intrinsic value of the token exceeds its currency value, the gold exchange system comes to an end. In order to re-establish it, a new and a higher gold price for it must be fixed, or the coin must be debased further. Recoinage is no easy matter. Recoinage of the tokens in a country like India would take several years and it would subject the people and the Government to no small amount of inconvenience. There

is further the risk that the new coin may not be acceptable to the people. As compared with re-coinage, altering the legal parity of the tokens seems to be less difficult, but it imposes great hardships upon the debtor classes of a community. Rather than alter the legal parity of its dollar Mexico adopted a real gold standard twelve years ago.

The war has necessitated a revision of the report of the Chamberlain Commission. Let us hope that the Government would recognize the genuineness of India's demand as far as possible. This may be done either by the issue of notes payable in gold, or by making the rupee convertible into gold for purposes of internal circulation, as it already is for the settlement of India's external obligations.

BRIJ NARAIN,

HARVEST HOME.

By the Poet Laureate.

*Verses to the Americans on their Thanksgiving Day, celebrated in England,
November 28, 1918.*

A toast for West and East
 Drink on this Thursday feast
 Last in November,
 The year when 'Albion's lands
 Across the sea join hands—
 Drink and remember !
 Nineteen-eighteen fulfill'd
 The kindly purpose will'd
 By the Ever-living,
 When first in home upstay'd
 The Pilgrim fathers made
 Harvest Thanksgiving.
 And since the seed bore fruit,
 Which they went forth to root
 In the wildernesses,
 Ye now return to find
 The Rose that they resigned
 With their distresses.
 'Twas when the wild world o'er,
 Whatever peaceful shore
 Britons inherit,
 Britons claim'd right of birth,
 And fought hell in the mirth
 Of Shakespeare's spirit,

Then your true heart was stirr'd,
Your arm raised, and your word
 Went forth, forecasting
That the great war should cease
In British bonds of peace,
 Peace everlasting.

*The good God bless this day,
And us for ever and aye
 Keep our love living,
Till all men 'neath heaven's dome
Sing Freedom's Harvest-home
 In one Thanksgiving!*

ROBERT BRIDGES.

"MISSING."

Clanging joy bells, ring the news abroad
Peace on earth! Peace on earth!
But for you no mark, no sign on the earth you loved,
 For whom, "In the moonlight even the shrapnel falls soft."
No grave, no cross—oh clanging joy bells cease!
No resting place; but a legacy of lasting peace, and
Your face today enshrined amid scented jasmine flowers.
A "failure" you have triumphed! "Missing" you are found!
Ring! Ring! glad joy bells ring!

N. R.

THE RIGHTS OF WOMEN IN INDIA.

THOUGH political discussions have taken a strong hold on the minds of the people in this country, it is observable that the purely social problems of adjustment between the sexes or between castes have been, more or less, neglected. The cry of social reform, which was at one time loudly heard on the platforms and in the press, has borne little practically fruit. The proposed measures of social legislation like Mr. Patel's inter-caste marriage bill, or the political question of the enfranchisement of woman is particularly welcome to the country. Still another circumstance, stimulating the minds of people and kindling their imagination, is the decision of the British nation to throw open the seats in Parliament to women, which may be looked upon as one of the greatest events of human history.

One feature of the present attitude, in this country towards all problems of social or national existence, is a pseudo-patriotism which leads to the extolling of all the practices and beliefs obtaining in this country even to the seclusion of women. It is argued that though the activities of the Hindu women are restricted to the home, she is happy, because she enjoys absolute freedom and even superiority within that restricted sphere. It is said that there is no real seclusion, for though a woman is introduced

to men friends, yet she partakes in public festivities at places of pilgrimage and temples. Seclusion may be interpreted in a relative sense. To those who follow the purdah strictly, for a woman appear any where is outrageous conduct. To those who do not object to the women appearing in public places, it is equally outrageous for a young woman to hold friendly converse with a man of equal social status and age. The only proper way of discovering what should be regarded as unjust seclusion is by comparing with the privileges enjoyed by the male sex. It is true that men have, by reason of following their bread winning professions, to act in certain spheres which are not suited to women. Now, when we discuss whether a woman in this country lives in unjust seclusion or no. We may well ask ourselves how far she shares with man in the said social life of the country.

It is also important to observe that, far from the seclusion becoming less general in South India at least the habit of public appearance at the temple, the river, or in the bazar is fast becoming extinct among the women of the "educated classes." Religion has lost its hold, and the temple and the river have ceased to attract worshippers. Amongst well-to-do people, woman is reduced to a pale flower sheltered from the direct gaze of the sun, clothed and jewelled beautifully for the eye of the master only. Woman has also gradually, been withdrawn from the obligations of domestic hospitality to guests. It is derogatory for her to do anything. It is well known that the best antidote for consumption is open air, and it is also a recorded fact that twice as many women are dying of consumption as men. Is not woman secluded?

With reference to the education of women, all sorts of silly ideas are given expression to. It is said that the

supreme object of educating a girl is to make her a fit wife and mother. It may be pointed out that we do not believe the object of educating boys to be one of making them good husbands and fathers, nor is the object of education merely to enable a person to earn a living. The gulf between educated men and women, which is widening in this country, must be bridged. It could only be done by giving a common education. Education should be substantially of one and the same type. If man is having an English education, woman should have it too. Man and woman have indeed different functions to fulfil in life, but that does not take away the urgent need to place them on a position of equality.

It is said that a girl's education should include cookery, music and sewing from the beginning. A man wanting to become a lawyer does not, from the start, learn the art of talking with clients, or addressing the bench, or the jury. He does not even study the general principles of law till he has had a fair degree of general education. Cookery can never be included as a proper subject of education. It is a part which is easily mastered. It carries no educative influence with it. We may as well teach boys to polish boots, shave or dress, put on lawyer's gowns and so on, for after all there are men who do not know how to polish boots, or shave or dress properly.

Even if it is thought fit to include subjects of general accomplishment like cookery, music and sewing, in a scheme of general education for girls, the best way of popularising them will be to include them in the curricula of education for boys as well. No boy is likely to be the worse for knowing cookery, it will stand him in

great stead on occasions. He should learn to sing, certainly, and if he knows how to sew, it is bound to be useful to him in life.

There is absolutely no reason why women in India, as women in any other country, should not share with man the civic rights of citizenship. Only they must be prepared to appear in public. Public life is an arduous affair and for many generations only very few women are likely to emerge from domestic contentment to contend in the struggles of public life. It is also said that with the opening up of public careers for women, marriage itself will fall into disuse. This is, of course, the most childish argument. Have men given up marriage because of public life? Domestic life and happiness are as indispensable to men as to women. No reasonable woman will forego her share of domestic life, as no reasonable man has done in the past. There are, however, likely to be abnormal women, as there are abnormal men. Some women may choose single life. Marriage is not an ideal state of existence for many people. If some men rebel against it, some women also may be permitted to do so.

Before I conclude this paper, I shall refer to just one other fear entertained by the opposers to the granting of social or civic freedom to women. It is the fear that morality will be seriously endangered by it. Now, morality is a thing devised for the good of social existence. It is well known that men enjoy in this country much greater moral licence than women. This is not fair. The real fact about morality is, that it prospers in freedom. It succeeds best only when it is realised by the individual

as a law of his being. Man is moral because it pleases him to be moral, because he finds it makes him happy to be moral, while unhappiness follows transgression. We have said that man enjoys greater freedom than woman and what is the result? Is there any one who assert that men generally lead an immoral life in this country? Have they proved themselves to be good householders and useful citizens? The same thing will apply equally to woman when given freedom.

Far from corrupting the morals of either woman or man the gift of freedom and equality for woman is bound to improve the moral sense of the country. The softer and purer spirit will help, by coming in more intimate contact to chasten and purify man. More than all the social life of the country will rest on a foundation of absolute justice between the sexes.

P. R. KRISHNASWAMI.

WHEN SOLDIERS SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES.

 PART II *

DEAR LITTLE SISTER, EKATERINA ROBERTOVNA,

I have received your letter of good wishes with which you greeted me here in a far country at the solemn high feast of the resurrection of Christ. Except you, no one here among our surroundings remembered us, we, sorrowful like pining children, nor thought of us at the high triumphal day of the great feast of Easter. Only you, little sister, alone among those we know tried to observe that great solemn feast which it is impossible to forget. For that I thank you much, and in return I greet you, "Indeed He is Risen!"

Dear little sister, I cannot find words for the gratitude which I feel now at the present time, and also always I seek to find expression in my broken thoughts for the thankfulness for all those benefits which you have showered upon us. I desire to inform you that your generous parcel I received, containing, a pair of socks, a writing books, five franks money, tobacco, a greeting card for which I thank you from the soul.

* Part I appeared in our issue for July 1918.

I salute you, dear little sister, and I wish you good health, the most precious (thing) in the world, and the fulfilment of all your most sacred desires, and that your good name always and everywhere may resound, as it now sounds among the Russians who know you. And also in the newspapers before all the world.

Of myself, little sister, I may tell you that I remain at the present time, thank God in good health, and that I work at a labour that is very disagreeable. Always, and day by day I wait for that time when the occasion will come to leave for there where you are. I wait in that hope.

Once again I thank you, little sister, and I remain
eternally, respectfully yours,

KERSAN NEDOBEJKINE.

18 May 1918.

(Russian Easter fell on the fifth of May this year.)

The letter which follows was written by a lieutenant of the Serbian army, and a student before the war, who had been for long, a prisoner in Austria. The date is the 29 May, 1918, and the letter is translated from the Russian

"DEAR MOIA MAMACHA EKATERINA,

Your *otkritoi* (open letter, *i.e.*, postal card) of 9th May I received to-day with great pleasure.

The parcel you sent me, chocolate, canned meats, rice, tea, I received also to-day, and it was all complete, but until now I have not received the two parcels you sent earlier, but all the same I hope they may arrive soon. We hear it said that many parcels arrive after a long delay, and so it has also been with me although there is long to wait they come at last.

How often my thoughts fly to that lovely country which I myself also wish to see and live there. How good it would be to find myself in that country of which I have dreamt so much, from which I am so very far. To arrive and to remain under the rays of the sunshine, no longer tormented, a prisoner in a land where there exists only misery. *I constantly think of you, dear my mother, and I dream of that for me happy hour and day when we shall first meet, and I may thank you for all your goodness, and for that care which you have showered upon me.

During these days of strife when all the world is trying to create suffering for one another, you find yourself in that country which has been a refuge for my compatriots, and which is helping the world. And you also, whilst others only hate, you make so many happy and me also. My happiness with regard to you does not consist in what you send me, nor in the things which sustain the body, but rather in that great and sincere friendship with which you guard and nourish my soul.

I ask myself often how it will ever be possible for me to repay so great a debt. And I think that it will never be possible. It seems to me that I can never make return for so great loving kindness. * At present it is possible for me only to ask of God that He may give health and happiness to such a being as you, a being whom it is impossible to hate, to whom only love is possible.

Oh, how I admire your country and your compatriots and I see with astonishment in their actions and their words that truth and kindness of heart still exist in the world. And thank God that a great people like the Americans will still fight for truth and right, and for the sake

of a little and weak people like us. From the mouth of your people God now speaks, and from their eyes shines the sunshine of truth. Happy should you be to be the laughter of such a great people, and blessed be the nation through whom one day the sun will rise again for us.

In love and friendship yours

RADOMIR TODOROTITCH.

(From a boy in the tubercular hospital at Cannes)

6th July 1918.

Good day Mamacha dear,

I send to you from myself the best and the deepest thanks of the soul.

Mother dear, whatever your heart does, comes so straight from itself that it brings tears to the soul.

Perhaps I may never be able to use your splendid gifts which they are keeping for me ; perhaps my strength will never be sufficient to serve me, but then in another world shall remember the loving kindness you had for us, and I shall recall those strong impressions that you have laboured with difficulty to trace upon my sick soul.

Dear Mamacha, God also sees your care and all your thought and labour, and will send you honour and health and a life founded in prosperity.

Adieu, rest with God.

The Russian soldier Metvei Ivanovitch Elagine.

The writer was the eldest son of a peasant family not very far away from Moscow. They were very poor, he said. The land was good, but they had so little. There were two sisters, six brothers, "little, little." He went to

school one winter when he was nine and learnt his letters. When he was thirteen he went to live for six months with an uncle at Irkutak, and there every evening the uncle taught him to read and write. That was the end of his schooling, so it is not surprising that the spelling is sketchy, and that the ideas are often obscurely expressed.

(From a soldier who had been fighting in the Russian Legion during the time when the Legion made its brilliant attack on the French front,—the spring of 1918.)
DEAR AND BELOVED SISTER.

I inform you of my health. Thank God there is improvement, I feel myself better. I wish to see you again so much. I am very lonely without you. Surely we shall soon go somewhere to work, then it will be easier for me to write you all the details why I left the Legion. But I left, dear sister, because of my health. I was obliged to take some rest otherwise I should have been seriously ill and lost my voice. Already in the year 1914, 10th December, on the Russian front, I lay very ill with pneumonia, and from the 13th January to the 21st March I lay in the hospital at Moscow. At Salonika in 1917 I fell ill with malaria, 17th June, and here again 3rd July I am ill with malaria, and I see that I cannot go further. I cannot be of use now in the Service, and I must think of the future, and occupy myself with the coming days of my life. It struck to the heart to leave the Legion, and the parting was full of sorrow with my ancient comrades with whom I made the attack from the 26th to the 30th April, and was with the Legion from the 5th March to the 8th June. Four months and three days I lived with them in friendship and often sang for them, and they were all friendly with me, and above all on the

heavy moments I always cheered them, when they were in grief and tortured for their country, they always said, Yacha, sing for the sorrow of the soul, sing a sad Russian song, so that deep grief may be healed with tears! And I sang willingly as they asked, and afterwards I sang a gay song, and we were all glad and content. And then, dear sweet sister, it was hard for me to part, but they themselves saw very well that I could not stay, that I would perish, because on the front there is no protection, but one must lie out on the wet ground under the rain, and always with a heavy bombardment of artillery, and in damp caves every night. June 3rd I feel very ill—temperature at night 39, and until now I always felt ill. They said, 'Yacha, go with God. Thou wilt not forget us there and we will be very glad for thee that thou wilt regain thy health, and thou wilt have money by singing, and help us sometimes. And we, when we leave in permission will always seek to go there where thou art, that we may see thee, and exchange a few words with thee!

So then, dear sister, I long greatly to talk with you about so many things. Yes, and also to tell you that first when I arrived from permission I sang a great deal, and in the evening played the gramophone with your records, for which the soldiers thank you very much.

Now, dear sister, God keep you in all good things. Surely soon I will go out to another place, and then I will write you every day. Perhaps they will order me to Cannes to work. But above all I will write you as it is possible.

With affection,

Yakov Radionof

K. W.

COGITATA ET VISA.—*contd.*

Never pass a coolie by—
 Look at him with kindly eye.
 Have you better heart, or head?
 No—He'll give you points instead.
 What have you that he has not?
 Only coat, and pant, and cloth.

When the poor we have no more—
 All is mended—or is o'er.

O justice does not reach the poor:
 The rich come in, and close the door.

The Vakils sow, the Vakils reap:
 How can this Civil law be cheap?

Justice speedy, cheap, and sure—
 Give, O give it to the poor.

A poem must first be thought and felt
 Long—but written off at one welt

Your rhymes shall rest upon the shelf,
 Unless you 've felt the thing yourself.

No one will read your work at all,
 Unless to write you 've got a call.

Carlyle will be always read,
Because his heart was in his head.

Carlyle wrote the last word on
Every thing he wrote upon.

O common people of this land
I would grasp you by the hand,
Call you sister, call you brother,
Better learn to know each other;
So I might, by any chance,
Help to mend your circumstances,
Teach you but to know, and save
All the virtues that you have,
Ripening into happiness
All the goodness you possess.

The women returning with headloads of grass,
And children led by the hand—
O where shall I find in other land
Such beauty, and loveliness?

After this war there'll be no more fame—
All quite ashamed of that sorry game.
All for a time shall be mild, and tame—
But after a while 'twill again be the same.

This war shall be so long drawn out —
None shall know what he's fighting about.
The old cause shall vanish, a new cause shall come—
But happiness never again in the home.

This learning, this science, how inhuman, miserable and dull!—
Socrates alone made them human, happy and beautiful.

If Learning and science cannot happy make—
Away with the whole lot—for heaven's sake.

Everyone who acts and speaks
After earnest, honest thought,
Is worth attending to at least—
And all the rest are not.

This is all that money can:
It can only make a man
Sit, and tuck into his skin
What by labour others win.

Everything that makes a man
Scorn to labour with his hand
Takes away, as nothing can,
Honour, virtue, and command.

Weigh the riches, weigh the fame,
Long before they are your own—
O 'twill be the same old game:
Both of them will drag you down.

Do you think you can benefit only yourself,
And let all the others go hang?
Now put that idea at once on the shelf,
And save yourself many a pang.

The mango tree is again in bloom,
And again the neem is green—
And one year more in this waiting room,
Than when they had last so been.

Man knows not yet—nor perhaps can—
The privilege of being a man.

Don't think that others will care for you,
If for others you never do.

The Church is not what it should be,
And hence too Christianity.

What then is Christianity?
O not what we have made it be.

The Law of Christ is not a thing
That Church and State may ever bring :
'Tis true peace in the inward part,
And actions rising from the heart.

Every man in authority,
However worthless he may be,
Will have some flunkies base, and vile,
To cringe, and scrape, and court his smile.

To understand a book be it thick, or thin,
Is a different thing from taking it in :
One is affair of the head, and the eye,
The other a making it your own property.

It Shakespear had money—and lots of it --
He would not have written a single bit.

Not marble slab, nor granite stone
With letters drawn in burnished gold,
But some calm spot where willows moan,
And gently touch the grass-grown mould,
Where some poor man may sigh, when passing by,
'Ah, he was always kind and good to me.'

Love you, or love you not your fellowmen--
This only counts now, and will also then.

B. G. STEINHOFF.

TO THE OCEAN.

(From The Marathi of Shrimati Kamalabai Kibe.)

IT was about half past five o'clock in the evening. Many Parsi men and women, with their children, were disporting themselves, on the sea shore by the Mahalaxmi battery in Bombay. Near by a few motors and carriages were standing. Some jolly young men and girls were walking to and fro on the footpath by the sea. Their bright clothes were shining in the waning light of the sun. The curly hair of the little ones being wafted by the breeze were giving delight. The evening is the time which calls upon all living beings to take rest, to be ready for work next day. The sea was ruffled as at the rising tide. The reflection of the sun in the sea suggested the birth of another sun. The water of the sea turned gold by the yellow light of the sun. The commotion of the waves indicated as if the sea was engaged in collecting the pearls in its bosom. Who else can give jewels if not the ocean. The sun appears to be half sunk in the water. He has wrapt himself in a red cloth and disappeared. What painter can paint the beauty of a twilight?

The sea was indulging in a fierce play by the rock on its shore. The boats in it appeared as if they were houses built in water. Along with the force of the wind, the

Fate of the occupiers of the sea craft was undulating. O Sea, wilt thou tell me were art thou going so hastily? Thou art the producer of invaluable pearls, hence thou art rightly called the mine of pearls. But Friend only the wealthy enjoy thy gifts. Are they thy favourites. Hast thou ever given a handful of pearls to poor sailors who spend their lives in thy company. Dost thou not value their labour? What sort of heart hast thou? Is this thine justice? Hadst thou felt sympathy for poor sailors who spend their lives in thy company away from the world, thou wouldst have made them rich long ago. But how shall I regard thy conduct in taking no account of their services to thee? If it is not injustice what else is it? Thou dost not give thine wealth to him who wants, but thou givest to him who has much of it already. Why dost thou not take pity on the poor sailors? Dost thou take delight in terrifying and troubling them only? Verily it must be so, O Sea.

Thousands of people come to thy shores of an evening to get rest and refreshment from thy sight. If some of them are grieving, others are happy. Some of them are in love, others have been disappointed in it. To all these thy shores afford comfort. For a moment at least a man or a woman finds relief. No human being can forget thy soothing and thy comfort. Thy troubled nature attracts troubled beings to thee. Thou showest neither hate nor idleness or wish for rest, but powerful as thou art thou are ever on the go. Is this thy message? Thou showest no abhorance for the poor or the weak. Thou art indeed teaching true lessons of real life and labour to the world. In vain. What lesson do we learn from thee. None indeed. What then hast thou

gained by thine labours? But thou dost not labour with any desire for fruit. Thou workest for its own sake, and with it givest lesson to men. But man in his pride does not listen to thee. Dost thou feel for the disappointed? Tell me frankly. Thy reply will give me good advice. Because man will not learn from thee, without thy speaking. Patience is thy most prominent virtue but it has no use for us. Whenceshall we bring the strength of mind to acquire it. Is then thy advice valueless to us? We idealise thine patience but we can not follow it. Why has God made human nature so frail. God made man in his own image, but the heart He enthroned it with desire. O Sea, thou knowest what the Supreme Being thinks but, we know not. Thou comest and fallest against the rocks, not caring for thy body. What a lonely life is thine, O sea. No woman's soft touch comes to cheer thee.

The Sun rays dance and move you to madness and your blue body is tossed with pain, and yet through pain and suffering you rise and embrace the sun god during the day, and the moon god at night, and the joyous cooling showers that you send bring solace to the thirsty earth, and its life rushes up through every blade and leaf in glad songs. O Sea, I have talked to thee long. The sun has set and electric lights are shining. People sitting on the banks are returning home. A woman should not sit in such a place. What sayest thou? Many women sit. May be. They are learned and reformed and their motion is swift. I am but an up-country woman. So farewell.

THE MODERATES.

IN a defence of Mrs. Besant last month, Sir S. Subrahmanya Aiyer remarked that at the present time the loudest shouters and the strongest speakers will carry the majority of Indians with them, who are incapable of seeing the inwardness of things. This opinion accords with the late Professor Limaye's vaticination that with the extension of the franchise on the broadest basis the Moderate Party, of which he was a member, would go to the wall. The Government appeals to the Moderates to organise their forces lest India should drift towards the state of things reported from Russia, but the general feeling is that as a separate popular party, the Moderates have no hopeful future before them.

When the National Congress was started, the vision of a self-governing India was yet below the horizon. Indeed men like Sir T. Madhava Rao preferred rationalism to Nationalism. The Congress thought it expedient to appeal from the Government of India to the British public, but experience showed that that nation could not understand the details of Indian grievances and might listen only to broad issues like those raised by the Colonies. Hence the Congress decided to set up the goal of "Colonial Self-Government." Warnings were uttered by the Moderates of those days that if the goal was to be reached only by posterity after a long period, the emphasis laid upon it would only promote the impatience which leads to a catastrophe. But the "shouters" thought otherwise,

Does history teach that the success of shouting is a recent phenomenon? Why was oratory developed in Greece and in Rome? A Greek tragedian has shrewdly remarked that real freedom does not exist, and if some are slaves of individual masters, others are slaves of the populace. What have British sages in the past thought of the intelligence and tendencies of democracies? With the spread of education the many may become as wise as the few. Up till now humanity has not gone beyond Bolshevism in its march towards ideals. In India we can as yet discern no signs of a social upheaval, and the shouters address only political malcontents. But have the Moderates disdained to shout in the past? Their younger disciples resort: "We can now shout more loudly than you and hence you are jealous!"

One of Mrs. Besant's associates has advised the leaders of the Moderate Party to follow the example of the ancient Sanyasis who retired from the world in their old age. It is not a bad idea, for if the Sanyasis did not shout, they thought and became revered leaders of thought. Ultimately the world is governed by thought. The retired Indian statesman's rationalism should be equally welcome, for at the present day nationalism is itself rationalism. It is a better word than moderatism, which a vernacular newspaper has defined to be "insipid politics". Rationalism is an attitude of mind. It scorns the slavery alike of the many and of the few. It may be as revolutionary in politics as it has been in religion. But it insists upon facts and arguments, and is too proud to play to the gallery.

Are our political parties accustomed to demand reasons for their proposition, and what is the nature of theirs

ABOUT BOOKS

WAR FINANCE

BY

J. SHIELD NICHOLSON, PROFESSOR OF POLITICAL ECONOMY
IN THE UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH.

London. P. S. King & Co.

This reprint of the articles Professor Nicholson has published in various periodicals at intervals during the War is very welcome. In one of them, he refers to the "darkness visible of the modern mathematical political economy". It is, unfortunately, true that many economists, following the bad example of the lawyer, make a mystery of matters, which may be difficult but should not be mysterious. Professor Nicholson does not belong to this school. He coins no jargon of his own but writes with the straightforward directness and lucidity of the greatest of all economists, Adam Smith. His book is a bulky one but the main theme is simple enough. Through four years of unparalleled borrowing and spending on the part of the State, Professor Nicholson has continued to preach the unpopular doctrine of economy. The second and larger part of his book may be said to consist of a weekly sermon in the "Scotsman" on that subject. As with all sermons from the same text, some repetition was unavoidable, but Professor Nicholson never grew dull or tedious. His argument is continually strengthened by fresh illustrations and is constantly enlivened by touches of that dry humour which is associated with the Scot. The first part of the book is made up of longer articles on the more difficult currency questions, but even these are dealt with in a way which brings them within the comprehension of a reader, who has made no special study of economics.

Why did the index number of prices, which in 1901-1905 averaged 100 and, on July 31st, 1914, stood at 116.6 rise by the 31st March 1917 to 240.9? In other words, why did the pound sterling in March 1917 not go so far as half a sovereign did before the War? This is a question which many people in England have been asking themselves of late, and most of them have had to be content to ascribe it in vague terms to "the War". Professor Nicholson contends that war does not necessarily connote high prices, and cites the history of prices during the Napoleonic wars to that effect. There have been other causes at work during the present war, and the most effective of these in his opinion, has been the inflation of the currency. Space does not permit us to follow him in his exposition of the quantity theory of money. Stated in its simplest form by J. S. Mill, that theory is "that an increase in the quantity of money raises prices, and a diminution lowers them is the most elementary proposition in the theory of currency, and without it, we should have no key to any of the others". The theory, as Professor Nicholson shows, is subject to many and important qualifications. Nevertheless, in a way which will seem conclusive to almost all his readers, he establishes that the issue of enormous quantities of small Treasury notes, which were nominally convertible into gold on demand, but the convertibility of which was, in practice, deferred or suspended, has been perhaps the most important factor in sending prices up. It has been accompanied by a general inflation of credit owing to the ease with which it has been possible to borrow on the security of one Government loan to subscribe to the next!

Another point which has puzzled the British public has been the unparalleled prosperity of the country during the greatest war on record in spite of the fact that so many millions of men have been withdrawn from productive work. Never has money been spent so freely by almost all classes, never have the working classes had so much to spare for luxuries, never has the level of pauperism been so low. Professor Nicholson's explanation is not at all reassuring. The glow of prosperity far too closely resembles the hectic

reasoning? The Congress in Bombay did not ask for the immediate grant of full provincial self-government. The Congress at Delhi did, because in the interval it had been outbidden by the non-official members of the Bombay Legislative Council. The rationalist may enquire whether reforms are to depend on their probable success in securing the well-being of the community on or the popularity of a demand at a particular moment. Some of the moderates have said that the responsibility for the existence of revolutionary crime, rests with the Government, and that anarchist activities will disappear when the reforms are introduced. The rationalist would ask: How do you know the particular reforms which will satisfy them? Why did they attempt the assassination of Lord Hardinge? Are you sure that they tolerate the British in India at all.

President Wilson is a rationalist in international politics, but even he may not be able to resist the pressure of the sentiments and egoism of other nations. Rationalism may recognize that no individual or nation likes to be governed by others when such control is not necessary. In practice it is not easy to say in what circumstances and to what extent egoism should be controlled by utilitarianism. Nevertheless the attitude of mind can be distinguished from definite propositions on isolated subjects. If the Moderate Party is only a pale reflection of its more puissant Rival, it will continue to be ridiculed as a party of insipid politics. If it will have the spirit to be rationalistic, undaunted by occasional risks of forfeiting popular applause, it may raise politics to a higher level. If the still small voice of the Sanyasi is drowned now, it may not be drowned for ever.

A NEUTRAL.

GOD SAVE THE EMPIRE.

God save our Empire grand,
 The freeman's fatherland,
 Wide as the world !
 Still may its frontiers grow,
 Its sons be swift to go
 To greet all winds that blow,
 With flag unfurled,
 And may the races strange,
 With dusky limbs, who range
 These regions vast,
 Love the same laws as we,
 From utmost sea to sea—
 Be as one family,
 With us at last.
 May all our borders flow
 With milk and honey ; know
 Long years of Peace ;
 But should war's clarion sound,
 And every land be found
 Against us, Lord, confound
 Our enemies.
 And may the realms that reach
 Round the great globe, whose speech
 Is Shakespear's own,
 In closer bonds unite,
 Beneath one banner fight,
 And lead the world to light
 And to thy Throne!
 ARTHUR BENNETT.

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flush on the cheeks of the consumptive patient. He likens the position of the country to that of the owner of a large and valuable estate who is compelled to raise money on it by a succession of mortgages. Every new mortgage is accompanied by an abundance of ready money and corresponding extravagance. The particular village or city, in which the expenditure is made, enjoys for the time exceptional prosperity. The reaction comes when the loan has to be renewed, when the capital has gone and the interest has to be paid. That is the position in Britain today. Unfortunately, the doctrine of thrift has not been a popular one with British statesmen of recent years and the small voice of the preacher of economy has been drowned amidst the clamour of war. Professor Nicholson is convinced that the Government could have obtained money on much more favourable terms than they have done and hold that, if it had not been forthcoming, it should have been raised by a forced loan. There has been much talk of equality of sacrifice during the war. What equality of sacrifice has there been, Professor Nicholson, asks with some bitterness, between the working man at home, demanding a war bonus with every increase in the cost of living and his brother in the trenches risking life and limb on a shilling or so a day. The war bonus has never been refused. More money has been put in circulation, and prices have gone up still higher. Then comes another demand for a bonus and so the vicious circle continues. War profiteering, it need hardly be said, has by no means been confined to the working classes and, in other cases, it has taken grosser forms. Will there be an improvement after the war and will prices go down? Not unless there is a severe check on borrowing by Government and a severer check on any further inflation of the currency. Unless prices go down, Professor Nicholson anticipates grave industrial trouble. How well founded his warning was is shown by the prevalent unrest in Britain.

The danger is that the nation has become far too accustomed to thinking in millions. The cry of the social reformer after the war will be "What does thirty or forty millions spent on education

or housing matter? It was the cost of only a week of war". That is true but the nation has still to pay for the war. Money spent on anything which will improve the nation's productive powers and do so speedily will be money well laid out but it is the duty of the British Statesmen to see that it is wisely spent and that there is none of the extravagance in spending it that has accompanied war expenditure. Heavy taxation is the best check on individual extravagance. The demand that the State should bear a large part of the cost of the quartern loaf, and that the cheapest seats in the cinemas, should not be taxed, savours unpleasantly of the bread and circuses which led to the downfall of the Roman Empire.

We hope that Professor Nicholson will follow his articles on War Finance by a similar series on Peace Finance and that, in such a series he will find more to praise and less to blame.

THE PROMISE OF AIR

BY

ALGERNON BLACKWOOD. (Macmillan's Empire Library.)

This is not an ordinary story of human passion pleasare and pathos. It speaks of deeper things in a language which is not yet familiar with the ideas which it is expected to translate. It was said ages ago in the East that life force had no beginning or end. A short sentence summed up the whole truth: "I am Braham". "I am life." Moods and manners of life change, break and come into being but life never ends. Mr. Algernon Blackwood expresses the same idea in a simple phrase: "Wherever I am I go." "The promise of Air" has interested me greatly, to others it may seem dreary and dull. Its message of hope to the weary and heavy laden has a ring of sincerity and truth. If man could only free his wings and flutter into the air under the blue skies, much of the weariness and heaviness would be left behind. In the mastery of the new element, man in a magic mood, may cross the bounds of self-centred egoism, and find his larger self in tune with the infinite. I am not sure if Mr. Algernon Blackwood really knows, but he writes as

if he does know, and his dream of the complete understanding lying hid with God in the subliminal regions of humanity is the positive promise which Yoga proclaimed in the dawn of Indian History, but this Yoga is a process of growth through ages of growing to cosmic self-consciousness. The Yogi of a balanced mind in his divine joy lives to bless the world.

THE CHILD IN HUMAN PROGRESS

BY

GEORGE HENRY PAYNE. (G. P. Putname & Sons, 12-6).

Mr. Payne traces from what is called the pre-historic period the treatment received by children in the past in various countries of the world. The chapter on India is very interesting though it seems that the writer once having started with the idea that children in the old days were not only ill treated but sacrificed, has taken a great amount of trouble to collect evidences to prove his theory without any great regard for evidence to the contrary. If infanticide in the case of female child had been as universal as the learned author would have us believe, the population of the world would not have increased at the rate it has done. The author has employed his deep erudition and vast learning to serve the child on whose physical, mental and spiritual well-being the future of the nations of the world depends, and deserves great credit for his labours.

ESSAYS IRISH AND AMERICAN

BY

JOHN BUTLER YEATS. (The Talbot Press, Ltd., Dublin.)

A sheaf of seven essays fragrant with the perfume of truth and gaiety and glow of life. Mr. Yeats was a painter himself, and his essay on Watts leads the reader into the sanctuary of the art. His judgment of men and manner have the breath of wisdom. They come from a heart where reigns profound love. J. B. Yeats writes with the wisdom of an artist and his conversation is refreshingly interesting, whether grave or gay.

HIRA SINGH

BY

TALBOT MUNDEY(The Hobbs Merrill Company, Publisher).

The story of Indian heroism under the British flag forms an epic of *unparalleled* devotion and loyalty which is the heritage of past glory. The part played by Indian armies in this terrible, great and glorious war in the far flung battlefields of the Empire will perhaps be never fully told. Gods, however, have captured a gifted novelist and he has been telling the story of Ranjore Singh and the heroism of his men with keen sympathy as if he were a Sikh himself. Hira Singh tells the story of his adventures under the leadership of Ranjore Singh who proves again that his discretion is equal to his valour. Indians, and the Sikhs in particular, owe Mr. Talbot Munday a deep gratitude for his three books, the "King of the Khyber Rifles," "Winds of the World" and "Hira Singh."

 HAQAEQ UL ISLAM.

"The Realities of Islam" is another addition to Urdu literature by the distinguished scholar Zia Ul Ulum Mufti Anwar ul Haq, M.A., Munshi Fazil, Director of Education, Bhopal State. It is a comparative study of philosophy and religion. To support his views the author has not only quoted the verses of the Holy Quran, but has also argued his subject in a lucid, elaborate and logical manner. He has endeavoured to seek and follow truth without being unjust to any particular sect or religion.

The learned author has a poor opinion of the views of those who have a meagre knowledge of philosophy, and have had no opportunity to study religion. He emphatically asserts that young Indians are in great need of studying theology side by side with philosophy. The ignorance of religion leads them to the wilderness of unbelief and consequently to sorrow.

The learned author invites students of philosophy to read that brilliant page of history which connects itself thirteen hundred years of the history of Islam. It is a story of religious toleration and liberty. Islam preserved, fostered and nourished the Greek

philosophy, declaring that whosoever realized and acknowledged the oneness of God without adding any other partner to the Deity, was a believer.

HOLY QURAN

TRANSLATED BY

MAULVI MOHAMED ALI, M. A., L. L. B. Rs. 20 nett,
Ahmadya Book Depot, Lahore.

In a sumptuous volume of about 1,400 pages carefully indexed and copiously annotated in a green flexible leather binding, printed on India paper the learned Maulvi Sahib has given to the world his translation of the Holy Quran. The language is simple, and the translation literal. The author has explained the subject matter in foot notes which give evidence of great scholarship. Each page has been divided into two columns giving original text in Arabic with its English translation side by side. The arrangement of the Book is highly praiseworthy and the method adopted scholarly. Each chapter has been divided into sections compact in themselves but connected with others by the foot notes. A brief and lucid abstract is given in the beginning of each section which throws considerable light on the subject matter.

In short the Book is a valuable addition to the religious literature of Islam. We congratulate the author on its production. This must, however, be remembered that the Book is translated by a believer for the use of the believer and rightly strikes the note of conviction and does not follow the paths of Higher Criticism.

THE JAPJEE OR SIKH MORNING PRAYER

Rendered into English Verse by

C. C. CALEB, ESQ., M.B.M.S., Civil and Military
Gazette Press, Lahore.

The original translation appeared in these pages, and has now been carefully revised by the author, and published in a neat little booklet by the Civil and Military Gazette Press, Lahore. Japjee, is recited every morning by the Sikhs, and it is more than a prayer

indeed it summarises the whole Sikh teaching. Most of the thoughts are much too abstract and difficult of expression in a language unfamiliar with the thought itself. Dr. Caleb has almost achieved the impossible in rendering into English verse the whole of Japjee without sacrificing the meaning and departing from the original verse. Indeed his translation of Bhagvat Gita and that of Japjee Sahib reveals great facility of rendering Indian thought into English verse and we hope Dr. Caleb will continue his labour of love in other unexplored fields.

"RUSTAM AND TAHMINEH"

Publishers—CHAUDHURI BROS., GIRGAUM, BOMBAY,

PRICE RE. 1.

"Rustam and Tahmineh," that strike us as an unexpected grafting of the modern ideas of telepathic thought transference on to an old-world episode of the Shah Nameh. Indeed, "A Tale of Telepathy" might well be its sub-title, for in Canto III, the law underlying the method of communicating at a distance is clearly laid down. This, however, is outside the merit of the work as a poem which is not inconsiderable.

The metre is that of Sir Walter Scott, easy to master, and here well mastered, especially in Canto II where there are some noticeable passages in which "sound echoes sense."

It is remarkably outspoken and the author is neither afraid nor ashamed of life—we have read nothing quite like it and after Canto I is well under way, it holds the interest to the end. The songs, translated from the vernacular, are particularly good.

THE SLAYING OF A SPOOK.—*Contd.*

CHAPTER V.

THE motor was a hired one. Mr. Bond said he hadn't work enough for one of his own and wouldn't keep a man in idleness. So he helped a struggling fly-owner to set up a couple, and hired when he wanted to go far a field. This made his infrequent expeditions an event in the garage. The chauffeur was a son of the establishment and enjoyed his outing. So did Etta and Mr. Bond. To Desforêts it was at first a little flat. His faculty of enjoyment seemed to have stayed behind. It overtook him before they had gone a mile. Mr. Bond was in high spirits. The chauffeur had been one of his agents in his political canvass and was delighted to go over the old ground metaphorically as well as actually with his old chief. Etta's only fault as a *compagnon de voyage* was that she wasn't Margaret. Things might have been worse and besides, he was character reader enough to perceive that acceptability to her friends was a *sine qua non* to his acceptance by the young lady herself. This was an admirable opportunity of persuading Etta and her father that they had a personal property in a man who was interested in every village they passed and every word they uttered. If Margaret had but let him see by word a look that she was disappointed!

But perhaps there was something—something consoling in her unhesitating acquiescence in the impediment that was discovered to her joining the party. It would have been so natural to say that it was unlucky, that she was very sorry, or the like. If she hadn't felt some disappointment she would certainly have affected some. In a couple of miles he had convinced himself that her apparent want of concern was the best sign possible for his hopes.

Mr. Bond and the chauffeur were thoroughly familiar with the country they passed through from different points of view. As the descendant of post-horse proprietors, the chauffeur knew as much of the private history of every house they passed as could be by any ingenuity of association be connected with post cattle, and post chaises. Elopements and elections, duels and divorces, he had the entire local positive history of the district from George III to William IV, at his fingers' ends. Mr. Bond's grandfather had been an active supporter of the Reform agitation, and the family had fought the good fight under successive liberal leaders, down to the time when Mr. Bond, himself, focussed the hopes of his party. It was half a dozen years since this accident, but it was plain enough that he was any thing but forgotten. There were continual stoppages to exchange greetings with labouring folk on the road, and once when Etta insisted in stopping in a village they were passing just to look in at the school, where it appeared that the mistress has a particular friend of hers, the car was immediately surrounded by a little crowd of interested well-wishers. Mr. Bond was learned in local archæology, Etta had "modern instances" to adduce on every possible subject. They passed near the house of the Attwoods, where the eldest son *never* inherited, and a lovely little villa nestled

among woods in the full flush of June beauty which had been the scene of one of the most mysterious murders that had ever set Scotland Yard at defiance.

Etta was by nature easy to speak to affable. It is a rare gift and she possessed it in perfection. So she had plenty of conversational chaff to winnow in the search she carried on for grains of superstitious belief. Every crony in Kingsquay thought she had a right to a talk when Miss. Etta came across her. And Etta had the sort of attraction for folklore of a creepy and sepulchral sort that a magnet has for steel filings.

"Etta," said Mr. Bond, driven at last to protest. "Your mind is a repository for all the rubbish sensible people have chucked into the ash-heap for the last hundred years!—*How* is it they get their luck then?"

They had passed a solid and respectable house which Mr. Bond pointed out as belonging to a family of brothers, who had of late years been thriving and accumulating possessions, laying house to house and field to field, in a way that the poor neighbours who remembered their small beginnings found quite unintelligible. Etta had shaken her pretty head mysteriously when Mr. Bond spoke of their thriving as due to the sort of close-fisted economy common among peasants in Normandy but rare enough in England.

"When the old grocer died" said Etta impressively. "a small village grocer he was, the one who started the family, they went to an old woman in Holcombe (that's the village we passed a mile back, Mr. Desforêts); and she told them what to put into his coffin, and they did, and they were to have luck for seventy years."

"What was it they put in, Miss Etta ? Seventy years! Why?"

"It was the hand of an unchristened child," said Etta solemnly. "Seventy years of life was its due. And because it wasn't christened there was nothing too black for it to do. And it was to work for them for seventy years. And there are only thirty gone, and I can't tell you how many houses and farms they have got already."

"Take that back with you to America," said Mr. Bond laughing.

"Voodoo," said Desforêts. "If you'll come and pay my people a visit in New Orleans, Miss. Etta, I'll introduce you to an old mammy who will be delighted to enlarge your knowledge of the Black Art."

"We're almost there now," said Mr. Bond. "Just the other side of the hill." "Oh, dada, I want to go the lower road," said the girl as they came to the foot of a hill where the road forked.

"Why, I was just reckoning on impressing Mr. Desforêts with one of the prettiest views in Wiltshire from the top," said Mr. Bond obstructively.

"And it isn't a very good road either Miss. Etta," said the chauffeur dutifully backing up his employer; "and there's a gate to open."

"Never mind, Williams," said the young lady determinedly. "I'll get out and open it."

Mr. Bond seemed suddenly to grasp the reason of her pertinacity.

"Etta, I really didn't think you were such a fool."

"Now, dada, I won't have you say a word.—Go rather slowly as you get near the corner, Williams, and stop there."

CHAPTER VI.

They turned presently into a by-road, running unfenced through large hayfields, with a gate or two now open for the passage of haycarts. The air was heavy with the smell of new hay. Then the road became a lane with hedges of honeysuckle and wild rose overhung here and there by a forest tree. The car stopped at a corner. It had been crawling through the lane and Etta had managed to impose a complete silence. Desforêts was suspicious of some trick to be played on his supposed credulity. When the car was at a stand still, Etta looked at him interrogatively. He was evidently expected to say something.

"Really, Miss Etta," he said, "I share your taste. I don't know what the view your father intended to show us may have been like, but I never saw anything prettier than this. A real bit of English country."

"Oh, pretty enough, I dare say," said Etta, dismissing that aspect of the subject as impertinent. "But"—she made an arresting pause—"Does it give you no *impression*? Does it suggest nothing? There! That stump."

Desforêts looked, stood up, looked round him, into hedge and over hedge, at the stump which looked like a decayed gate post, at a chimney peeping between trees, at Mr. Bond, and the chauffeur, who were both evidently amused.

"The stump suggests—firewood," he said—"I can't think of anything else. Is it an historical stump, Miss Etta? Did Oliver Cromwell hitch his horse to it? Or Queen Elizabeth—"

"Go on, Williams," said the girl resignedly. "You are not percipient, Mr. Desforêts. Margaret has an idea that she can tell if people are. She will be disappointed."

"One moment," implored Desforêts. "Give me a chance. I do feel a sort of—of—"

"It's no good, Desforêts," said Mr. Bond, "go on, Williams. Now what did you really expect Etta?"

"Don't you remember, dada, what Mrs. Blackie told us about the young lady who was shewn Whitehall? She got all rigid—"

"Very uncomfortable for her friends," said Mr. Bond. "But here we are."

The car stopped at the door of a very comfortable farm house, where a couple of men were waiting for them.

"Now Williams, what with you and Mr. Harris together I'll get round somehow," said Mr. Bond when greetings had been exchanged. "Etta, take Mr. Desforêts away with you and harrow him as much as you please. I shan't be more than a quarter of an hour."

"You'll just make fun of it, Mr. Desforêts," said Etta poutingly, as they strolled back along the lane. "You are not the sort of person at all. Didn't you feel the brooding silence that hung over the place? And the stump! did it all suggest *nothing*?"

"You see, Miss Etta," said Desforêts apologetically, "You and a brooding silence are incompatible. Your presence scared it away, I've no doubt I should have experienced the proper emotions—only your aura"—

"That's right! Say it was me! And you *know* I hadn't said a word for fifty yards! And we were *crawling*."

"I take it back," said Desforêts penitently, "and after all, you know, I did—I was—I know *something* had happened there. Only I didn't quite realize what it was. Now you must tell me,"

They were silent for a few yards, as a labourer met them, and passed on towards the house, a strong, sinewy man of dejected aspect, more bowed and shambling than his apparent age fairly warranted. The laughing word-play that was going on between them was somehow quenched by his coming near. He touched his cap and made some inarticulate answer to the girl's cheery "Good Day!" Neither of the two referred to him but their lightheartedness was clouded for a moment. Had he just lost a child?

"It's only just at that corner, my great great grandfather, Madge's and mine, was murdered about a hundred years ago. It was rather a horrid murder. The man was one of his own labourers. He was hung in chains, and that stump is a bit of the gallows."

She was rather serious, Desforêts felt it a duty to restore the conversation to its former gaiety.

"That's only the theme, Miss Etta. Now you must develope it. Make me hear the murderer's bones rattle on a night of storm, and——."

"You'd better ask Madge, Mr. Desforêts, I've got no imagination. Facts in few words, that's *my* motto."

"Well, but tell me at any rate—you are the granddaughter, only much grander of the victim. Did *you* experience—?"

"Unexpectancy is a condition," said Etta, "I wasn't unexpectant. That's why I took much care of you. But you are material—Here are lovely soldiers. Let's sit down and have a battle."

She picked a handful of the long bud-stalks of the plaintain, provided him with half a dozen, and sat down

with her back comfortably supported by the stump of tragic memory. Then she decapitated his, one after the other, her own remaining quite unscathed.

"I say," he at length remonstrated. "You're not playing fair, Miss Etta. You've picked out the babies for me. That fellow of yours is as tough as whipcord."

"You're beaten, Mr. Desforêts! Battles are won before you begin to fight. Everybody knows that. Now we ought to be getting back." She tossed her champion away and got up triumphant.

"I call it murder, Miss Etta.—You're inspired by the place, I suppose.—So Miss Bond —?"

"Oh, Yes. She felt something right enough. She strayed away alone from the carriage, mother was in, when she was twelve years old. Saw anything? No, of course, she didn't. You are so *practical*, Mr. Desforêts! But this had a sort of—*culte* for the old grand-dad ever since. As if he was alive rather, you know,—Here's father at the door!"

"It was rather a brutal murder" said Mr. Bond. "Suddenly tempted by the money the old gentleman was carrying" I suppose. "One of his own men he had stopped to chat with. That was what affected people's imagination. Why it wasn't a dozen years ago there was an assault case in these parts. One man called another a—'blooming-Judas' and justified himself in court by the treachery of the other's great-grandfather. It's rather hard. It's an old name in the village too."

"They ought to have moved away," said Desforêts. "Murder doesn't count. Cain's descendants are generally rather proud of their ancestor. But I dare say the little Iscariots had to change their name."

"Nowadays they would," said Mr. Bond. "Our labouring folk have become nomadic. But a hundred years ago

they were practically *adscripti glebae*. Earth-fast: their lives were barely —endurable at the best: a little more suffering only ground them a little deeper into the mire. One of them is on the farm now. There used to be two or three brothers, but the others died. Why, you must have met him in the land, Etta! He came up to the house while I was there."

"That chap!" said Desforêts. "He looked awfully down on his luck."

"They all have that look," said Mr. Bond, "used to have a difficulty in getting girls to marry them, I believe. People can't forget the hanging in chains."

"People *ought* to forget things," said Etta.

She laughed to herself as at some private joke.

"What is it Etta?" asked Mr. Bond.

"Madge is one of the girls, dada. I had quite a scrap with her the other day about Arthur Meruyn. You know he is going to marry the daughter of a Boer who killed his father in the war. That is, I don't know whether he killed him himself, but he was in command. I don't see any particular harm in it myself, but Madge is horrified.

"Do you think I would marry a descendant of the man who murdered my *grandfather*?" she said. I said he wasn't the grandfather and it was a long time ago and I hoped she wouldn't be asked, and I should call it rather a happy family reconciliation. Now don't you agree with me, dada! "

"Over a hundred years ago," said Mr. Bond. "Well it's a long time, Etta. Yes, I don't think I should refuse my blessing on the score of past unpleasantness. We're not in Corsica."

"All the same," said Etta, "I can't help thinking the girls are rather right. That poor man's face!—Oh, look!

I can see the top of the spire. Oh, you poor people in America without a cathedral to your name ! It is *lovely*—what shall we have for lunch, dada?"

CHAPTER VII.

"Captain Dubois," said Etta, a week or so later. She always called him Captain Dubois now unless Mrs. Bond was within hearing, and declared that vanity had made his ancestor, the French prisoner of war, change his name when he went to America. "I wish you'd write to your granny and find out all about that paper-weight of hers."

Desforêts was going the next day. He was not making way. Margaret liked him immensely—and stopped there. So he was operating a strategic retreat with every intention of resuming the offensive as soon as he thought things looked more favourable. Mr. Bond took to him heartily. Mrs. Bond was gracious. Of Etta he had almost made a *confidante*. She had adopted him as a brother on her own account. Things went so slowly, she said. Impossible to wait for due process of *law*, with a slight stress on the last word. This impertinence was uttered actually in Margaret's presence but there was no telling if she noticed it. Things were at a dead lock.

"Paper-weight ? "

"The pyramid or whatever it is you were telling us about. The top of it's like our missing pawn, you said. Margaret's got an idea—"

"But my dear child," said Desforêts, "it's three inches long. Your pawns are not an inch high."

"Of course they're not when they're finished. But he made them all like this. He got a long square bit of wood and cut it up into longish bits, three inches or so. Then he had something to hold while he worked with his pen-knife at one end. Then when he'd done one he turned it round the other way and did another. *Then* he cut

them apart. This was the last one and he'd only done one end. *Now* do you understand, Captain Dubois?"

"Ingenious," said Desforêts. "But even if this should turn out to be like one of your pawns, I don't see now that brings you any nearer to explaining why there's always a fourth dimensional one at the bottom of the red bag. But if you'd like it, I'll make my aunt who lives with the old lady tell her I want it. She'll send it like a shot."

"No, no. Make her write to you everything she knows about it. Don't you see? Madge has always had the deepest possible interest in these chessmen, and she's never before came across *anything* that throws the least bit of light on them. And when you hear, write to her all about it. See, and ask if she'd like the paper-weight, or further information, or something."

"Etta, you're a good sort," said Desforêts. "If the poor French prisoner of war had had such an ally——"

"Well, luckily just at present there doesn't seem to be any fear of *Madge's* dying of a broken heart from your going away!" said Etta unfeelingly. "All the same, she likes you—She never says a word to me about you and that shows. And so I'm obliged to talk to you about her," she explained.

"Obviously," said Desforêts. "I wonder if your sister has foreseen that necessity. So I'm to find out every thing about a paper-weight on my grandmother's table at Monterey, by way of recommending myself to the young lady in the next room! The longest way about is the shortest way home, they say. But its——circuitous."

"You were inviting her to 'command you tasks,' the other day," said Etta. "And now you make mouths over writing a letter! Men are like that, I suppose."

"Give me some paper," said Desforêts, resignedly.

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FROM CLOUDLAND.

Sir James Meston is known for his love of the poor and the distressed. Fates have now called him to manage the Finances of 300 millions. It is on his wisdom, strength, and fidelity, that the future prosperity of Rama Baksh will depend to a large measure. He has come to the helm at a fateful moment and we must not judge him by his first budget. He must provide for liabilities already incurred, and meet demands created during the war. It will take time before the disturbed conditions of trade and finance find an equilibrium. In the meanwhile railways have been starved, and even productive works shelved. Now that peace is in sight Rama Baksh is expected to repair and renew railways and do in a year, what he might have done in four years. This is not all. The matter of grave concern is, that he is called upon to spend half his income in watch and ward.

The Nicholson Committee recommended an expenditure of 19.5 millions on the army and it was considered excessive. It has been more than doubled. The Finance Minister is grateful for small mercies as if he could have been asked to surrender all his income. Surely now that the Russian and German perils are laid to rest and a League of Nations is to preserve the peace of the world, an immediate reduction in the military expenditure ought to be possible. Indian forces occupying foreign territories should be maintained by the occupied countries. India as a mandatory of Mesopotamia cannot be reasonably asked to pay for the cost of the troops required there. Mesopotamia must pay her expenses already incurred on her behalf, and shoulder the own burdens in the future. India cannot afford to maintain its army at the pre-war strength, as the charges for the maintenance of this army have increased. The army in Mesopotamia will greatly relieve the responsibilities which India shouldered alone before the war, making appreciable reductions in the standing army possible. The Finance Minister will do well to have this important question threshed out by a committee of military experts and Indian public men. Large reserves with a small fully equipped army and a standing officer's corps will provide for present protection and future expansion when called for.

The Poverty Problem. The Finance Minister in his speech incidentally revealed that 1,44,000 persons out of 300 millions enjoyed incomes of Rs. 2,000 or about £ 130 a year. This is an index to India's prosperity. India is poor and will remain poor until its resources are

organised and fully developed. A prosperous India will mean a prosperous Government and a larger market for the British manufactures. If the capacity of the Ryot is increased to enable him to purchase one yard of cloth more than he at present secures, it will create an immediate demand of 300 millions yards from the looms of Lancashire and Manchester. The present capacity of the Ryot is limited to afford only seven yards of cloth per head. The land must be given a long rest so that the land tax may reach a uniform level all over India. The proportion of the rent in relation to the produce should be fixed. Half the yield of land as a Landlord's share in rent, and half the income of a Landlord as a Land Tax is a heritage of rack renting days. It is inequitable and starves the goose that lays the golden eggs. A starving peasantry means a starving agriculture. The argument that land was overtaxed in the days of yore merely seeks to justify and perpetuate an age-old wrong. The assessment on a Landlord's income up to 50% is bad finance, bad policy and bad in the interest of the Government, crippling the productive power in the producer, and keeping him at a low level. Rama Baksh is the backbone of the country. Cripple him and you choke the fountains of wealth. Take away all incentive for work and you take away his power to draw on the hidden treasures of nature. The peasant must be rehabilitated if India is to prosper. Will the Finance Minister have the courage to tackle the Land Revenue problem ; revise the standard, and fix an equitable ratio of produce as Land Revenue and rent ? It will mean a new departure, but in these new times, new ideas should not be altogether tabooed. He has already earned the

blessings of 2,00,000 people by exempting them from income tax. Will he help the millions who labour in the villages? He can raise the required revenue by an indirect tax on the exports of grain, and abolish the periodical revisions, giving the land some rest, it will mean no loss in Revenue and yet tax only the surplus produce.

* * *

**Railways and
Irrigation.**
 Railways are a great national asset and it will be disastrous to allow them to deteriorate: but instead of importing material our Railway factories ought to be fully equipped to manufacture every thing in India itself. The Government ought to be moved to bind itself to a programme equipping factories. India ought to receive compensation for the Railway material supplied during the War. Surely a poor country like India is not expected to make a free gift to her more prosperous neighbours. The cost of the new railways built in Mesopotamia, Egypt and Palestine should be recovered, to recoup India. This will provide ample funds for repairs and renewals. More important than Railways are productive irrigation work. The Inspector General of Irrigation promises to double the area under irrigation, if funds are available. The arguments advanced by Sir James Meston against a large irrigation programme are in the nature of a special pleading. Some of the Irrigation Schemes have been waiting for generations, and will wait till the end of all time, unless these schemes are finally examined by experts and taken out of the present elusive stage. The Railway programme without an equally strong Irrigation programme is an anachronism, if Rama Baksh sets to build bullock carts instead of irrigating his fields he will be upbraided for his folly.

What the Government of India needs most is freedom from a spirit of routine. The Reform Scheme will, perhaps, bring about respect for new ideas, and create a spirit of enquiry. It is not only that the Railways are given preference over the irrigation works, but all activities run into ruts from which they can rarely emerge. The respect for old methods has grown into a fetish, a kind of idolatry which shuts out the breath of life. The railways are to be built because you can easily connect one town with another, but the irrigation works must wait because the Government cannot accept the findings of its own irrigation experts. For railways all the material has to be imported. Irrigation works largely mean only employment of labour, and yet railways are considered easier to build than irrigation works, and must be kept waiting for reasons known only to the initiated. The love of following the beaten track does not end only with the railway or irrigation works. It goes farther, and requires all new metalled roads to run parallel to the railways, leaving remote villages without a track. All the hospitals must be in towns, and the question of medical relief in the villages is not to be thought of. The village *vaid* has disappeared and with him the indigenous method of medical relief, and nothing has been done to examine this system, or bring the new methods of treatment within the reach of the villages. Agriculture is the chief industry of the country, but the question of seed farms must wait for better times. Forest officers have their schemes which will add enormously to the wealth of the country, but these must wait, because the beaten track does not radiate in any new directions. Why

are not Agricultural and Forest Departments under expert officers ? Are the Agricultural and Forest officers without knowledge or administrative experience ? The old ideals are shattered or shattering, conditions of life have changed rapidly, while the economic development of the country has been in a state of stagnation. The pace of progress must be accelerated if India is to be saved from disaster and despair.



The legislation undertaken to meet the situation revealed by the Rowlatt Report has become the law of the land. It is too late now to talk of other means and measures which could have equally controlled anarchical movements. No such legislation was required after the Mutiny ; and that it is required now proves that the administration to-day is not sure of itself as it was sixty years ago ; without public confidence it cannot have faith or be strong, that is why it must have special powers to keep law and order. Lord Chelmsford's Government did not undertake the legislation with a light heart, nor did the Home Member enjoy sponsoring the measure. He made it clear that he was compelled by an emergency, and the act will only come into operation in localities where crime of this particular nature declares itself. Special laws are never welcome but there is something worse than special laws, which is lawlessness and disorder—more tyrannical than any special law coupled with the tyranny of subordinates can ever be.



Mr. Gandhi, the Saint publicist who lives to serve only, has declared himself against the new law, and proclaimed a campaign of passive resistance. The law affects only the revolutionaries and Mr. Gandhi has no sympathy with them, then who is to resist the law? Mr. Gandhi has not as yet finally decided the procedure. It is said some other law will be selected for the purposes of passive resistance. Mr. Gandhi follows the old Rishis in his abhorrence of Ahinsa, and yet passive resistance on western lines is a form of resistance. Tolstoi advocated it, though he never saw it carried into effect. The Rishis of India rarely entered the domain of politics. It would have been more in keeping with Indian traditions if Mr. Gandhi declared himself against the Revolutionary crime, and by opposing the evil, made the law inoperative. His triumph then would have been twice blessed. It would have freed India from revolutionary movement, and at the same time proved to the Government the unity of purpose and will, towering above legislative enactments. The energies directed to oppose the special law could have been directed to more fruitful channels in creating a stronger spirit of freedom, unity and organisation. There is only one Gandhi in India and he can work on heights which lesser men can never frequent. It seems presumption to offer suggestions to him, but when Guru Govind Singh started nation building he directed his disciples to pray for gift of faith, gift of trust and gift of His name as essential to national unity.

The address which the Diwan of Travancore delivered to the popular assembly is interesting in more ways than one. It indicates gradual recognition of responsibility to the people. The Travancore assembly consists of 100 members, and only 25 are nominated by the Government, and it is now proposed to enlarge and strengthen the assembly. The educational progress of the State compares favourably with England and Japan. The State provides a school for every 2.5 square miles of territory, and no less than 12% of the population are attending the schools, while the percentage is only 3.3 in British India, 12 in England and 13% in Japan. Travancore has left British India miles behind. In the matter of medical relief also Travancore is to the fore, and more practical. The State has not discarded the indigenous system which people understand and avail of, but started an Ayurvedic institution to enrich the ancient knowledge with the fruits of modern discovery. This is a step in the right direction. The Diwan is to be congratulated upon his lucid address and the State on its liberal and enlightened policy.

* * *

Michael Haverty came from the wilds of Galloway to help his far-flung brothers of the East.

Brother Haverty. He spent years in the villages of Madras, spending weary days in his mission of mercy. They were not weary days for him,—with him labour and laughter went together. He was then called to the Olympian heights of Mussoorie, where he became the Principal of St. George's College. Here again he fought manfully to make the College worthy of the great name with which it is associated. Then I met

him, and he abandoned his work in the college and joined me to help in the agricultural development of the country, which appeared to him to give a larger sphere of usefulness. He pleaded he knew little about raising crops, but that was no matter. I had spent the best years of my life as an agriculturist, and I convinced him that it would not take him long to lead the way. He agreed and we started work together. The days I spent with him live not only in my memory, for we two were linked strangely in spirit, but even in the memory of wandering Janglis who found in my brother a true friend. He did not speak their language, but he loved them, and the language of the heart communicates itself without words. A thousand memories raise before me, as I sit to write, and a thousand anecdotes press to be told. His joyous laughter is ringing in my ears and above all rises the picture of the man himself, as he was, as I knew him—and no one could have known him better—as we had no secrets from each other and talked without restraint of great things and small things, high aspirations and the frail failings which haunt mankind. I can say without hesitation that he was the biggest man I ever met and that is saying a good deal as it has been given to me to meet men of all classes and conditions. He was pre-eminently a servant of God, walking with the love of Christ in his heart, ready to succour, and to serve, conscious of human frailties yet all the more charitable in judgment. He had wandered always from the path of sorrow and self, and shaken the burdens which overweigh kings and beggars alike in their slavery of self, life for him was a song of joy. In serving others he found the secret of unfailing happiness. Love of God filled his

heart and overflowed in all his actions. God has called him now and he has entered upon his heritage. I feel the pain of parting, but rejoice also, for his journey on earth is at an end. I often exclaim with Akbar :—

چل بسے چھوٹے بڑے تھا جن سے لطف زندگی
مچھہ پہ کسکو ناز ہے میں ناز اب کس پر کروں

The big and small who made my life a song
Are now departed, leaving me forlorn,
Cherished by none, no one to lean upon.

THE THEORY AND PRACTICE OF UNITY.

THE practice of the principle of unity has been hindered from generation to generation by misconception and misunderstanding. Throughout all the ages, seers of all lands have advocated that principle and its practice with vibrant voices. Prophets have proclaimed it as an inalienable attribute of humanity. Poets have penned many psalms in many languages in its praise. Sages far and near have lauded it as the basic truth of beauty and of being. "That which exists is One, though men have called it variously."

Misconception may be traced on the one hand to ignorance and on the other to prejudice; yet, in these latter days, ignorance cannot be easily excused or prejudice really forgiven. Men and women who have travelled here and there have seen varieties of folk, have noted singularities of costume and custom. Many among these, nevertheless, have employed the outer vision only. Such as these identify and tabulate external matters usually with wonderment and, often, with decided disapproval. Their own habit and convention hems them round about garment-wise. The fact that other persons, bred under other skies and amidst other surroundings, are accustomed to appreciate religious ceremonials and beliefs which

have no apparent counter-part "at home," fills them with distaste, distress, or a desire to disseminate spiritual "truth" of the home-made sort.

Misconception holds them in its grip. Some are lost in wonder because the flag they flutter in the gaze of "unbelievers" seems possessed of small attractive force. They spend money freely, work strenuously, in earnest endeavour towards effecting salvation according to the scheme which appeals to themselves. They have earned and gained much credit, no doubt deservedly. Their design is good, even if the result of their labour and its cost has not proved overwhelming.

Happily the signs of the time point to a better and a wiser way. We are discovering that the desirable unity which, as has been noted, prophets and poets have acclaimed, is already in our midst and, like the Kingdom of Heaven, is actually within us. More, we are learning and are beginning to realise that the "us" is not limited to "ourselves," but is incorporated in mankind.

"Religion" writes F. W. Orde Ward, "entered the world with the first man's first heart-beat, the first man's first breath." The writer has scriptural warrant for his assertion; "God breathed into man the breath of life and man became a living soul." "The religious principle, in its true inwardness," continues Mr. Ward, "never varies, we find it in all the churches: among the heretics of the churches."

May we not step farther still and claim for religion a place in the make-up of those to whom the word 'church' has no present signification?

The God Immanent leads the children of God on The Way. Say "Men worship they know not what;" still, they worship. Desire for the God Transcendent calls from deep to deep. The spirit of man responds more or less consciously, more or less aware that the spirit within claims closest relationship with the spirit above and around. Man may not perhaps by any searching "find out" God, but can he by any diversity of thought or rite alienate himself from Him?

Is there any tribe or people among the sons of men devoid of some inspiration, some aspiration, bred by the in-dweller who is also the universal agent of adjustment?

Some short time since, in a book entitled "The Soul of the Indian" Ohiyesa (Mr. C. Alexr. Eastman) narrated how the Seneca orator Red Jacket spoke to this effect, "We also," (the Indians of America) "have a religion which was given to us by our fore-fathers and has been handed down to us, their children. It teaches us to be thankful, to be united and to love one another. We never quarrel about our religion." We are told further by Ohiyesa that the Red Man believed himself to be surrounded and embraced by the eternal. Conscious of his divine origin he stood upright, a Son of God. Worshipping the wondrous mystery of existence he craved no crystallisation of faith in form of creed. He scorned scoffers and atheists, but did not preach or persecute. "He would deem it a sacrilege to build a house for Him who may be met face to face in the mysterious shadowy aisles of the primeval forest." Presuming, if we dare so to presume, that Mr. Eastman, through love of his brethren, tends to their idealisation, we are bound all the same to recognise that

the One God dwelt among them and was adored by them. Their consciousness of the divinity of humanity is perhaps more subtly and comprehendingly put by that cultured and melodious poet of Japan, Yone Noguchi;—"When I am lost in the deep body of a mist on a hill, the universe seems built with me as its pillar. Am I the God upon the face of the deep, nay, deepless deepness, in the beginning?" Or, again, "The Life-Vessels for soul passengers glide down the river of Eternity. O vast river ! Solemn river ! yet kind river ! The vessels that are Love-roped by the hand of God sail without failing into the Gate of Heaven."

Knowledge, acquired at the cost and the drudgery of learning, robs us of that self-conceit which, especially in the realm of spiritual things, would ostracise "outsiders." There are no outsiders. Humanity has been deprived of the sense of its divinity; of the consciousness of its unity. The darkest pages of historic annals are those which detail the injury inflicted by man upon man because of misunderstanding. Concerning other religions, other creeds, truth has been veiled, half truths have been advertised, untruths permitted to prevail. The West has derisively described Eastern rules and rituals. Orientals, too, have not always proclaimed the exact word relative to Occidental ways of worship. How many "facts" have sounded in our ears connected with suppositions or presumed faiths and functions ? Knowledge, in this sense, is power indeed ; a power which, growing day by day in stature and in grace, is setting men's feet on the right track towards the *motif* of unity and its practice. When man really knows man he becomes appreciative instead of endeavouring to depreciate. Fraternity is the outcome of acquaintance

and intimacy. When we succeed in discovering elements in persons of various races and religious professions which appear to be and probably are essential to their spiritual evolution, we discover this;—that these very elements go far towards showing that the eternal mind of many beats in time and tune with that of the eternal Father of men.

After all, the tale of humanity is told in the tale of man and, reading that story rightly, we seek and find therein that priceless pearl which is symbolic of The One. The value of our lesson lies in learning that each unit of the race has his own peculiar worth and weight in the vast creative scheme and that each unit is essential to the completed structure. The wealth, nay the well being, of the whole depends upon the inclusion of the individual, for "we are one body". Sympathetically realising this we become instinct with that understanding which crowns unity as the paramount purpose.

Differences between man and man, viewed from external points merely, are more various than races, more diverse than people. Geographical placement, climate circumstances, surroundings, added to the inherited influence of an immemorial past, create a necessary and no doubt wholesome variety. Each variant, however, is but the outer robe of that raiment which enfolds the wearer, differentiating him superficially. Underneath the garb, whose cut, colour and embroideries arrest immediate attention, 'he' and "me" are far more nearly "at one" than some of us imagine. How, otherwise, could soul reflect soul? Distortion, in a mirror, serves to accentuate difference; but the divine entity, beneath the clothing and the mask, shows itself to human vision when inspired humanity opens

its inner eyes and beholds. "He" and "me" become consciously merged in The One. Differentiation is then exposed as, let us say, imposition; a something natural enough on the outer plane but utterly unnatural to the spirit. Within the majestic immobility of the invariable "You" and "I" may rest together. There, "remaineth a rest"; and, there, in that all-wide embrace, denizens of the universe meet, recognising one another as sons of the munificent mother. Family relationship, inalienable, indivisible, erases boundary lines of limitation. East and West, North and South are relegated to their proper place in the sacred scheme of things: necessary no doubt, but entirely subordinate and educational. Our hope for the welfare of the World lies in the apprehension and exercise of unity.

ERIC HAMMOND.

ABUSES OF HINDU SOCIETY.

"THE old order changeth, yielding place to new." So sang the poet. But I am inclined to think that when he sang it he forgot there was a single exception on the face of the earth, to which that law refused to apply itself. I refer to what is *now practised* as Hinduism. In spite of the change of times and with it the change of the environments and needs, our old meaningless religious practice and conviction cling to us unchanged, or rather we cling to them with all the tenacity of a leech. With us alone the old order of things has not changed nor is it likely to change at this rate.

It is the pet theory of many that because India was once great on account of religion, her regeneration can only come through her religion once more. Some are of an opposite opinion; here is an instance of what one of our reform leaders says—"Oriental races are to a certain extent more spiritually inclined than those of the Occident. Almost all the great movements in our history have been due, directly or indirectly, to religious influences. It is, therefore, hastily concluded that a national sentiment will develop itself through these religious influences once more. There is, however, an essential difference between the present state and the former periods of Indian

history. The rise of the Marathas and the Sikhs was due to a religio-national movement among *homogeneous* peoples. What we now want is a movement including in its bounds the Hindu and the Mussalman, the Parṣi, the Sikh and the Christian. It is not very complimentary to the intellectual acumen of Indians if we are blinded in this way by false historical analogies There is not a shadow of doubt that if we are to develop a national sentiment at all, religion is not the agency that will affect that object."* Whatever it be, it is not my purpose now to discuss the soundness of either of these beliefs by entering the field of controversy. Even granting that the above remarks are not quite correct—only granting, mind—the question is, if our regeneration can be effected through what we *now* believe and *practise* as religion. The answer is not far to seek; a glance at our society today will result in an emphatic negative. Because of this very religion the society is actually going down every day. Every ardent admirer, every passionate lover, every strenuous advocate, every pious devotee, every enthusiastic preacher of Hinduism is such, because every one of them takes the theoretical side of it as the basis of his admiration, love, etc. They should all be said to be visionaries; they betray their ignorance of the practical side, of the *existing* form of religion. What is more, they are the first transgressors in practice of what they so enthusiastically preach from books. The result has obviously been most pernicious.

There is a wide divergence between the theory and practice of Hinduism among us; what is followed every day

* Prof. R. P. Paranjpye, in "East and West," May 1904.

does not possess the least semblance to what is preached in books. The two are as distinct and as much opposed to each other as the two poles of the earth. Many of our *so-called* religious practices are as much unwarranted by our religion as adultery or murder. What *properly* may be termed Hinduism — Hinduism as it should be, as a great religion—is to be found only in our scriptures; in practice we see none of it. Not a trace of it is reflected from our daily thoughts and actions; it is now just as much dead and as much a thing of the past as the religion of the ancient Greeks or the Civilisation of Babylon. What avails the many things said in books if they are not the mainsprings of our daily thought and actions? What we who *profess* to be Hindus follow is not Hinduism,—or any other *religion* for the matter of that—but some strange heterogeneous mixture of nonsensical *customs*, absurd *superstitions* and destructive *conventions*. What we find around us is only “a hot bed of rank superstitions, reeking abominations and hideous phantasms.” What should be said of our *civilized* selves who very *religiously* raise our bundle of customs and superstitions to the dignity of a religion, and who pride ourselves upon it?

An amusing story is told among us that on a *Craddha* day in a certain house, while the religious ceremonies were going forward a cat thrust itself into their midst, and was about to carry off one of the *pindas* (rice-balls), which would have been a very sacrilegious, desecrating act. So the performer chased away the cat to a corner and cooped it up inside a basket to ensure against its further disturbance. The ceremonies then went on to a finish without any more interference from the unfortunate cat.

Henceforward it became a tradition of the family that on the *Craddha* day a cat should be brought to the place of the ceremony and cooped up inside a basket. Many of our customs and religious practices are literally of a similar kind, and possess just as much sense and reason. Let us all cry,—*Fie on the religious practices of today!* Let me once more repeat—because it bears repeated repetition—that our religion is now nothing but a hoard of unsound, insane, irrational, customs—and nothing else. For whatever we observe for whatever we think, and even for whatever we eat we needs must quote the authority of religion and thereby profane, desecrate, dishonour the spirit of the word. Why do you have your cap awry on your head today? It is enjoined by our religion. Why do you wear only a single shoe on this wet day? Because it is forbidden by our religion to wear both the shoes on this particular day. Why are you standing? It is religion. Why are you sitting? It is religion. “Religion is to our people what a red rag is to a bull,” to use the words of Prof. Paranjpye. It has become the password for every foolish act of ours.

Let me not be misunderstood here. My purpose is not to decry the Hindu Religion nor praise its superiority. I write only of its abuses in practice from my personal experiences and daily observations around me among my Hindu friends,—I write of what *actually exists* in practice. Any one who impartially examines the present state of our society will agree with me. Our religion may be a theoretically perfect one in itself, but its influence is only to be judged by the advance we have been able to make through it in our social, domestic, and civic life. Let us apply this practical test to Hinduism as observed today and see how far it satisfies that test. Are the Hindu homes and temples religious and spiritual centres, radiating

fervour and enthusiasm ? Do the religious observances in practice inspire us with a yearning after a better, a nobler a fuller life ? And do they create in us a desire to reject every thing which is dragging us down ? Does our religion serve to carry us through mundane pains and spiritual pitfalls ? Does it make us good, noble, kind, loving, pure in thought and word ? What position does woman hold in our society ? Does she enjoy an equal share of independence of thought and action, an equal share of education as the other sex ? Is she regarded, not as a mere adjunct of man, but as one having a distinct and intelligent individuality of her own ?

The answer to every one of these questions is obviously an emphatic negative. How then can we say that we are following a great religion at present ? If these are to be the result of being the followers of a great religion, we had better have no religion at all. The truth is we are followers of no religion, but only of a bundle of customs, as I have previously remarked. I do not say that there are not certain practices which have a truly religious significance. These are *miserably few* and even these few have entirely lost their *spirit* and preserve only the *form*. What is tantamount to the conclusion, we have entirely lost the *true* religious *spirit* in every thing. Some of these are the *Trikala Sandhya*, the worship of God, etc. The chief purpose of these is to compel meditation and concentration. This is entirely lost sight of by our people and the practices are considered to be a *formal* duty which they dispose of with as much haste and reluctance as possible, much like one swallows a potion of a bitter-drug. Even the orthodox Hindus perform this prayer

and worship with as violent and breakneck a speed as those considered by them, irreligious. An alarming majority of them knows neither the meaning nor the significance of what they do, with consequent inability to judge the good or bad effect of the desirableness of their practices. Only the form is preserved with a blind, passionate devotion. Under these circumstances the result of their performance or non-performance is the same.

To use the words of Emerson, "Prayer is the soliloquy of a beholding and jubilant soul. It is the contemplation of the facts of life from the highest point of view." Do our prayers bear even the slightest resemblance to this? Our prayers and worships have today assumed various ludicrous and abnoxious forms, and it is difficult to convey an adequate idea of them to strangers. I have had occasion to see many Hindu homes of all grades of orthodoxy, and I have not till now found many instances of their performing the prayer or the worship of God with the proper spirit and feeling. What of our temples? Contrasting a Buddhist temple with a Hindu one, a writer thus graphically describes,—“The one has its images of Buddha serene and placid, reflecting on the illusions of this life, and crying from myriad shrines: ‘Heal your wounds ye wounded, and eat your fill, you hungry. Rest, ye weary, and ye who are thirsty, quench your thirst. Look up to the light, ye that sit in darkness. Be of good cheer, ye, that are forlorn.’ The other has its obscene symbols, its monstrous idols, to be appeased only by the shedding of blood. See the temple of Kali in Calcutta and the temple of Buddha in Rangoon and you have a contrast that all the metaphysics of the subtle Hindu mind cannot reconcile with pure faith. You approach the Kali temple through

reeking abominations, and behold a pit out of which flows an endless stream of unclad humanity. A wild and dark rabble, sweating the rancid oil of cocoanut, they look like lost souls vomited from the depths of hell, fleeing from the wrath of the hideous image whose foul face glows through the blackness. To the temple of Buddha you ascend by marble stairs, and behold a tower of gold crowned with flashing gems and golden bells that tinkle in the sunlight. The worshippers are arrayed in shimmering silks, and bring flowers and tapers of beeswax—not the blood of goats—to lay at the feet of the serene Buddha. This is the contrast in creed and worship, and it is written everywhere on the land and on the people throughout India and Burma.” When we enter a Hindu temple, we feel as if we are entering a dark subterranean cavern; the obscurity inside blinds us, the impure pent-up air suffocates and sickens us, and the hideous images frighten us. We return from there with a most unfavourable idea of God and our religion. Mr. A. S. Ramiah of Madras remarks,—“Indian temples have lost their beneficent influences, and together with the jewelled idols kept within, they have become the private property of certain privileged few who keep these fanes as custom-house compounds for the perpetuation of pilgrimage taxes.”

The priests whom the temples harbour are still worse. The same writer continuing remarks,—“The priests of India are corrupt to the core, and are ever startling the world with the depths of degradation; they are prepared to jump still further down.” “The more such drones perish the better for the hive.” A Hindu priest, who is kind and sympathetic to his spiritual children, a true comfort and solace in affliction, a sincere friend and true guide in times of need is nowhere to be found.

The practice of girl marriages and enforced widowhood, the dependent place our women—especially our widows—are obliged to be in, the low state of our life, the caste distinctions and dissensions, the hatred cherished by brother against brother,—all these bear sufficient testimony to the pernicious result of the corruptions and the misinterpretations of our religion.

Unless we pause a while at this stage and calmly examine into our practices, unless we make bold to reject all such as will be found to be destructive to our progress, in spite of their having become a long-established custom or usage, and unless we break through the tyranny of our customs, there is no hope of our regeneration or progress, we shall continue to flounder in the abyss of inaction and inertia. We should distinctly understand that the bundle of our custom is not religion. Religion does not enjoin us to follow any of these irrational, insane, customs. Religion is all right; it is profanation to give the name of religion to what we practise. Things are not true *because* they have been believed for ages past. The tradition-encrusted customs do not give us salvation. Obviously then the only way to completely eradicate these evils is to strike at the root. Let all banish the unfounded fear that the violation of the sanctity which these foolish usages have acquired through ages will be destructive of our spiritual welfare. Let us all strike out bold and original lines for ourselves, nerving ourselves with the idea that we are self-reliant *men*, and being *men*, that we can control our own welfare without a debasing adherence to the past.

"Whoso would be a man must be a non-conformist," says Emerson. The statement is pregnant with meaning.

It is with the individual as with the whole nation. Let us clearly understand why one should be a non-conformist and what have been the consequences of conformity. A blind conformity to old customs and usages, a most slavish adherence to the past has become the bane of our national life. It has made us stagnate at the same point from year to year. Conformity is simply individual and national suicide. This foolish, this blind conformity to ancient customs has killed the initiative in us, put to sleep our healthy curiosity and spirit of enquiry, and destroyed our practical ability. In the words of Emerson again, "A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds,..... with consistency a great soul has simply nothing to do." We erroneously suppose that our religion exacts of us this consistency and conformity. Should we be like "children who repeat by rote the sentences of grandames and tutors?" The prejudices which we have imbibed from our faulty education and our reverence for the past have made us rely upon false and doubtful usages as unquestionable truths and have *long* kept us in the dark from truth.

If you take quinine to-day because you happen to suffer from fever, should it become a usage in your family to take quinine on that particular day every year? If when robbery and plunder were prevalent and protection was weak you built your houses like dungeons without doors or windows, why should you adhere to that practice even when law, order, and good government reign supreme? If certain usages spring up to meet the needs of certain social and political institutions at certain times, does it follow that the same usages are to be religiously adhered to when those social and political institutions are entirely dead and gone? Obviously not; but

still we are daily doing the same, showing that we are still in the elementary stage where man is incapable of distinguishing the harmless from the harmful practices. Many of our religious practices show what a mean opinion of God we have ; it were better to have no opinion at all of Him than such as is unworthy of Him. Our meaningless and unworthy rites and ceremonies, our excess of "outward and pharisaical holiness," our blind reverence of the past—all these have helped to increase our superstitions and root them firmly.

What Bacon wrote more than three hundred years ago is still true to-day of our society,—“superstition and conformity are now so well advanced that men of the first rank are as firm as butchers by occupation.” *To day* more than at any other time we want men and women who shall renovate our social state and silently and sincerely, without vain show and empty noise, work to effective ends. But what can we expect out of this general insolvency? We constantly hear of men who profess to reform society and religion, who protest against existing customs and usages in grandiloquent orations, swear themselves to the cause of progress and advancement; but invariably the greater number do just as they have done before “as if they were dead images, and engines moved only by the wheels of custom.”

In these days of great scientific discoveries and inventions, of railways and steam-ships, of man's wonderful and miraculous triumphs over nature, I hope “we shall have heard the last of conformity and consistency. Let the words be gazetted ridiculous henceforward. Let us never bow and apologise more,” to ancient customs. Until we

kill these cruel monsters which are eating the very vitals of our society we will never be able to take our proper place in the scale of nations, in the race for civilization we will be quite powerless to keep pace with the advancing countries of the world. Every fresh moment brings with it fresh responsibilities, fresh changes in the environment in the requirement, in the individual and national ideals. And unless and until we move along with the times we can not reasonably share in the good things which new times are promising to nations young and strong.

In these forward-moving times things are continually changing, what holds good to-day does not hold good *to-morrow*. Much more then is it clear that what held good *ages ago* has lost its value and usefulness to-day. Whence then this persistent, this blind, this foolish conformity? Is it not high time for us all to bestir ourselves and show some self reliance and independence and our capacity to rise equal to new conditions.

The only way to remove the cause of this great social and religious evil is for every one of us to *impartially* examine everything we are following. Let no one shrink from examining, criticising, dissecting anything because it may happen to pass under the garb of ancient respectability or present a venerable and sacred external. Truths may be ugly, and are ; but still they are no less truths. " It is in the nature of things that doubt should arise. Do not believe in traditions merely because they have been handed down for many generations and in many places ; do not believe in anything because it is rumoured and spoken of by many ; do not believe because the written statement of some old sage is produced ; do not believe

in what you have fancied, thinking that because it is extraordinary it must have been implanted by a *deva* or a wonderful being. After observation and analysis, when it agrees with reason and is conducive to the good and benefit of one and all, then accept it and live up to it."* Nothing could be more beautifully put. It is what ought to be the healthy attitude of every one of us—if we are to advance and achieve great things. Accept nothing on trust without examination, find out truth and follow truth and nothing but truth. Truth has never changed nor ever will change. When once this spirit of healthy curiosity is fostered by us, when once we begin to think and act now, at the present hour, equally indifferent to the praise or blame of the world, when once we are *ourselves* and not the *dead images* of the past, when once we begin to live truly, with God, today, seeking no ghostly priests and priestly intermediaries, the gloom of superstition will be dispelled and true light will flood our path, the shackles of custom and the bonds of convention, will crumble into dust,—in short we shall no more be the unpractical visionaries or the crooked reflections of the past we are, but we shall be, *men*. A thousand things may daily be written or said in praise of this custom or that usage or of Hinduism in general ; but let us not be cheated by the mere jugglery of words into the conclusion or belief that our *practice* of Hindu religion is all right as it is. Practical test should be the criterion of our judgments. This is nothing which every one does not know,—

"I only speak right on
To tell you all what yourselves do know."

* Kakkha Sutta, Anguttara Nikaya.

I am here reminded of a passage in Coleridge; what he has said of man in general seems to me to be quite applicable to the collective Hindu Society and its practices to-day. Let us all lay it to heart,—“All things strive to ascend.....And shall man alone stoop? Shall his pursuits and desires, the *reflections* of his inward life be like the reflected image of a tree on the edge of a pool that grows downwards and seeks a mock heaven in the unstable element beneath it? No, it must be a higher good to make you happy. While you labour for anything below your proper humanity you seek a happy life in the region of death. Well saith the poet,—

*“ Unless above himself he can
Erect himself, how mean a thing is man ! ”*

C. SESHAGIRI RAO.

FRANCE IN PEACE AND IN WAR.

I have no hesitation in saying that France is one of the least known countries in Europe, and her inhabitants are but little understood by people of other nations. Of all the foreigners I have come into contact with, I find the French the most difficult to get to know, and the ones most likely to give surprises by suddenly betraying hitherto unknown characteristics. There are two reasons for this ; the first being that the average Frenchman dislikes travelling for long, or living away from his own country, so that we see him abroad but little. The second is, that he, when at home, is not given to promiscuous hospitality, and has a natural disinclination to mix with, and a great distrust of strangers. France is essentially a country for the French alone, and though many foreigners live for years in this beautiful land, I never knew of one who felt perfectly at home there, or who could be sure that he was entirely welcome. The French do not resent intruders, they are even polite to them, but they make them feel constantly that they can get on perfectly well without them, and need neither their money nor their help. The French, as a nation, are so industrious and economical, their country is so fertile, so rich in minerals and other natural productions, and, above all, so well situated geographically

speaking, that this aloofness with regard to foreigners is perfectly comprehensible. France is so self-supporting that in reality she needs but little from outside. She does not even greatly desire colonies, and it is a matter of curiosity to the English mind to hear the indifference with which the French speak of even such desirable settlements as Madagascar or Algeria.

The average Frenchman likes to stay at home and cultivate the land that has belonged to his ancestors for many generations. He considers his own plot of ground as being much superior to his neighbour's, and thinks of all territory not immediately in the vicinity of his own as foreign and undesirable. Not even the war, and all the painful uprooting from familiar scenes that it has occasioned has modified this trait. Only recently, I was talking to a very well-educated girl, who had lived all her life in one village, and whom some well-meaning people had transplanted to a neighbouring town during the war, so that she might have some distraction while her fiancé was fighting. She described her sensations while away from home, as being most painful. She said she felt, "torn in half" and that she could not bear to press her feet upon the streets of a strange and unknown place! This girl is typical, and her sentiments are the ones that predominate in the country. Of course there are Frenchmen who travel a great deal, and even some who go abroad and establish themselves in countries far distant from their own, but they are very much in the minority, and are usually only too anxious to return and end their days among the familiar scenes of their childhood.

Having in view these essential characteristics of the race, it is not to be wondered at that France, despite her

very ancient and thorough civilisation, is much behind the times in many ways, and takes most unkindly to innovations in her habits. Also her extremely economical tendencies stand in her way where any expenditure may be needed, and usually progress of any kind means a certain financial outlay. Thus, although French engineers are the cleverest in the world, French railways, trains, bridges, etc., are too often in a lamentable condition of dilapidation, and extraordinary accidents occur all for the lack of a little outlay of cash. A bridge over a river on the Orleans railway was known for years to have been in a most precarious condition. The railway company refused to spend money on it, saying it could easily "last a little longer", with the result, that, during the floods of 1909-10, it gave way, precipitating a whole train and its occupants into the raging torrent below! During the war a fearful railway accident which caused some 580 victims,—all soldiers—took place because the engine of a train conveying soldiers on leave had no brakes; they had broken and it had not been considered necessary to replace them! Individual avarice is just as guilty as public. Not even fear for his personal safety will make the average Frenchman spend money. I was awakened one night in October 1914 by a most fearful noise, which was explained the following morning. The roof of part of the house of a wealthy wine merchant had fallen in completely for lack of repairs. It had not been carefully overhauled since 1749! Luckily, no one was sleeping on the top floor, so no one was injured, and when the owner, who was fighting in Alsace, was informed of the event he did not seem either astonished or annoyed. He only congratulated himself upon the fact, that the accident having occurred when trade was bad, his roof could be

repaired at reduced cost, also, as he wrote to his mother: "You can burn the rafters instead of buying wood or coal during the forth-coming winter."

In the domain of Science and Medicine it is the same thing. French Doctors and Scientists are brilliant in their achievements; whereas in no civilised country are sanitation, hygiene and elementary cleanliness so neglected and behind the times, and even the teaching of Science and Mathematics in many schools is lamentably out of date in its methods.

The French are, perhaps, of all nations, the most intelligent, the most brilliant, and the most capable of getting on without much effort. Therefore, as a rule, they are satisfied with their progress, and do not make efforts, either individually or collectively. They are, in fact, supremely indifferent; were they not so, given their extraordinary qualities, and the natural resources of their lovely land, they could, in a few decades, easily outstrip other nations in the race for power and position, and attain an almost unimaginable degree of civilisation, riches and force. The Frenchman has always been his own worst enemy. He likes wasting, literally, years on futile political discussions or religious arguments. He is painfully, horrifyingly, talkative. He adores frequenting a club, where everyone talks and nobody listens. He will stand on a platform and harangue an audience—that talks all the time—for hours, and then go home and not even be quite sure what he has said, he is only conscious of the supreme pleasure of having spoken—though rarely of having been listened to. As a result of this habit, all that is worst in the country gets into power, and all that is best, (because it is quiet and intelligent) remains

hidden until some great occasion calls it to the surface to save the situation.

Thus, men like Caillaux and Maloy are permitted limitless power for a time, and great men past and present remain in oblivion until the country in its death agony scream for them and their counsels. If France had listened to Victor Hugo she would never have had an alliance with Russia. If she had listened to her despised Priests and Monks she would have had a population equal to that of Germany. If she had listened to Foch, Joffre, and other great ones, she would have had a magnificent army that alone could have prevented Germany from ever venturing upon so hazardous an enterprise as a War. But she preferred Monsieur Caillaux, who said, "We risk nothing from Germany. Keep your money and we will take away the soldiers and ammunition from the North, instead of wasting tax-money in keeping them there." And, as a result, Lille had one cannon and 1,500 soldiers to defend her when the German hordes arrived! and though the Lilleois hate the Germans, after suffering them for four years as conquerors, they hate Monsieur Caillaux far more, and they say so!

During the War France has been sublime. She has pulled herself together in a way worthy of her great past. Both on the battlefield, and in the interior of the country Frenchmen have fought, and Frenchwomen have worked and suffered in a manner that has drawn admiration even from their enemies. The question now is, will France be able to shake aside her usual apathy sufficiently to allow herself to benefit in the future by the fearful and enormous sacrifices she has made? I hope so, but I am by no means sure, since the first step in this direction must be to allow a certain interpenetration of outside ideas into

the French mind. No nation can be entirely self-sufficing we all need to mix a little with our neighbours in order to have our corners rubbed down, our sharp angles rounded. Will France ever admit this outside influence, or will she go on saying, as she has done in the past, that she does not need it? Already, in spite of herself, new ideas have entered with the foreign legions that have come from far to fight side by side with her soldiers against a common foe, and these ideas have even begun to take effect, but it remains to be seen whether the effect will be lasting. I think it is more probable that American soldiers will go home determined to introduce French cooking into their homes, than that French soldiers will return to their families anxious to take more baths, to have more fresh air in their houses, or to improve the sanitary conditions of their towns or villages. Perhaps, however, I am wrong, I can only hope so. As I have said before, this nation is always capable of giving one surprises and it may learn to profit by the lessons of this war in a way even its most sanguine friends have never dreamed of. I sincerely hope so. I should like to live to see this beautiful France occupying, as she has a right to, a magnificent place among the Nations, a place second to none, and worthy of the sublime heroes, who have cheerfully died to save her,—not only from her enemies, but from herself, and the foes of her own household, that, in the past, have sat at home spoiling and devouring her fair patrimony. May right-thinking and (right-living) reign ever in Victorious France, making her in the future, safe, and sure against all foes within and without! That is the best of all I can wish her.

MARGARITA YATES

THE DEFENCE OF HINDU ASTRONOMY.

TO the July number of the "East and West" Mr. G.R. Kaye contributed an article on "The Greek Influence on Indian Mathematics." The paper embraces a fair range of study and is of great interest but its conclusions are not accurate. There must of course be considerable difference of opinion as to the age of Hindu Astronomy, in which personal equation of the writer must play a great part. Mr. Kaye's article assumes many things which perhaps take their colour from pre-conception of the priority of Greek over Indian astronomy. European scholars chiefly divide Hindu astronomy into two stages:—that of the Vedas and that based on mathematical calculations as propounded in Brahma Siddhanta, Surya Siddhanta, Brihat Samhita, Siddhanta Siromani and other Astronomical works of more recent date. Baily, Max Muller and other eminent orientalists have expressed high admiration for the accurate astronomical knowledge attained by the Hindus even in the Vedic age; but a few oriental scholars of the school of Bently see nothing remarkable in the first stage of Hindu astronomy and Mr. Kaye, it seems to us, belongs to this school. Mr. Kaye remarks: "it is now acknowledged that the Hindu Astronomy of the second period (that of Aryabhatta, Varahamihir, Brahmagupta, Bhascara and others, came from the Greeks." He

puts forward as his evidence that two at least of the western works, the Romaka and the Paulisa textbooks, were translated or adapted. Further he adds to prove that much of the astronomical knowledge came from the Greeks through the Persian medium that "there is the curious fact that the Hindus ascribed their knowledge of astronomy to the sun-worshipper Maya by whom they probably meant the Zoroastrian Ahura Mazda." The mention of the name of Maya also puzzled Mr. Weber who thought it was the Hindu translation of Ptolemais of the Greeks. Amusing though these statements are, we shall just shew how futile is the attempt to belittle the credit of the ancient Hindu astronomers and to reserve it wholly for the Greeks.

The basis of Hindu astronomy was in the religious aspirations of Hindu votaries, in times when each heavenly body represented a Divinity. The study of astronomy originated in the doctrine that the Supreme Being had assigned duties to each of the heavenly bodies, by which they became rulers of the affairs of the world, and that a knowledge of the Divine Will would be acquired by watching and observing the order of their motions and the recurrence of times and season. With the Hindus the study of astronomy became a sacred duty, at least among the most educated classes, in as much as the celestial bodies were viewed as gods and the worship of them was enjoined by the Vedas. Thus the piety of the Hindus in primitive ages led them to watch with care all the phenomena of the heavens, and to perfect their calendar of festivals, etc., and to this end the first Hindu astronomers directed their attention. Thus according to Baily, accurate astronomical observations had been made in India, probably before 300 B. C, a conclusion which is justified on independent

evidence. Some writers of the history of the Vedic age have also held that the sacrificial rites described in the Vedas were of astronomical origin. In any case as they were regulated by the position of the moon with reference to the stars they must be held to presuppose accurate astronomical observations, which indeed have come to be a religious necessity; so that it is reasonable to argue, *a priori* that an extensive astronomical knowledge was obtained in India even in the Vedic times. From the translations of the Vedic hymns by Pundit Satyabrata Samasrami, one of the greatest Vedic scholars of India, we understand that even in the Vedic times the Hindus had a knowledge of the motions of the planets (at least five) and the causes of the solar and lunar eclipses; and an astronomical interpretation of the Vedic hymns attempted by other scholars goes to show that a knowledge of solstitial and equinoctial points on the part of the Vedic writers could be reasonably accepted.

Mr. Weber suggests that Maya (as mentioned in Surya Siddhanta) is the Sanscrit translation of Ptolemais of the Greeks and thereby hints at the indebtedness of Hindu astronomy to the Greeks. We shall just show how groundless is this assumption. The name of Maya appears in many places in the Puranas as a famous architect; and there is frequent mention of Mâyābi Maya (by this probably an eminent astrologer and astronomer is meant) in the Ramayana and the Mahabharat. Apart from the above, granting that Maya of the Surya Siddhanta is the Sanscrit translation of Ptolemais, we find that there is not a single passage in the whole of Surya Siddhanta to show that Maya gave any lessons on astronomy. He was only a learner and Surya is the preceptor. Surya is of course the

god of the Hindus and was not imported from Greece. Therefore even taking Mr. Weber's interpretation we draw just an opposite inference which is that Maya got his teaching from Surya. Again the suggestion of Mr. Kaye that by Asura Maya is meant the Zoroastrian Ahura Mazda needs no refutation; for the mere perusal of any Persian treatise will convince any one that Persian astronomy was not half so advanced as the astronomical knowledge postulated in Surya Siddhanta.

Of all the Siddhantas none were held in such high esteem as the Brahma, Surya, Soma and Brihaspati. They were considered to be inspired. There were also two other Siddhantas—Romaka and Paulisa; and Mr. Kaye says that both of them are of Greek origin and have much influenced the ancient Hindu astronomers. The Romaka Siddhanta is undoubtedly a translation of some Greek or Roman treatise as its name suggests. Its method of procedure also does not agree with that followed in any of the above Siddhantas and in this treatise the latitude of Alexandria has been adopted for calculating times and dates. Most probably it is a sort of adaptation from Ptolemy's work, and its calculations have not been used, not even mentioned, in any of the known treatises of Hindu astronomy. The date of its composition has been placed by Dr. Kern in the sixteenth century, for in it there is occasional mention of the name of Emperor Babar. Hence we may safely conclude that Romaka Siddhanta has very little to do with the progress of astronomical knowledge of the Hindus. Of the Paulisa Siddhanta we cannot say the same thing. Its method of procedure agrees in many respects with that of the current Siddhantas of the Hindus; the only difference being that

the calculation of the solar and the lunar eclipses given in this book are not so accurate as propounded in the *Surya Siddhanta* or *Siddhanta Siromani* of Bhāscara. It is believed by many European scholars that the *Paulisa Siddhanta* is an adaptation of the work by Paulus Alexandrinus. But there was also a sage in India of the name* of *Pulisa*. Is it not first of all a dangerous argument to base a conclusion on the similarity of names? "We have no right", says Dr. Kern in his preface to *Brihat Samhita*, "whatever to infer that Paulus Alexandrinus and Paulisa are one and the same, for indentity of name is too slender a ground, specially when the name happens to be a common one." Further the *Paulisa Siddhanta* (as described by Prof. Jogesh Chandra Ray in his work on "Our Astronomy and Astronomers") is based on mathematical calculations, whereas the work of Paulus is mainly an astrological one. We have, therefore, every reason to believe that *Paulisa Siddhanta* had its origin in India and is not imported from outside.

The second period of Hindu astronomy was a real advance in mathematical astronomy and the reasonings set forth there exhibit a keenness of observation that would do credit to latter-day European philosophy. The treatises of that period that are held in high esteem by the Hindus are *Brahma Siddhanta*, *Surya Siddhanta*, *Brihat Samhita* and *Siddhanta Siromani*. The dates of composition of the above works have not been fixed to our entire satisfaction; there exists a vast difference of opinion as to the actual dates among the oriental scholars. This indeed is by no means strange. Most of the oriental research scholars are not mathematicians, though historians of great repute,

and the fixing of dates should be based on accurate mathematical calculation. Hence as regards dates we are inclined to follow Mr. Baily, Mr. Brennard and Pundit Sudhakara Dwivedi where any difference of opinion arises.

The birth of Aryabhatta marked a new era in the progress of mathematical astronomy. He wrote a number of works on astronomy, which are now known only by quotations from his writings, given by Brahmagupta and other subsequent astronomers. It is in general by these citations that Aryabhatta was known as a very eminent astronomer, who was anterior to Brahmagupta and probably flourished in the beginning of the Christian Era (Pundit Sudhakara Dwivedi places him in the third century B. C.). From the quotations of Brahmagupta we learn that Aryabhatta maintained the diurnal motion of the earth round its axis. "The starry sphere," he affirms, "is stationary, and the earth making a revolution produces the daily rising and setting of stars and planets." The idea of heliacal risings and settings of stars and planets was first fully developed in Europe by Copernicus in the fifteenth century, and before him it was not recognised, though some rudimentary hints were thrown by Pythagoras in the fifth century B. C. Aryabhatta promulgated the above theory in its present form in the first century B. C. at the latest. Hence we see that Mr. Kaye's statement that the Hindus borrowed the idea of heliacal risings and settings of stars and planets from the Greeks does not stand scrutiny. We are rather inclined to believe that this theory had its origin in India and was introduced in Europe through the Greek medium, where it was given its present, practical, garb. The confusion as regards the correct date of Aryabhatta arises from the fact that most

of the oriental scholars have failed to notice that there were two men of the name of Aryabhatta, one the great astronomer who lived in the first century B. C. and the other who was only a commentator and compiler, flourishing in the thirteenth or fourteenth century A. D. The latter wrote a commentary on Surya Siddhanta. Dr. Bhau Daji says that the work mentioned by Albarauni as written by this Aryabhatta is this commentary. If this be true we can infer that Surya Siddhanta in its present form was current before the ninth century; but we have evidence enough to show that some portions of the Surya Siddhanta was written ever before the age of the Sulva Sutras.

The name of Brahmagupta is held in high esteem by all Hindu writers. He flourished in the sixth century A.D. We know that there is not a single argument in the whole range of Greek astronomy to prove why the earth is without any support, and why the earth, though spherical, appears flat to observers on earth. "The earth" says Brahmagupta stands firm by its own power without other support in space. If there be material support to the earth and another upholder of that, and again another of this, and so on without limit, and if finally self support must be assumed, why not assume it in the first instance? Why not recognise it in this multiform earth? The earth possessing an attractive force draws towards itself any heavy substance situated in the surrounding atmosphere, and that substance appears as if it fell (like a stone). But whither can the earth fall in ethereal space which is equal and alike on every side?.....If the earth were falling, an arrow shot into the air would not return to it when the projectile force was expended, since both would descend

nor can it be said that the earth moves slower and is overtaken by the arrow, for heaviest bodies fall quickest and the earth is heaviest. Such reasonings can do credit even to modern astronomers. Again why does not the earth appear spherical to men on earth? Aryabhatta in reply says:—

“As the earth is a large body, and a man is exceedingly small, the whole visible portion of the earth consequently appears, to a man on its surface, to be perfectly plane.” We think this is a point gained by Hindu astronomy over the Greek.

Next came Barahamihira who also lived in the sixth century A. D. He was not an original writer but a compiler. One of the passages in his work, Brihat Samhita, has led Mr. Kaye to think that Baraha admits that the Hindus have borrowed much from the Greeks. We shall presently shew that he has misunderstood and misinterpreted the couplet referred to. He translates the couplet thus—“The Greeks, indeed, are foreigners, but with them this science is in a flourishing state. Hence they are honoured as though they are Rishis.” The couplet as written by Baraha is this;—

*“Mlechhā hi Yavanā steshu samyak śāstramidam sthitam
Rishibat teapi pujiyante kim punardaibabid dwijaha.”*

The translation should be—“The Greeks are foreigners, with them also this science is in a flourishing state. Even they are honoured as Rishis, much more will be honoured a Brahmin versed in astrology.” It is not strange that European scholars, who had very little knowledge of Sanscrit, would advance this couplet as a proof that the Hindus learnt astronomy from the Yavanas (Greeks); but it is strange why they failed to take notice of the fact

that the above couplet occurs in the astrological section of Brihat Samhita and also in connection with the word "Daibabid" meaning astrologer and not astronomer. From the edition and translation by Pundit Sudhakara Dwivedi of Brihat Samhita we find that the name of Yavana (Greek) teacher occurs sixteen times and everywhere in support of the views of Baraha as regards "lagnasuddhi" and "bārasuddhi", and no where in support of astronomical facts. From this we can infer that the foreigners had very little to say on mathematical astronomy and those few points, rudimentary as they were, could not commend themselves to Hindu astronomers of established pre-eminence.

The next point that engages our attention is the explanation of the planetary motions by the method of epicycles. Mr. Kaye argues that this was of Greek origin and the Hindus borrowed it from the Greeks. The first notion of the planetary motion was clearly stated in the first chapter of Surya Siddhanta, and this, we are led to believe from the citations of ancient astronomers, existed in the oldest edition of Surya Siddhanta the date of which can be placed some where near the age of the Sulva Sutras.

"The planets in their orbits go rapidly and continually with the stars towards the west, and hang down at an equal distance as if overpowered (over-matched in speed) by the stars. Therefore the motions of the planets appear towards the east, and their daily motions, determined by their revolutions, are unequal to each other in consequence of the circumferences of their orbits; and by this unequal motion they pass the sign. The planet which moves rapidly requires a short time to pass the signs, and the planet that moves slowly passes the signs in a long time." (Chap. I, Slokas 25, 26, 27, Surya Siddhanta.)

This notion that the motion of all the planets was caused by a velocity in their orbits, which was the same for all alike, was prevalent not only in India but also in Europe even to the times of Kepler and Newton. This is evident from the manner in which Kepler combatted this doctrine and the important use he made of it. Soon after the death of Tycho, Kepler "made many discoveries from Tycho's observations. He found that astronomers had erred from the first rise of the science in ascribing circular orbits to the planets. He easily saw that the higher planets not only moved in greater circles, but also more slowly than nearer ones, so that, on a double account their periodic times were greater."

This planetary motion the Hindus and the Greeks explained by means of epicycles. Aryabhatta ascribed to the epicycles by which motion of a planet is represented a form varying from the circle and nearly elliptic. It was well known to the Hindus that a supposed uniform motion in a circle about the earth did not really represent true motion in its orbit, although the hypothesis served sufficiently to determine the mean motions and the mean place of a planet when deduced from observations carried on for lengthened periods. They knew that every planet in its course was subject to great irregularities, the motion undergoing continual changes. At one time it would be direct towards the east, and until the planet reached a stationary point where it would seem to be at rest; then a retrograde motion would begin, and continue for a time till another stationary point was reached, and the eastward motion would be repeated. It was to account for these irregularities that the epicycle

was invented. By the Greeks this contrivance was ascribed to Apollonius. He conceived that a planet in its course described, with uniform motion, the circumference of a circle, called the epicycle, *whose centre moved uniformly in the circumference of another circle, called the deferent, the centre of which was the centre of the Earth.* It was also supposed that, whilst the centre of the epicycle was moving eastward in the direction of the signs, the planet itself was moving in a direction contrary to that of the sign. By this hypothesis it was easy to show the various changes in the motion of the planets. This theory was generally adopted by western nations with the addition of other epicycles, introduced by Ptolemy, as necessary for expressing the apparent motions with accuracy. But the Hindus had two different methods for calculating "the true place" of a planet from its "mean place", as determined by the rules of Siddhanta (*Chap. II*). One of these methods resembled that Apollonius, but there was a considerable difference: that whilst the planet moved uniformly in its epicycle, whose centre moved in the deferent concentric with the earth, *the epicycle itself was conceived to be variable, the circumference being greatest when the planet was in an apsis (at Apogee or Perigee the true and mean places being then coincident) and least when the planet was at a distance of 90° from the points.* The other method supposes that, while the mean place of a planet is a point moving uniformly eastward round the circumference of a circle whose centre is the earth, the planet also moves uniformly eastward, in the same time, round the circumference of an equal but eccentric circle, whose centre is situated in the line joining the Apogee with the centre of the earth, the distance from it being the eccentricity. These two

methods of calculation, whether by assuming the motions as being in an eccentric or in an epicycle, give exactly the same results. The theories of epicyclical and eccentric motion of planets are beautifully and exhaustively put in the second chapter of *Surya Siddhanta* that a lengthy comparison of the Hindu and Greek methods together with the remarks of Bhāscara by means of figures and mathematical calculations will require a separate paper on the subject, which we wish to attempt later on. But we hope that the main point of the Greek and Hindu epicyclical theories that have already been mentioned will convince one that unlike the epicycles of Ptolemy and other Greek astronomers, *the Indian epicycles had a variable circumference, that of the first epicycle being largest at Apogee and Perigee, varying from those points through the deferent to its places at the quadrants, where its circumferences were least.* Hence we believe we are permitted to draw the conclusion that the two different methods of the Hindus and the Greeks grew up side by side without the one being influenced by the other for astronomical arguments point to a possibility, if not a certainty, of this kind.

Next in importance comes the question of discovery of the twelve signs of the Zodiac. Mr. Kaye has taken it for granted, *a priori*, that the division originated in Greece and thence was borrowed by the Hindu astronomers. We shall just show that astronomical arguments lead to the very opposite conclusion. Here we shall follow the admirable treatment of the question by Professor Dr. D. N. Mallik in the course of one of his lectures. "The Hindu astronomers had two systems of reckoning: the lunar mansions or the *tithis* and the signs of the Zodiac or the *rāshis*, the first being obviously the earlier of the two. For while the moon's

motion among the stars is a matter of direct observation, the solar motion in its relation to the stars could only be observed by an indirect method, on account of the fact that his light shuts out of view, all stars in his neighbourhood. On the other hand the moon's motion is much more irregular than that of the sun. The observation of the sun's motion, therefore, came gradually to be recognised as a matter of practical as well as of scientific importance and the method of signs or *rāshis* ultimately superseded the method of the *tithis*. As to the lunar system of the Hindus, its high antiquity is testified to by the fact that the primitive series opened with *Krittikā* (the Pleiades) as the sign of the vernal equinox. But this arrangement would be correct only about 2300 B. C. and nowhere else would be found a well-authenticated Zodiacal sequence of so early a date. If this be granted, it seems to be very probable that the method of signs was built up in India, for the method of *tithis* which is admitted to be peculiar in India may be regarded as the parent of the method of signs, and we are thus able, almost to trace a gradual evolution, along lines well-recognised in science of the system of signs." The Hindu astronomers divided the Ecliptic and the Zodiac into 28 parts (and then into 27) forming so many groups of stars in the path of the moon, each division corresponding with the space of the moon's daily motion through them. The groups were hence called lunar asterisms. The ancient Hindu astronomers chose a set of 27 principal stars, one for each of the 27 lunar constellations, in general the brightest star of the Asterism, and called it *Yoga-tārā* whilst the asterism-cluster was named the *Nacshatra*. The *Yoga-tārā* was connected with the beginning or first point, on the Ecliptic of the division representing the space of the Asterism by the

small arc of apparent difference of longitude between them; this are being called the *bhoga* of the asterism. Thus the 27 divisions of the ecliptic became as fixed in position as the stars themselves, like a great fixed dial, with the numbers ranging not along the Equator but along the Ecliptic itself.

From the above arguments and investigations of Professor Weber and Colebrook we deduce that the Hindus founded their lunar mansions which the Arabs (by the name of *Manzil*) and the Chinese (by the name of *Sieu*), borrowed. We also know that the Greeks were not possessed of the system of lunar mansions. Professor Weber, however, propounded the view that the system originated in Babylon. Such a view can no longer be maintained, since we have now to admit that the Babylonian system is based on the sun's motion. Now if the view advocated above that the lunar system must be of older date than that which is based on the sun's motions be correct, we must admit that the Babylonian system must needs have been derived by adoption. Hence we are justified in inferring that if the Hindus can claim to be the originators of the system of Lunar Mansions, they have an equal right to claim to be the propounders of the system dependent on the divisions of the Zodiac; for it is natural to believe that a theory which belongs to a particular country in its first stage must needs belong to that country in its second stage as a natural consequence of the theory of evolution.

The next point that engages our attention is the question of parallax. Mr. Kaye says that the idea of parallax in Hindu astronomy is also borrowed from the Greeks. We are not prepared to accept his theory which

is not supported by sound logic. The Hindus, we know, were at a very early date well acquainted with all facts relating to eclipses. They had rules for calculation of the various phases both of lunar and solar eclipses, the times of beginning, middle, and end as set forth in their various astronomical works. The correction of parallax in latitude and longitude is of great importance in calculating eclipses accurately and hence we are led to believe that the Hindus had a thorough knowledge of this phenomenon even in the Vedic ages when eclipses were calculated for religious purposes. Bhāscara in his *Siddhanta Siromani* quotes several couplets from ancient astronomers explaining the importance of the correction of parallax in calculating eclipses.

"The moon, moving like a cloud in a lower sphere, overtakes the sun, hence it arises that the western side of the sun's disc is first obscured, and that the eastern side is the last part relieved from the moon's dark body ; and to some places the sun is eclipsed and to others he is not eclipsed." (*Siddhāntā Siromani Chap. VIII Para. I.*)

"At the change of the moon, it often happens that an observer placed at the centre of the earth, would find the sun, when far from the Zenith, obscured by the intervening body of the moon; whilst another observer on the surface of the earth will not, at the same time, find him so obscured, as the moon will appear to him to be depressed from the line of vision extending from his eye to the sun. Hence arises the necessity for the correction of parallax in celestial longitude and parallax in latitude in solar eclipses, in consequence of the difference of the sun and the moon." (*ibid para. 2*).

"When the sun and the moon are in opposition, the earth's shadow envelopes the moon in darkness. As the moon is actually enveloped in darkness, its eclipse is equally seen by every one on the earth's surface, and as the earth's shadow and the moon which enters it are at the same distance from the earth, there is therefore no call for the correction of parallax in a lunar eclipse." (*ibid*, para 3.)

These are some of the points that present themselves to one engaged in studying Hindu astronomy. A conviction already formed by reading the criticisms of many an oriental scholar that the Hindus have not received the credit due to their astronomical science and the recent publication of Mr. Kaye's paper have led me to venture some proofs of the high degree of astronomical knowledge obtained by the Hindus without any foreign aid. We hope, however, that every one will now admit that there are many points in Hindu astronomy which for their scientific importance must rank first in the history of the science.

SUKUMAR RANJAN DAS GUPTA.

Calcutta.

SILENCE.

A canopy of cloud by Heaven rent
 To watch the dreaming world, a moorland wide
 Surging to purple hills, — the sating scent
 Of gorse all glowing like a sun shot tide,
 And just one human figure slightly bent,
 A man in wordless prayer, — soul satisfied —

--Entranced by silence, raised above the sense
 Of mere mortality— God's creature freed,
 Soaring in spirit to the vault immense
 Of soundless ether, where the Angels plead
 With muted lips, and ceaseless reverence,
 For all the passing host of Adam's seed:

There lifted, held, a watchman of the world,
 Proclaiming not the hours,— a sentinel,
 Rigid awhile the regnant Night unfurled
 Her dusky banner over hill and dell;
 Quenched was the echo of a brook that purled
 About his door,—dumb was the curfew bell.

For Boreas and Zephyr willed to loan
 Their boundless kingdom to the evening star,
 And thus controlled, not e'en the faintest moan,
 Sighed through sad forests to the harbour bar;
 Sweet peace the planet claimed from zone to zone,
 Till mystic morn should touch Aurora's car.

How oft celestial calm can soothe the beat
Of fretted heart, and still the tortured brain
The watchman knew, and how revengeful heat,
Before the moon's reproach will cool and wane,
And now the human hive lay at his feet,
Profoundly still, unvoiced by joy or pain.

Thus steeped in silence, freed of all suspense,
In close communion with the Perfect Mind,
For sure reliance on Omnipotence,
He saw dim flocks about the pastures wind,
And read the ruling of Benevolence,
As Duty slowly roused the sleeping hind.

Then Light leapt up, not only in the land,
But from his freshened soul to heart and brain,
He felt the subtle stillness softly fanned
To faintest sound, the spot of gentle rain,
And smiling, mourned the blinking silvery band,
Which fled with Venus from her borrowed plain.

So Silence like a crystal ball must ring
As Holy Fingers touch it into sound,
A Marvel ! through infinity to bring
The plaints of earth for Angels to expound,
While dusky millions strive beneath the Wing,
Which presses warfare to a Peace profound.

Forthwith the watchman like a pupil trained
By wordless tutelage in Heavenly lore,
Dumbly proficient, quick his spirit reined,
Caging a nurtured soul to earth once more,
Whereat to emphasize a rule explained,
The brooklet chattered loud about his door.

R. E. SALWEY.

RAJA RAM MOHAN ROY.

"I like to call Ram Mohan Roy a great man using that word not as a cheap, unmeaning title but as conveying three essential elements of manly greatness, *unselfishness, honesty and boldness.*"—*Max Müller's Biographical Essays.*

In a cemetery near the city of Bristol in far-off England lie buried the mortal remains of Raja Ram Mohan Roy who was undoubtedly the greatest reformer that India has produced since the establishment of the British *regime* in this country. Over his grave is a tomb, erected by his friend and fellow-worker in the cause of reform—Babu Dwarka Nath Tagore, which bears the following epitaph:—

"Beneath this spot

Rest the remains of Raja Ram Mohan Roy Bahadoor,

A conscientious and steadfast believer in

The unity of the Godhead.

He consecrated his life with entire devotion

To the worship of the divine spirit alone.

To great natural talents he united a thorough mastery of many languages, and early distinguished himself as one of the greatest scholars of the day.

His unwearied labours to promote the social, moral and physical condition of the people of India, *his earnest endeavours to suppress idolatry and the zealous advocacy of whatever tended to advance*

the glory of God and the welfare of man, live in the grateful remembrance of his countrymen.

He was born at Radhanagore in Bengal 1774, and died at Bristol, September 27th, 1833."

A few sentences summing up the labours of his wearied years. This is all that the world offer as the reward of a consecrated life. Raja Ram Mohan Roy after retiring from the Government service in 1814, settled down in Calcutta. It was there that he devoted himself to the study of religious subject and the search after truth. In the same year, he established "Atmiya Sabhā" for the worship of the One Invisible God as inculcated in the *Upanishads*. It was there that he carried on hot controversies not only with the Hindus, but also with the Christian Missionaries, and published his book entitled "*Precepts of Jesus*." Thereafter he published his three "*Appeals to the Christian Public*." He assisted the Unitarian Christians of Calcutta with his active co-operation and used to attend their Divine Service regularly. It was he who converted the Baptist Missionary Rev. William Adam to the Unitarian persuasion.

It was his active co-operation with the Unitarian Christians, and his regular attendance at their Church, that led many of the thoughtful Europeans of that time to believe that he was not only a Unitarian but that he would adopt Christianity as his faith sooner or later. One of his European contemporaries even went so far as to say that he was "certainly half-way to Christianity." It was even believed at that time that the Hindus would be converted to Christianity not by the Christian Missionaries, but by the Natives educated in the College founded by Bishop Middleton. As an instance of this belief prevailing, at that time, in the minds of thoughtful Europeans, we will give the following

estimate* formed of Raja Ram Mohan Roy by Major Archer who was for some time Aide-de-Camp to Lord Combermere, the victor of Bharatpore:—

"Christianity has nothing but its future rewards to offer as a recompense for a life of denial which it inculcates: this accounts, in some degree, for the converts who are alleged to have been made, being of the lower caste and poorest description, who, having nothing of worldly consideration to lose, but everything to hope for, find no difficulty in making the change."

"There is one exception to this—it is in the person of Ram Mohan Roy; but as his forsaking the creed of his fathers was the work of his own hands, not through the efforts of the Missionaries, it cannot be credited to their account. Ram Mohan Roy is a clever man, well read even in classic lore, and in the field of polemical controversy he has tilted to the disconcerting of more adversaries than one. His mind, when awakened to the obscurity of that which he had all his life been taught to revere, threw away with unhesitating disregard and contempt the errors which had clung around him: and when he had done this, he looked to other sources whence he could replace, not that which he had found useless, but that of which it had usurped the place, to the wronging of his own soul."

"Ram Mohan Roy is, it is said, an Unitarian:—true, and is this not better than an idolatrous Hindoo. Out of this charge against him peeps something like the old leaven of uncharitableness, which would rather leave

* *Tours in Upper India and in Parts of the Himalaya Mountains by Major Archer, late Aid-de-Camp to Lord Combermere. 2 Volumes. Richard Bentley. 1833. Vol. II. pp. 336-337.*

the sinner in his old state than see him gained to a new one, differing from that which considers itself the only true one. *But a Hindoo, such as Ram Mohan Roy, of birth, talents, and his extensive information, even though an Unitarian, is certainly half way to Christianity.* If he has will equal to his powers, he is the man who is able to do more good than all the Missionaries in the country, who trust to a dispersion of the Bible and their comments or attempted explanations of those parts which the Church itself wisely leaves untouched, to perfect the work they have in hand. The conversion of the Hindoos must be mainly entrusted to the Natives brought up in the College founded by Bishop Middleton, aided and blessed by the assistance of Almighty God, who will bring all things to pass in his own good time."

But the expectations which were entertained by the thoughtful Europeans of that day, like Major Archer, namely, that Ram Mohan Roy would soon embrace Christianity were doomed to disappointment. He had already given indications that instead of being converted to Christianity, he would devote himself to the worship of the Eternal, Unsearchable and Immutable God, for in January 1830, he established the Brahma Samaj and located it in a house in Chitpore Road, Calcutta, which was purchased for this purpose. The Samaj was endowed with a fund for defraying the expenses of its up-keep, under a trust-deed dated the 8th January 1830. It is in this trust-deed that we find a clear exposition of Raja Ram Mohan Roy's true religious principles—a mirror, as it were, of his creed. It says that the Samaj was to be a "place of public meeting of all sorts and descriptions of people without distinction as shall behave and conduct

themselves in an orderly, sober, religious and devout manner for the worship and adoration of the Eternal Unsearchable and Immutable Being who is the Author and Preserver of the Universe, but not under, or by any other designation or title peculiarly used for and applied to any particular Being or Beings by any man or set of men whatsoever." "No graver image, statue or sculpture, carving, painting, picture, portrait or the likeness of anything" was to be admitted within the precincts of the Samaj building. It is further stated in the trust-deed "that no sermon, preaching, discourse, prayer, or hymn be delivered, made, or used" in the worship of the Brahma Samaj, "but such as have a tendency to the promotion of the contemplation of the Author and Preserver of the Universe, to the promotion of charity, morality, piety, benevolence, virtue and the strengthening the bonds of union between men of all religious persuasions and creeds."

Among the foregoing ideals which Raja Ram Mohan Roy had set before himself was that of "strengthening the bonds of union between men of all religious persuasions and creeds," in other words that of establishing a universal brotherhood of all worshippers of God. Thus it would appear that it was not his object to found a new sect. This was certainly a very noble ideal. But recently a charge has been brought forward against the latter-day followers of the Brahma Samaj that they have not been able to adhere to his noble ideal, that, on the contrary, they have departed from it, that the Brahma Samaj, instead of developing into a church of universal brotherhood, has now dwindled into a mere sect characterised by a want of regard for and charity to all religious persuasions and creeds. There is no doubt that, just after the occurrence of the

schism which took place in the Brahma Samaj of India on the 14th May 1878, a spirit of intolerance at least for Orthodox Hinduism, if not for all other religious persuasions and creeds, was noticeable in the Sādhāran Brāhma Samāj. But it is now said that, with the exception of the Adi Brāhma Samāj, "the remaining Brāhma Samājes are a good deal Christianised and therefore Anglicised, playing a smaller part in the national life, and that is why the positive influence which Raja Ram Mohan Roy left behind is almost barren of fruit. India must develope along lines marked out by the great Rishies and assimilate new knowledge without sacrificing the weight of centuries. This in brief was the message of Ram Mohan Roy who sought a large brotherhood by removing the barriers of castes and creeds, and establishing truth in all its glory.

SARAT CHANDRA MITRA.

COGITATA ET VISA.—*contd.*

O pleasant in the easy chair
 To sit, and look with half closed eye
 Upon the road, and people there—
 Men, women, children passing by;
 And let the generous fancy make
 Now one thing, now another—
 And own in every human shape
 A sister, or a brother.

The whole of life in thought and action,
 Is only a struggle for expression;
 Whether you write, or dig the earth,
 Fashion an empire, or make a shirt,
 Or build great houses, or heap up pelf,
 You can no more than express yourself,
 And only what you've got in you,
 And how, and how much you may do;
 What you've got inside to express,
 Makes you more, or makes you less.

You scarcely feel the flight of time,
 Till, looking on a grown up man
 You knew once as a little child,
 You take stock of your lessening span.

You scarcely feel how far you've gone,
Till, turning round, you see the hill,
That blue sun-beaten hill so far—
You think it scarcely possible.

In summer three cups of tea
How little they be!
In winter one such
Is almost too much.
See in this little, homely equation,
Here too the law of compensation.

Wherever you may go you'll see
Old banyan and old pipal tree;
But when the old have run their race
Where are those to take their place?
We'll find when some more years are done
The banyan and the pipal gone.

The motor and the bike have light
So bright you scarce can bear the sight,
But where these lights had better be—
The engine—too—you scarce can see.

O there are lovely days in June,
When the first rain showers come,
With power to make one feel in tune—
With all the world at home.

At every corner of life's long track
They turn up—without fail—
The mangy dog, the ticca hack,
The donkey with half a tail.
O hardly entreated companions,
How much you've taught me too,
While I, alas! have never once
Done anything for you.

Sometimes every bird I see
 "Be joyful"—seems to cry—
 O, if I were a bird, I then
 Would say the same—ah me!

The cat will sit and mew to you,
 Until it sees a rat;
 And women can be loving too,
 And also change like that.

Wherever a bird may alight, and sit
 Where a tree or a shrub may grow,
 The place will at once get beautiful
 A ten yard round or more.

That old brick wall by the rubbish heap —
 Is there anything more flat and dull?
 The sparrows have sat on the wall—Now look—
 The wall is beautiful.

Only the ruins of what was a house!
 And broken bricks, and tiles—
 One wild flower there and some feathered grass—
 And the wretched old ruin smiles.

Only the other day the ground
 Was sandy, dusty, brown and bare,
 But Nature working without sound
 Has spread a soft grass carpet there
 With wild flowers whose names I know not yet,
 Grander than rose and violet.

There's not a spot upon the earth,
 But if you look you'll surely see
 Something of moral power and worth,
 And windows to sublimity.

Unless you have a heart-felt love
In every man and woman here
The Bible is a sealed book,
And only strikes the eye and ear.

• How beautiful those people look
Ploughing the field with new rain wet.
They have not read a single book.
Are they then worn off? Not one bit.

You cannot injure any part,
But all the rest will feel the smart,

'Tis still the greatest mystery,
How man at all did learn to lie.

How did man hit upon the thought,
To say—'It is—when it is not.'

Nothing so ineffectual
As tell a lie, and think it well:
The fact remains, for all that, there.
How ever you may stamp, and swear.

Catch all the dark rays floating round—
The master key to all is found.

Mattér is but a fulcrum, whence
You lever up to higher sense.

Unless a man's religion can
Make him but one, denizen
'May all the rest upon this ball,
It does not, cannot count at all.'

The Christian man who does not say,
 But thinks, he is of better clay,
 Only because the top is white,
 Or else can better kill or fight,
 Is no whit better than the rest,
 Whate'er they eat, howe'er, be dressed.

B. G. STEINHOFF.

THE OAK LEAVES OF BURNEY.

October.

Were we not beautiful O mother Earth ?
 When young and fair we whisper'd of the Spring,
 And moved men's hearts to love-woo'd maids with mirth,
 A careless, jocund, changing, joyous thing :
 We braved all storms, then saw there follow'd soon
 Blossomless barren than the Almond trees,*
 While we—we canopied the groves for June,
 And fann'd the loiterers like a Summer breeze,—
 So growing glorious had reach'd full prime
 In stately pride ; But see, O mother ! now,
 Our gorgeousness betray'd by ruthless Time,
 Who scorns brocaded gold and sweeping bough
 Bronzed into flame ! Not Thine the traitor's kiss,
 To die upon Thy breast atones for this !

Burley 1918.

* The Almond does not bear fruit in England.

V. DE MALORTIE.

A MUSING.

THE STAGNANT LAKE AND THE RUNNING STREAM.

“**A** stagnant pool abides in peace. When waters cease to move they soon are laden with the seeds of death; corruption dwells in every drop. The living waters always leap and skip about like lambs in spring.”—*Aquarian Gospel*.

These words recurred to my mind one hot summer's day, as I sat by a small woodland lake under the silent mountains. It lay in a quiet nook, sheltered from all rough winds and agitating storms. Inertia seemed to be written on the water, for there the duck-weed grew undisturbed. The heat had brought up a scum, containing, no doubt, the germs of myriads of animalculæ, which found a comfortable hatching place on the smooth, warm, still surface of the lake.

These were, for human kind, the “seeds of death,” and only a disturbance of the water—some rough movement—could purify it from their corruptive presence.

This lake seemed to me to represent the “stagnant pool” mentioned above.

I looked into its depths through a veil of grey mist that had gathered over it, and realised how “corruption” might “dwell in every drop.”

Yet in this stagnant pool some lovely lilies grew, and lifted pale, pure faces to the sky, seeming to say: "Our roots are in this dark water, but even out of this we can rise and bloom."

The air was dull and motionless, and hung heavily and damply around.

In the stillness a voice whispered, "This is a symbol of the peace which is death to soul-life. This is a sleep that leads nowhere. Unless God's breath come and stir unto its very depths the waters of life, they remain dead and useless."

It is not the peace of inertia which makes life and character, but the striving with difficulties, and the encountering of opposing forces.

The stillness of the water in this peaceful lake was a dead-stillness, not the waking, waiting stillness of the soul voluntarily stayed to receive the messages of the Divine Spirit.

I moved away with an intense longing for life—more life! Not the death of quiet stagnation which for a moment had invaded my soul like a subtle poison, sapping my energy, but Life, Life!

My steps led me on to the open mountain side where the spirit in the breeze lifted the cobwebs from my mind, and the beauty of nature, over brimming with life, entered into and dwelt in my heart, expanding my whole being with the joy of it.

The fleecy clouds were hurrying overhead, the distant hills were clothed with golden gorse, purple heather and the yellow, brown and green of the August bracken. The colours blended together in tender soft

toning, as if the brush of the Divine Artist had washed them over with a heavenly and translucent moisture, which shaded the brilliant yellow at the summit into a golden brown, as it spread downward until it was lost in a wealth of rich purple mingling with the deep hazy blue of the atmosphere.

Nearer, at my feet indeed, the butterflies flitted among the wild flowers, and the bees and insects hummed low music in the grass and heather.

The spiritual world was around me in these unmarred works of Deity, and I felt my soul breathed on by an unseen Power.

By-and-bye, a rushing noise attracted my attention and drew me to the bank of a running stream. This little mountain rivulet was exposed to all the elements; it danced and rejoiced in the buffeting that was keeping it alive and fresh.

I read a life's lesson here, and my spirit rose and kept company with the dashing stream. I felt new life stirring in my blood. Here was God moving!

I stood on the bank and watched the turbulent water as it tossed gaily over the rocks. God's strength in the wind swept through it, lifting the sparkling drops which the sun love kissed until they shone with radiant colours and glittered like falling diamonds.

The joyful stream leapt and bounded down the slope and buried itself with a gurgle-like laughter in the whirling pool below. Here it struggled among the rocks and against the earth and stone that would bar its way to liberty and freedom. In the deep it gathered strength to

escape from all limiting barriers and to over-come all obstacles in its course.

Each pool was clear and limpid though deep down the water stirred and swirled with the force of the falling drops which had carried along with them the sweetness and purity of the air and light through which they had travelled.

So the little river ran on with buoyant energy, speeding forward, ever forward on its victorious path. Then for a space its course was smooth and its surface so calm and unrippled that the pebbles below showed up as through glass.

The stream gently touched the shelving banks, cooling and refreshing them as it glided by. It needed a steadfast gaze to realise that for all its apparent smoothness, for all its seeming stillness, the great heart of it was moving along with a grand forward sweep that carried with it the feeble sticks and straws that had fallen helplessly on its strong and shining bosom.

Surely, I thought, in this running stream are the "living waters that leap and skip about like lambs in spring." There is no corruption here. Battered by the stones, purified by the winds, sweetened by its many falls—it speaks to me in no whispering tones.

A voice was in the rushing water. I closed my eyes to catch its precious message: "You, too, are alive," it said, "alive!" Be still for a little while, just to take breath; then, child of mine, take up your work and move onward, onward always. Motion is an emblem and also a characteristic of life. It is the very law of progress,

"Press forward. If your goal seems to recede as you climb, it is that your goal is growing larger and thus will always keep you advancing. Rest not on any attainment. Never still the creative impulse; but follow it with the wings of faith, and so it will lead you on, on and on for ever."

'HEATHER.'

MY SHEPHERD KING.

What do I want ? What *can* I want but Thee
My Shepherd and my King ? Thou claimest me
Therefore I dare to call Thee mine :
Into a pasture noise-stilled, rayed with light
Thou hast withdrawn me from the fight
Of daily warfare. 'Neath a tree
Cross-fashioned thou art feeding me
I hear the pulsing of great music's tide—
The water flowing from a cleft-Rock's side,—
I see flowers flushing rosily with thorns entwined:
I thirst, and Thou dost give
Water that makes me live :
Enraptured with a joy
That will not cloy
I tremble, and Thine arm encircles me.
Oh mystery!
There is no want Thy love cannot supply
'Ere that for it I sigh.
My Shepherd and my King
To Thee my heart doth sing!

JEAN ROBERTS.

THE POVERTY PROBLEM IN INDIA.

PART I.—EXPLANATION.

AS we read the current economic literature in India we meet with a strange coincidence—the more or less simultaneous appearance of two papers; one by Professor Jevons on “The Consolidation of Agricultural Holdings in the U. P.” and the other by Mr. Watal on “The Population Problem in India.” Anyone conversant in the least with economic theory would realise that the above two papers deal with two different aspects of a single problem—The Poverty Problem in India. Professor Jevons has approached it from the point of view of production. During the course of his various experiences, he finds that production in India is in-efficient, un-organised and primitive, and, therefore, discusses means to attain a higher productivity. Mr. Watal, on the other hand, has approached the problem in the other possible way; he would reduce the number of persons to be fed out of the present production. We have, in what follows, done nothing new, but combined the two aspects of the problem into one, laying special stress on their action and reaction upon each other.

The presentation of the problem in isolated parts has been the cause of much useless controversy in the country. There are people who honestly believe that improvement

in and development of manufacturing industries alone would bring about prosperity in India; while there are others who as honestly believe that it is in agriculture alone that reform is needed. When I say this, I do not even for a moment doubt the usefulness of specialised, and isolated studies of the different aspects of the problem, and yet I believe that if a study of the population as well as production in India were done in a joint sitting, it would do much benefit, and perhaps many a useful conclusion would result.

A little reflection would show that the various causes that have conspired to make India poor, form a sort of vicious circle. In a cyclic relation of cause and effect, it is always difficult to fix our starting point, and so it is in this particular case. But if we start from General Lack of Education (using the term in its widest sense) we get a low standard of living, leading to carelessness both in procreation and production, with the result that we have comparatively less means of subsistence and more persons to be fed out of it, resulting in inadequate means for education and travel, and so on the evil cycle continues, perpetuating a careless procreation and production.

The most important cause of poverty in India is the general lack of education. Education is here used to denote not only the mere ability to read and write, what is generally called as education in 3 R's, but also that general information and training which equips a man with knowledge of men and things, and which gives him an incentive to develop his faculties to their highest national capacity, the education which has been aptly called by Professor Geddes as education of three H's—head, heart and hand.

Leaving out of consideration for a while, education in its wider sense, and confining ourselves to the results of absence of ability to read and write, we would find that even the effects of this absence have been far reaching. To begin with without a preliminary training in the three R's nobody can hope to have the education of the three H's. But it has its direct effects : Go to any field of life and you would find that it stands like a great stumbling block in the way of progress. Here is our social reformer crying himself hoarse, but in vain, as his voice can not and does not, reach the millions that live in isolated villages far from the cities. His is "a cry in the wilderness." Resolutions may be passed, reforms preached, speeches made, and articles published, but what is the use of all this when they are not heard nor read by those who most need them, and who are the real people of India. There is our Agricultural expert bemoaning in his arm chair at the futility of his investigations, extending over many years, and that have given us a vast and most valuable body of knowledge as to soils, crops, manures and methods of cultivation." What is the use of their publication in Bulletins of the Agricultural Department, if they are not utilised by the agriculturists. Read the recent co-operative literature in India and you would find that almost all in touch with it admit that absence of ability to read and write forms a great hindrance in the way of co-operative progress.

Coming to the effects of absence of education in its higher and wider sense, we would find them to be still more disastrous. It is this absence that keeps the outlook on life of our people, confined to a very narrow sphere. They are unable to take a wider view ; they are unable to

think that their lot is capable of being improved. It is not true that they are not desirous of, or that they would refuse to accept, if they could secure, a higher and better way of living ; but it is true that they consider their condition as incapable of improvement, and therefore continue to make the best of what life offers. The promise of future advance has failed so often that they have been forced to believe that their case is hopelessly irremediable. Centuries of slavery in life and religion have robbed them of ever hoping and trying for improvement, and taught them to accept their Karma that keeps the incentive for improvement, from becoming strong enough to impel them, to resist, and counteract the forces set against them and to gain mastery over them. People possessed of faith are impelled by an inward force to do, whatever they may be doing, in a thorough fashion ; they organise their efforts in such a way as to give results, satisfying at once their sense of completeness, and yielding enough to maintain their high standard of living.

As a result of absence of education in the three R's, as well as of the three H's, we find a low standard of living as well as of thinking, prevailing in India, with its evil results influencing our entire activity. To quote Professor Jevons, "It is an Economic Law of the very first importance that the earnings of any class, whether wage-earners, or independent producers, like the cultivators, tend to conform to their standard of living, which it is usually, though not always, more difficult to change than the average money income of the class." But against this law is set another ; "It is not to be supposed, however, that the standard of living is, so to speak, the independent variable, to which the rate of earnings will sooner or

later conform. There is here, as in almost every economic quantity, a case of action and re-action. The resultant is an equilibrium between the opposing forces, which forces are, however, themselves continually in a state of flux, more or less." From this it can be seen that the standard of living and the marginal productivity of labour of any class are at any moment in a state of equilibrium with one another, or are tending towards it, and that any change in one has a reciprocal effect on the other in future. "For example a lower marginal productivity will mean less earnings and the possibility of maintaining only a low Standard of Living. Again a higher Standard of Living means increased efficiency, for work is done more intelligently and for longer hours. It enables a more advanced organisation of the factors of production, thus raises the marginal productivity of labour, which, in its turn provides increased earnings and consequently a margin permitting the standard of living to rise still further."

Just as we found a sort of equilibrium established between the standard of living and the marginal productivity of a class, at a particular time, so also we find an equilibrium between the standard of living of a class and its state of procreation. There is here, as in the previous case, a distinct relation of cause and effect. If the standard of living of a people is higher they do not bring out children in this world, without being sure of their ability to bring up and educate them in such a way as to enable them, when grown up, to earn a living sufficient to keep them in reasonable comfort. The standard of what constitutes 'reasonable comfort,' is also influenced by the standard of life of the parents. The fear of losing what

they are accustomed to enjoy, or of not gaining what they hope to gain, acts as a very strong drag on their desires, and keeps the number of children low, just as marginal productivity in its reciprocal effects determines the standard of living, so also does the state of procreation, through its effect upon the state of production, determine the standard of living. It is to be noted here that the state of procreation does not directly determine the standard of living, but it does so through its influence on the state of production.

Thus our low standard of living perpetuates a double evil. It keeps our production in-efficient, un-organised and un-developed, and at the same time brings out an ever increasing number of in-efficient, un-intelligent and weak people, who have neither the will nor the power, to realise a better lot.

Having gone through the general relationship between the various factors that determine the state of procreation and production in a country, at a time, and also having discussed the influence which these two have independently on each other, we now pass on to study the peculiar features of population and production in India.

Mr. Watal in his pamphlet "The Population Problem in India," has very clearly shown that people in India marry early, and that as a result of their early marriages too many children are born, that these children possess a low degree of vitality, both physical and mental; that this vitality decreases in each successive generation, and that as a result of decreasing vitality we find a progressive decline in the average expectation of life of our people at decennial ages as one generation succeeds another:

N.B.—See the Table A which shows comparative expectation of life at decennial ages, in India and England.

Above are some of the results of our state of procreation brought to light by the census study of Mr. Watal, and we find their inductive verification in pallid faces and languid movements of our country men. Go to any Indian family and you would see a grandfather, strong and healthy even in his sixtieth year; his son more or less healthy at forty, but with arms and chest not half as broad as the grandfather's, and a grandson with a pale face and specticled eyes at twenty one. These are hard facts, what are the economic results of them? What influence they have upon the Poverty Problem in India? The most obvious effect is, that being weak in physique, weak in mind, as agents of production they are quite inefficient, and are not able to put in that hard and consistent work which people in countries of the West do. Then again, as average length of life in India is very much lower than in other countries, we get less return for the same expenditure of time and effort than other countries where it is higher. To illustrate this point let us take a hypothetical example: suppose (1) there are two countries X and Y, (2) that average age in X is 50 years, while in Y it is only 35, (3) that people in both the countries are educated up to the age of 20 years, (4) that it costs rupees 3,000 to educate each individual and (5) that the earnings of each individual after education amount to say Rupees 100 per month. Now which of the two countries is better for its investment in each individual? Obviously X, for, for the same investment X secures Rs. $100 \times 12 \times 30$ or Rs. 36,000, while Y secures Rs. $100 \times 12 \times 15$ or Rs. 18,000, only. At this state of affairs we may ask with Mr. Watal, "have we ever paused to consider what this means to us in the life of a nation as a whole? It means that people who alone by weight of experience and

wisdom are fitted for the post of command in the various public activities of the country are snatched away by death, and that the guidance and leadership which belongs to age and mature judgment in the countries of the West, falls in India to younger and, consequently, less trustworthy persons."

Productive activity of a country may be studied under three main heads: (1) Agriculture, (2) Manufacturing, and (3) Commercial.

(a) *Agriculture*.—Agricultural activity in India, as elsewhere, is conditioned by physical, religio-social, and legal conditions of the country. Here, too, we find a case of action and re-action of these factors upon each other, and upon agriculture. The recognition of the fact that agricultural activity is conditioned not only by physical, but also by religio-social and legal condition is very essential, as upon it depends, the nature of the steps to be taken to ameliorate the present state of affairs. Professor Jevons in his "Consolidation of Agricultural Holdings in the U.P." says, "I wish to record my opinion that it is almost useless to undertake these measures piecemeal. The forces of degeneration are so strong with the existence of a low standard of living that each measure of reform would be successively defeated. Far better results would be obtained by making a combination of educational and agricultural reforms in one district at a time." The lesson why each individual effort would fail to attain its end is to be found in the interference of various economic phenomena which condition agricultural activity

Physical forces that condition agriculture in India are not so promising as in countries like America or

France. Here land is deficient in mineral constituents, especially lime and phosphates, with the result that the grain is light, both in weight and nutrition. Then again, as the river-systems of India are not wide-spread enough to cover all the cultivable area, agriculture is almost wholly dependent upon rains, and is regulated by them. It is this dependence that gives rise to the almost periodic visitations of famines ; and it is to this dependence that fatalism and over-resignation of Indian people may be attributed. Our natural surroundings are such as to constantly bring home to the agriculturists his powerlessness against the forces of nature, and thus a pessimism born of his sense of powerlessness, exercises its baneful influence on every form of activity, and more so on agriculture as it is an industry on all sides exposed to the vagaries of nature.

So far as the land legislation in India is concerned, it has been pre-eminently democratic, or rather socialistic, in its principles. Equality has been its watchword, and the evil results of its un-reasoning application to the distribution of landed-property may be seen in the minute sub-division of agricultural holdings. Inheritance-laws of both Hindus and Muslims require that the property shall go in equal portions to all the male issues of the father. The idea of equality, (which is very prominent in the laws of Manu) between man and man, conjoined with the then prevailing conditions of abundant land and sparse population, must have induced Manu to formulate the above law. Were he a member of present-day society, and asked to draft a law to give the transfer and inheritance of landed property, he would have been an ardent exponent of primogeniture.

The evils of this law are to a certain extent mitigated by the Joint-Family system so common in India. For so long as harmony reigns amongst the heirs of a father, we have a compact holding and a more or less co-operative system of farming with all its economies. But the moment quarrels set in, all the advantages of the social system are gone and its evils become predominant. As a matter of fact it has out-lived its need and is now an un-mixed evil. Just as when population thin, the equal-sharing system was desirable so also was the system called Joint Family system, as a family of husband and wife with their children would have been open to attack by a band of robbers, or a wandering tribe in search of settlement. The many collaterals living under one roof presented a strong front and the sense of danger from without, kept them united. But now with settled conditions of life and property, of justice and order, the bond that kept them united is gone, and quarrels and bickerings soon result, with the result that the family land is soon reduced to pieces. The system has now no good purpose to serve, but is a place for breeding idlers, who in its absence would have been forced to work, or die of hunger.

"Poverty," says Doctor Marshall, "is the destruction of the poor," and this is nowhere more true than in the case of the Indian Agriculturist. Being poor, he has not means enough to provide himself with improved tools, or to make use of improved methods of cultivation as discovered by our Agricultural Department. The evils of the persistent use of old tools, and old processes of cultivation are very great, as they result in much loss of time

and energy. Professor Gilbert Slater in his article on "South Indian Economies" in the Indian Journal of Economies, Vol. II, Part 2, remarks: "I have watched with amazement the harvesters at work in the paddy fields... ..and I asked how many men it took to cut an acre in a day. The answer was eight, and that women were necessary in addition to carry the crop to the threshing floor..... ..Now in England when we cut corn we do it by machinery, and one man, driving a cutting and binding machine, can, I believe, cut and bind six acres in a day." What loss of time and energy! The above is an isolated instance only of our every day activity.

Then again it is for want of capital that we have no farm buildings; all our operations, after a crop is cut and dried, are done in the open, with the result that often rain cause much loss of grain. In western countries crops after being cut are stored in big sheds, and there prepared for the market. In some parts of India, notably Bhopal State, and the Bijnor district in U. P., people arrange the cut and dried crop in such a way as to present a dome-like appearance to the rains, with the result that all the water passes away without damaging the grain. Much waste would be saved if, in the absence of farm buildings, this were commonly adopted.

Agricultural practice in India is subject to some great defects, which by their cumulative effect, bring about a great reduction in the annual output of the country. One of these has been pointed out by Rai Ganga Ram Bahadur, C.V.O., in his pamphlet "the Agricultural Problem in India" It consists in the absence of specialisation of localities in the production of those staples only for which they

are most fitted by their soil and climatic conditions. A reading through the Agricultural statistics of British India, of the area and yield for India, reveals great divergencies in output per acre of the same crop in different localities. They show that almost everything is raised in each locality, no regard being paid to the suitability or unsuitability of the soil. When means of communication were imperfect this was a necessity, but now when that isolation is gone, the self-sufficiency should go as well. The advantages of specialisation are so well-known that I need not mention them here ; but I might be permitted to bring home the desirability of specialisation in agriculture by giving some statistics to show the loss of output we annually suffer through its absence. The output of wheat ranges from $11\frac{1}{2}$ maunds per acre in the U. P. and Behar, to 7 maunds per acre in the North Western Frontier Provinces; while that of cotton from 144 lbs. per acre in Sind to 72 lbs. in Burma ! This is highly undesirable, and if the provinces were to take to the production of those crops only for which they seem to be most-fitted by Nature, then we would have a great increase in our total output.

Then again our agriculturists have the evil habit of leaving lands untilled, just after the *rābi* crop is reaped, with the result that the hot sun of April, May and June bakes the surface to a hard crust so that when the rains fall, the soil presents an impervious surface, and does not benefit the soil. It is the first rain which is very important for the soil, as it is full of all the mineral and gaseous matter held in suspension in the air.

If at this stage of our enquiry, I was asked to sum up the causes of agricultural poverty, I would do it in two

words *Want* and *Waste*. Want of intelligent and organised direction, want of organised capital and labour, and want of economic holdings are written in bold black letters on one face of it, while on its other are down with same black ink and in the same bold hand, the waste of time, the waste of energy and the waste of resources. For the same land, and for the same expense of time and effort we do not get the same good results, as people in other countries do, and that is why we are poor, and they are rich.

From agriculture if we pass on to manufactures we would see Want and Waste as prominent as ever. There are people hoarding *lacs* of rupees, and they do not know how to use them. There are others who have some capital and are anxious to get it doubled, but have not the requisite ability and training to conduct a business on sound principles. Some people start business without the necessary training and when they fail, they curse other people. There are others who are enterprising enough, and have the requisite business capacity as well as industrial training to manage and conduct a business, but they remain for all their life dissatisfied, and unsuccessful for want of capitalistic backing. Large businesses complain of want of experts, and experts complain of want of employment. Go to any village in the U. P. or in Bengal, and there you meet crowds of workmen without work, earning not even a starvation wage, and yet, not a hundred miles away you may find complainings of a shortage mill hands. How to account for this strange combination of unused capital, of unemployed labour, of experts crying for capital, and

managers crying for want of labour? Nothing but our un-organised state of society and incomplete transition from the village economy stage to the national and international economy would explain it. Industrial transition in India has begun and completed a part of its course, but forces and agencies have not developed yet to such perfection, as to bring the different factors of production into a harmonic and reciprocal relation with each other. Our banking-system is almost wholly un-developed, and that is why we find such a phenomenon as hoards lying un-used, and enterprising men thwarted in their undertakings for want of capital. The absence of labour bureaus and other organisations that bring labour and capital together, accounts for the other. The chief need, therefore, of our manufacturing industry seems to be a directing hand and a co-ordinating agency.

Professor Jevons has fully shown in his article on the Art of Economic Development that the roads and railway system of a country, in order to be economic, should be such, as may cover the whole area. They should not be conceived as independent of each other, as seems to have been the case in India, but roads should be complementary to railways. Our roads instead of acting as tributaries to the great railway systems, run parallel to them, and therefore fail to exploit the country removed from the railway lines. According to Professor Jevons, the most economic system of roads would be that which radiates from railway station, into the surrounding country, ramifying into every nook and corner, and thus helping the railways to do their work fully.

If from the means of communication we pass on to that class which carries on the commerce of our country, we would find that they are like others at once ignorant and un-enterprising. Being ignorant they fail to co-ordinate the efforts of the producer with the wants of the consumer. Most of them do not know the sources from where they draw their supplies, and the places to which they are sending. They know nothing about the tastes, habits and fashions of different parts of the country and of different lands, and are, therefore, unable to develop new markets or meet the changing wishes of customers. Then again being too many they are expensive, and this expensiveness increases with their ignorance and un-business-like methods. But the greatest defect of this class is their want of commercial honesty: want of confidence in one form or other is present in every walk of life, and is one of the greatest causes of our poverty, but it is through commerce, in the form of cheating that it has done great harm, and unless our standard of commercial morality is sufficiently raised there is very little hope for Indian Commerce expanding beyond the limits of India.

My enquiry into the causes of poverty in India draws to its end, and in summing up the results, I am again driven to say that the chief causes of our poverty are *Want* and *Waste*. Our problem now is, how to get rid of these two, and any one who cares, may solve it.

THE TRUST.

"These all died in faith, not having received the promises, but having seen them afar off"—Heb. xi ; 13.

They trusted God—Unslumbering and unsleeping.

He sees and sorrows for a world at war,

His ancient covenant securely keeping ;

And these had seen his promise from afar,

That through the pain, the sorrow, and the sinning,

That righteous Judge the issue should decide

Who ruleth over all from the beginning—

And in that faith they died.

They trusted England—Scarce the prayer was spoken

Ere they beheld what they had hungered for,

A mighty country with its ranks unbroken,

A city built in unity once more :

Freedom's best champion, gift for yet another

And mightier enterprise for Right defied,

A land whose children live to serve their Mother—

And in that faith they died.

And us they trusted : we the task inherit,

The unfinished task for which their lives were spent ;

But leaving us a portion of their spirit ;

They gave their witness and they died content.

Full well they knew they could not build without us

That better country, faint and far descried,

God's own true England : but they did not doubt us—

And in that faith they died.

C. A. A.

PASSIVE RESISTANCE.

Passive resistance is not a device recently invented for political purposes. It is instinctively adopted even by children. Women practise it very frequently, and Kaikeyi's passive resistance to the coronation of her step-son by fasting is a well-known historical example of its success in Indian politics. Dasaratha is said to have signed a blank cheque in a moment of thoughtless generosity, but I prefer to infer from the Buddhist version of the story that the old king and his noble son did not know how to overcome the obstinacy of the lady, who might starve herself to death, and rather than court the risk of her relatives poisoning him, by way of revenge, or inciting a revolt, the discreet Prince retired from the capital.

Sitting *dharna*, which the Penal Code has 'made an offence, is essentially passive resistance. It may sometimes look like active obstruction, as when servants lie down at the door of their master until he consents to pay the wages demanded by them. That was the method followed in Bombay a few weeks ago. Creditors enforced their demands in that way in former times, and even now, they do so in the villages, rather than incur the worry and expense of suing in a court of law. Nowadays this method of coercion is grandiloquently described as the employment of soul force, and the description may be

accepted; for the soul is a complex thing, which is as susceptible to pity as to argument, and indeed often more so.

The soul-force of a sobbing woman has often melted the hearts of juries, and this method of offering passive resistance to the course of justice has been successfully tried in all ages and in all countries. It succeeded in the Roman Forum, it succeeds in a French court of law today. A child cannot argue, and it cries. A woman cannot argue unless she is an L.L.B., and she rejects food. A guilty offender's argument does not convince a tribunal, and he or she makes a passionate appeal to the heart. When those who are in political power do not yield to argument, good or bad, you may touch their hearts in as many ways as you can without holding out threats of force, to which they may not yield even as much as they do to argument.

When merchants' clerks adopted passive resistance in Bombay, newspapers described the incident as amusing. Conduct which is amusing up to a certain stage may develop seriousness, or even elements of danger after that stage. The story is told of a wife who, after vainly arguing with her husband for sometime, ran up to the door in a fit of despair and threatened to drown herself. She opened the door, the night was dark. "Oh, give me a lantern, give me a lantern!" she cried: "I will run up to the well and drown myself." That was amusing enough so far. But if she had thrown herself into the well, the scene might have attracted the whole neighbourhood, and the unfeeling husband might have been roughly handled and paid dearly for his obstinacy.

In domestic circles passive resistance inflicts mental pain, while active resistance may cause physical pain. One

wounds the heart, the other wounds the skin. In politics it rouses the passions of the masses, and may culminate in the enlistment of physical violence as the readiest means of obtaining relief of the oppressed soul. One way of stirring up passions is to speak in the name of God. A lawyer was once arguing on behalf of reformers in a caste assembly. A priest sprang to his feet and said excitedly: "Look here, Mr. Lawyer, you have an only son, and I tell you what, in the presence of God." He did not argue, he repeated the name of God several times and alluded to the existence of an only son. The lawyer was silenced and he quietly sat down. An atheist might say that God comes in handy even to the Kaiser, but that awful name asphyxiates many a timid tattler.

Passive resistance is said to be a weapon of the weak. Most men like to be called manly and not weak, and therefore this kind of resistance has not become popular in the past. But it may suit the Indian temper and obtain increasing popularity in the future. The world at large has not seriously considered its possibilities and the ways of dealing with it. In the West the invention of one method of warfare is often met by the invention of another to counteract it. If laws are habitually disobeyed, the question may some day be raised whether and to what extent the open defiers of law are entitled to the benefit of the laws under which they live. At present it would be a question of academic interest to students of political philosophy, and may it ever remain so!

A SPECTATOR.

THE SLAYING OF A SPOOK.—*Contd.*

CHAPTER VIII.

Philip Desforêts went the following day. His leave-takings were extremely cordial. He did not anticipate on the part of his host any insuperable objection to his approaching Margaret in the character of a suitor, if she would let him. The difficulty was with her. Her intangibility baffled him. Like the farmer who drank claret "he got no forruder."

Just at the last moment he had a gleam of hope. The motor that was to take him to the station would be at the door in five minutes. His portmanteau was in the hall. There is often a pause at such a moment: a hanging-fire before going off, as I have heard it expressed. He asked for a few roses to take with him for his dressing table in the hotel, taking care that the tone of the request should be casual. They would remind him of them all, in the heat and dust of London. Margaret was the family flower-girl. There always is one among a group of sisters on whom this position naturally devolves. Etta knew a cauliflower from another flower, but her discerning of floral attributes did not go much further. Of course he must have some roses, and equally of course, Margaret must be the person to gather them. She accepted his companionship in her round quite simply. There was no need to go a dozen yards from the hall door. She talked naturally and pleasantly, of what a pleasure his visit had been to all of them, of her brother at sea, of her speculations as to the account

of the Bond family, his letters to his friend Charlie, in New Orleans would contain, all with a smiling friendliness, he found insuperable. There was no getting inside her guard. An idea occurred to him. He would make an anticipatory trial of Etta's suggestion.

He was holding down the branch of a rose tree while she detached the particular bloom she wanted. She could not help listening while he spoke.

"I've been writing to my friends at Monterey, Miss Bond. I asked about that little pyramid paper-weight we were talking about. Would you care to hear what my aunt says about it when she writes?"

She cut the rose carefully and waited for him to release the branch before answering. Then she said, slowly, and seeming to choose her words so that there would be no doubt as to her meaning.

"I should like very much indeed to hear what she says about it, Mr. Desforêts."

Her voice was quite serious. He had never yet succeeded in getting her beyond the tone-language in which all communication between people above a certain social level is so habitually carried on, that it is quite possible for a man to woo a woman and win her for his wife without having once heard the note her voice naturally strikes when artificial constraint is removed. Hers was low, sweet and vibrant. It gave him the right also to discard convention in the tone of his answer. The words were ordinary enough.

"I am very grateful to you for letting me know something you would like, Miss Bond."

That was the last rose. They went in without exchanging another word. The motor was just coming to the

door. His farewells were cordial and commonplace. But as they shook hands "*di levar gli occhi suoi gli fece dono.*"* It was an exchange of looks that did not last half a single second. But in her eyes he read an appeal to be forgiven, thanks—perhaps promise. "In a moment—in the twinkling of an eye" the whole world was changed.

CHAPTER IX.

The best part of this story, indeed the justification for its ever having been written at all, was to have been a very elaborate analysis in the manner of Mr. Henry James of the way in which Margaret Bond's feeling towards her exotic admirer "suffered a sea change" after the few words he said to her over that rose in the garden.

There always is *something* that turns the scale in which a girl weighs a man's pros and cons, and once the equilibrium is lost, she is apt to heap into the side she favours all sorts of formerly unconsidered trifles, so that to an outsider it seems there could never at any moment have been any doubt at all which way the balance was to incline. She suddenly found herself profoundly in love. His just going away was nothing. She was not sorry to be alone for a few days with the new treasure she had discovered in the depths of her heart. The little note of politeness due to his hostess was received the day after he went. Its wording cleverly assumed the sort of continuance of intimacy that involves personal association. He did not actually say so, but he seemed to regard the Bond's house as the "Kiblah" of his pilgrimage to England. Margaret was quiet and radiant. But I have not space to pursue the subject. I wish I had. It would be pleasant.*

* "She bestowed on him the bounty of raising her eyes." Dante.

The exquisite content in which she was lapped suddenly received a shattering shock. Within a week after Desforêts' departure, she saw as she came into the breakfast room, a letter in his handwriting beside her father's plate. Mr. Bond was just being wheeled in at the moment. She went up and kissed him. Nothing could have been more natural than the simple question, "What has Mr. Desforêts got to say?" She could not utter the words. And her father had a habit of opening the "Times" and casting a glance over the important page, before even looking at his letters! It was agonizing.

The little commotion that usually attended Etta's arrival in the breakfast room came to her like an interposition of providence.

Etta was as spoilt as younger daughters often are. Mrs. Bond knew that remonstrance was wasted on her, and had an indistinct feeling that her husband chuckled internally over her failures to reduce the little rioter to discipline. This morning she happened to be punctual, disposed of her mother's reproof for coming in like a tornado, with the rejoinder "Well, mums, you can't say I'm late, any how," grasped the situation (and the "Times") with instant promptitude, and pushed the letter into her father's hand with irresistible vehemence.

"Oh, dada, we're all *perishing* to know what Captain Dubois has to write about! Is he coming back? Just tell us and you shall have your paper that moment."

"Margaret," said Mrs. Bond severely, "you ought to keep your sister in better order."

But Margaret's whole attention was focussed on the letter. Mr. Bond judiciously cast his eye over the first few lines before publishing the contents.

"Dear Mr. Bond, u'm-u'm. His grandmother's dead.—Starting for Monterey at once. Here's something for you, Miss. "Please tell Miss Etta my parole is revoked and I'm going on board a pontoon (the "Transylvania") to-morrow, so she must be specially careful with her eggshells!" u'm, u'm. Here's something about your pyramid, Madge. "I think Miss Bond is interested in the pyramidal *souvenir d'Egypte* we were talking about. I suppose it belongs to me now, and I hope on my return to introduce it to your chessmen, if Mrs. Bond will permit me to come down."—Very civil and proper. I'm sure we shall all be glad to see him, my dear. Here, make what you can of it.—And give me my "Times," Etta, you monkey."

He handed the letter to Margaret who reluctantly transferred it to her mother. Mrs. Bond read it exhaustively, with comments.

"Only seen his grandmother once since he was six years old. No, of course her loss does not affect him personally.—What an immense country! No wonder, members of the same family lose touch with one another. She seems to have been well off.—I don't remember his saying much about his aunt, do you, Madge?"

At last Margaret got the letter to herself. Holding it seemed to put her in closer relation with the writer. Vast distances, ships foundering, trains breaking through viaducts—they all kept pressing into her mind. It seemed impossible that the man she had sent away so heartlessly should ever come back to her. Would he care to? There were the endless delays of inheritance. There were Gibson girls lurking in "corners" of wheat or pork.—Her imagination gave a new shake every hour to the mental kaleidoscope in which conceivable accidents were the objects and

every shake elicited a new combination of disasters. In order to combat any supposition that the coming or going of Mr. Desforêts could be of any possible importance to her, she accentuated the natural cheerfulness in a way that would have betrayed her to an intelligent cat. Then she thrilled through and through with self contempt at finding that she had lost most of her sleep and could not eat her breakfast without an effort. And she lost colour. She felt that her personal distinction was gone. Nature had put her into one of her everyday classes ! She was just a love-sick girl, and she had no material assurance whatever that her love was returned.

It was enough to disturb any one's equanimity. And a little incident happened to make her acknowledge to herself that she was not herself. She all but quarrelled with Etta ! The daughter of the Boer general, of whom Etta had made mention to Desforêts, was in England. Her father was dead and she was going to marry Arthur Mervyn from the house of some people with whom the Bonds were on very friendly terms. She had few friends in England. What was more natural than that the two girls should be asked to be bridesmaids ? As Etta had told her father and Desforêts, Margaret had an idea that there was something impious, contrary to the natural piety that should exist between son and father, in the marriage of the children of two men who had stood to one another in the relation of slayer and slain. In her normal state, she would probably have ended by swallowing her scruples and going, rather than refuse her friends. But her whole nervous system was over-wrought. Every thing she did seemed to her a matter of life and death. In this case a

principle was involved. She would *not*. Mr. Bond was referred to. He laughed, said he didn't see any objection to the marriage himself. Both fathers were dead and, if they could know anything about it, would probably be delighted to think that old feuds were at an end and the hatchet happily buried in a wedding. But Margaret must do what she thought right. To everybody's surprise, Margaret suddenly broke down and cried violently.—So Etta went alone, with many kisses, and a lovely present for the bride from her sister. Nobody referred to the subject again. She was being spared, and that is the most painful form disapproval can take.

CHAPTER X.

Margaret was much ashamed of her little breakdown. She kept herself in such severe control after that, that it is probable that the news of Philip Desforêt's, engagement to a Californian heiress would not have produced the slightest effect upon her external demeanour. She felt certain that he would write, and speedily, to say he was coming back to England. She made that the irreducible minimum of her conjectures. She had no right to hope for anything more; it was, indeed, almost impossible that his letter should even make mention of her, except perhaps in connexion with that stupid pyramid. It was inconceivable that she should be as much to him as he had become to her. Love once planted in a woman's heart grows of itself. In a man's, it naturally dies down unless kept alive by constant attentions. That was not a consolatory reflection. But it had a case-hardening effect which enabled her to confront the post with an appearance of great indifference.

In due course a letter arrived and was opened by Mr. Bond at the breakfast-table without more delay than was

occasioned by a prolonged examination of the postmark. Margaret was standing at the sideboard, dealing with a ham from which she was cutting extremely thin slices for the plate of cold fowl, she was just going to put before him. She did not turn round at once at Etta's acclaim. She began upon another slice.

"Captain Dubois!—Now, dada, if you'll give *me* the envelope, I'll tell you *all* about the postmark. Do, do get at the letter. When is he coming?"

Margaret felt a little thrill of pride at her resolute countenance. After all there could be nothing about her in the letter, save possibly something about the pyramid. The natural thing to do was doubtless to carry the plate she had ready to the little table attached to her father's chair. And why not? So she turned round and walked up with it just at the moment when Mr. Bond, obedient to orders, began to read.

"My dear Mr. Bond, All has gone with me quite well. My poor grandmother's death had been long expected and I have been able to make arrangements for my aunt's future which meet her wishes much more fully than had at first appeared possible. But I will not defer telling you of what makes my journey here inconceivably important—to myself, though I quite see its interest to you may not be——"

"Hullo! *what's* this?—u'm, u'm—"

"Oh, dada, dada!" from Etta. Don't go reading ahead! That isn't fair!"

"Get away, you monkey!" Well, it is—odd! Very odd. "It seems that my great, great grandfather's assumed name, under which he entered the French army, *was* Dubois. He

was also a prisoner of war in England. This taken along with the "*Souvenir d'Egypte*" which I have found and compared with my remembrance of your chessman, leaves no doubt in my mind of his identity with the Dubois to whom your family showed such kindness. I need not tell you with what additional pleasure I now look back upon the service I was able to render Charlie, dear Mr. Bond. It was not only the happiness of being able to help a fellow creature who afterwards became, first a delightful comrade and then a dear friend, but the discharge of an inherited debt of gratitude. I have stretched the time left me for writing to the last possible moment. My next letter will, I hope, reach you only a very few days before myself. I shall just give myself time to hear that Mrs. Bond will—Hullo! Now get out of this, you girls! Go on with your breakfast! and let me have mine for the love of Heaven."

Margaret had absolutely forgotten what it was that made her be standing there, in front of her father, with a plate held in both hands. She was listening to every word with an absorbed intentness that did not leave room for even so much purposeful movement as would have taken her to her seat at the table. At this second interruption she became aware that her father suddenly shot a glance past her in the direction of her mother. She knew in an instant that she had given herself away beyond the possibility of disguise. Mrs. Bond's voice came to her with complete serenity.

"I've just remembered! Margaret, you haven't sat down yet. Just go and tell Mrs. Warren that I forgot to say that the man is coming this morning about that lock. The annoyance I have had about that door!"

Margaret went obediently. She had not said a word but she knew that they all knew. She was betrayed by her self-restraint. She did not mind. She did not even want to know in what words her lover—yes, her *lover* had taken her father and her mother into the confidence of his hopes. Only a fortnight ! Perhaps less. He would not have to wait for a welcoming letter from her mother. It would be waiting for him. She knew them, and Etta—the darling, who had known it all and never said a word—!

I am afraid Mrs. Warren and the locksmith were deferred to a more convenient season. By the time she came from her room the breakfast things had been cleared away, and her mother just said to her in a casual way as they met at the door that her father wanted her for a minute in the book room. She went in and came out in five minutes with wet eyes and a radiant face, and Etta had put something for her on the sideboard. Oh, how hungry she was, and how heavenly the ham and cold fowl tasted ! Life is a beautiful thing !

CHAPTER XI.

Of course Mr. Bond had to send a telegram and then, a couple of days later, there came one for Margaret herself. There was not time for her to write, for Philip would be on his way home before the letter could reach him, but she got a letter, and she sent a telegram—in two words—which it took her a day and a night to compose. It did not go from the Kingsquay office.

“ I tell you what,” said Mr. Bond to his wife only two or three days later. “ I don’t like to see that girl so happy. It looks as if she were *fey*.”

They were in the little book room, doing house-accounts. Mrs. Bond had a regular allowance that covered it all, but the first month after they started housekeeping together she had brought up "her books" and insisted on his seeing exactly what she had been doing. And so it had passed into a custom, and served as a cover for the discussion of many things only remotely connected with the *ménage*. They both rather looked forward to it.

"Reaction," said Mrs. Bond. "I don't know exactly why, but the child was in deep waters till you got that letter. I could see that."

"As queer a coincidence as I ever heard of. Well, bar accidents, they're likely to have smooth water of it. Money's all right. They can live in England if they choose. He has no particular tie to America. I don't wonder at her taking to him, as nice a fellow as ever I met."

"Charlie *will* be pleased," said Mrs. Bond.

"Its very odd," said Mr. Bond after a short pause, "that I feel as if—as if—"

"Duck doesn't always agree with you, Tom."

"Duck be d—d—I shall be glad when they're married. No reason for delay."

"Trousseau, you know," said his wife laughing.

"That be d—d too.—The girl's staking too heavily, she would die if anything went wrong now."

"It's all going just exactly right," laughed Mrs. Bond.

"It really is no business of yours or mine, Tom, unless you let it upset your digestion. We shall have to do exactly what the young people choose to settle."

They were both silent for a while. Mrs. Bond put her hand soothingly on his shoulder.

"Don't worry yourself, dear."

Mr. Bond spoke testily.

"Etta says Madge quite believes she and Desforêts are just going on with the story of Clara Bond and Dubois. In the first place I don't believe a word of it. And I object to the Dead Hand on principle. If that old gentleman there on the wall chose to assert a practical interest in my proceedings, I should tell him to go and——"

"Yes, yes, dear,"—said his wife laughing again. "But he won't. He's too like you. Girls will be romantic, you know."

There was a full-length portrait opposite to the fire place. It certainly was like Mr. Bond. The features were rougher, with an expression of energy more pronounced than in his descendant. But eyes and mouth in both had the same look of shrewd humour and the good square head in the picture was almost facsimiled in the arm chair. The progenitor wore top boots, a blue coat and a white cravat which propped aloft a decided chin. One hand rested on the head of a mighty Southdown ram. The foundations of the family fortunes had been laid on wool and mutton.

Mrs. Bond looked at the picture as if she had discovered a new interest in it.

"Madge used to say 'that's dada' when she was very little indeed. For a long time she thought it was you, I believe. It's the same sort of feeling as makes her think herself back in poor Clara Bond, I dare say they were as

like as you two are. But she does make too much of it! Well, Captain Dubois is going to bring back the chessman and Clara is going to marry her lover and nobody will ever look again into the bag to see if there's a pawn left—"

"You go on as if you believed in that rubbish," said Mr. Bond testily.

"Well, it does happen," Mrs. Bond said excusingly.

"If dead people can interfere with us in one way, there's no reason why they shouldn't all through," Mr. Bond declared. "I don't like it, Nora, and as soon as Madge is married, I'll pitch the whole confounded clan-jamfry behind the fire, bag and board and all."

"Madge will have a lovely story to tell her grandchildren," laughed Mrs. Bond. "Thanks for your cheque, my dear. I shall send Madge, and you may denounce superstition to her."

She kissed him according to established custom when accounts had been disposed of, and went out.

(To be continued)

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FROM CLOUDLAND.

It may be that to outward appearances the mutual understanding between the two races
The Time Spirit. on which depends the future welfare of this ancient land seems a flimsier dream than ever. It may even be that complete mutual understanding is a dream never to be realised. Who that has completely understood even his brother or his friend? Who that has completely understood himself? But a fuller mutual understanding that is surely nearer than it has ever been in spite of the worst that has happened in these dark days. We are perhaps too near recent happenings to speak coherently or dispassionately about them. A crisis has arisen in our association and we have received a rousing shock. Drifting is no longer possible. The time has come for clear thinking and a definite line of action. This is no time for timid reticence. What petty human friendship ever matured without pain, misunderstanding and plain speaking? Can the friendship of nations and races mature without pain, misunderstanding

and plain speech? Our good-will and good intention to one another is being put to a practical test, and be it remembered our mutual forbearance is in the end no personal or provincial affair. We suffer one another's plain speech and drastic discipline because whether we know it or not, our small personalities and our particular races are but insignificant agents of the Time-Spirit urging us towards a new India.

* * *

Among words that have in modern days become magnetic, is the word *new*. Magnetic, when by certain application it has gained popular if not universal acceptance.

The Magnetic Word.

New woman. An appellation which through crudities, ridicule, and caricature, persisted until in actual fact the new woman was born and the Western world of today witnessed the amazing development of womanhood, positive, vigorous womanhood. From the tumultuous suffrage struggle, the average woman emerged the comrade of man, no longer shielded from the realities of life but sharer in them and facing their dangers. Toiling during the years of war, as perhaps women have never toiled before, lacking none of the high courage and resourcefulness associated with the great heroines of history and tradition—feminine and womanly through it all. Other application of the word utilised by Socialist journals occur to us. "The New Age," "The New Statesman." These terms have received universal acceptance and now the man in the street is aware that the New Age is upon us and that the "New Statesman" is at the helm of world Politics. The New Theology has also made its universal mark and now among other *new* countries a *New India* is

taking birth, a fact that not the most conservative Englishman or Indian could deny. Can we suppose that the birth of New India—an India self-determined, stepping side by side and hand in hand with foremost nations of the modern world, in perfect harmony, perfect friendliness and perfect comradeship—can we suppose that such a birth will be unattended by pain and agony ?

* * *

The situation should give us furiously to think. Now is the time or never when we must
Clear Thinking. think for ourselves. If the political problem is beyond our comprehension we should humbly admit the fact and turn our thoughts to matters within the bounds of our own knowledge and experience. We have social problems in abundance to engross our minds and utilize our energies, and while we are getting our house in order, "let the politicians grapple with politics." We shall have no temptation, being already fully occupied with national enterprise, to join in a passive resistance movement against legislation of which we have but the dimmest understanding. It is lack of clear thinking on both sides which has brought about the present crisis. Let there be freer interchange of thought and transference of information which accumulates in Government archives of which even most highly placed Indians know nothing. Let them share the knowledge, the danger and the responsibility and establish a comradeship for the future well-being of the Empire. Co-operation in civil life will close the gates of misunderstanding. The people know nothing of what the Government apprehends and wishes to protect them from. The Government knows little of

the currents and undercurrents which stir the minds of men, and the result is mutual misunderstanding.

* * *

A storm has broken over our heads and we have to face the fury of the elements. We

The Storm. may shrink, we may cower, we may curse, but the storm will have its way and we must wait with an understanding patience until the wind has spent itself and the stinging burning dust will no more lash our faces. When we are free to emerge the sultry air will have cleared and, perhaps, our confused thoughts also.

The Rowlatt Bill enacted to suppress anarchy and revolutionary crime has produced contrary results. The Act has been brought into operation nowhere and yet there have been disturbances all over India and people of all classes and creeds have blindly resented its enactment never realising that the Bill is innocuous to all save to political dacoits and anarchists. The people gave themselves into the hands of the spreaders about of rumours. Even the shopkeepers in a mood of not counting the cost closed their shops, as a protest against a measure which was designed to protect the shopkeepers. The people and the Government have both to learn a great deal from the sad events of the last few days. India seems to be passing out of its usual passive acceptances into a whirlpool of active striving. The disturbances make three things abundantly clear:—

- (1) That what the intelligent people say today the masses will say tomorrow.
- (2) That in the absence of good newspapers to educate public opinion, false rumours find circulation and poison the minds of men.

- (3) That the future Government of India must be either of an absolutely autocratic character based on force, or on the willing co-operation of the people which can be secured only by a large measure of constitutional reforms. There does not seem to be any half way house between the two systems.

* *

The excitement, the danger, the rioting, and the arson that followed, when the police
The Punjab. opposed the mob, unless immediately controlled might have spread, jeopardising the peace of the whole province. The Government like a householder was bound to defend the family. The Amritsar tragedy caused keenest apprehension and intense sorrow and suffering to all who love the Punjab, and provided the justification of immediate action. By a strange irony of fate the Province which contributed freely in men and money during this great war and gloried in having won for itself a place in the hearts of the British people by its sacrifices in all the great battlefields of the world has been singled out and is now being educated in the paths of obedience. The abdication of Civil authority in favour of Martial authority and suspension of laws which people had come to regard as inviolable are teaching and unteaching many things. Order has been restored but the reign of law is still in abeyance. Government is the wisest community in India and we must trust and support it. The mob violence and Martial Law have set the cauldron smoking and we can only watch and wonder what feast of the future it is preparing.

Perhaps the Bolshevik agents are at work in India, who could these agents be but the anarchists against whom the Rowlatt Act is levelled? An anarchist can see no further than his hate, which is concentrated on an object, a near object, and limited in time and space by here and now. The anarchist has no vision, at best, he but draws attention to the bitterness born of discontent and to his own hate. Are we then so lethargic as to need the shock of anarchical crime to stab us awake? If so, on us devolves the responsibility of the anarchists, the suffering they cause and the suffering they endure. Granted that anarchy is a symptom of disease need we also resist the surgeon's attempt to cure?

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Anarchical movement must be rooted out with a strong hand, but the Government of India will do well to examine the causes of discontent, and trace them to the roots which are economic, political and sentimental. The economic and social fixities of the country have been loosened, and India is changing in response to world conditions with which it has been brought into direct touch. Indians too have heard of the rights of man, and the ideals which have won this great war. The Punjabi particularly has travelled, heard and thought. He comes from a race of men conscious of power, and it is this consciousness of power which gives him his martial spirit. He has been to other lands, and heard and seen and fought along with men of other nations, and had opportunities to measure his courage, endurance and intelligence in many a battlefield.

He came back full of pride in the great victory in which it was his privilege to take an humble share. How was this growing sentiment for unity and Imperial patriotism fostered and encouraged?



The Punjab has proved its mettle through flaming fires. Many a time and once again the **The Afghan War** Afghan War has called upon her to guard the gates of India. The telegram of Sir Michael O' Dwyer on behalf of the Punjab shows that his faith has not flagged. At the same time the Punjab will answer the call to the full if the Province is trusted and normal conditions are restored. Prompt action was necessary to prevent serious trouble, and no less prompt action is now required to determine immediately the restoration of Law, the order was restored long ago. Vigilant societies can take charge of the towns. Societies of retired military officers can look after the villages, and a larger and truer co-operation between the people and the Government can strengthen the links of unity.



His Majesty's Government has already announced its policy to bestow responsible Government on India. It is a policy which **Wanted a Policy.** has found little favour in English circles in India, and consequently has failed to awaken enthusiasm. It is not superfluous to repeat that the troubles which the Government is now facing—their origin goes deeper and farther back—owe much to the failure in making the policy enunciated by His Majesty's Government a living issue in India. The Government

must act, immediately, in the matter of the Reform Scheme which is well conceived to promote the interests and satisfy the aspiration of a large section of Indian people for a responsible Government. It will allay unrest and awaken Imperial patriotism. To delay the Reforms is to allow the psychological moment to go by. The Government must decide how far it is possible to go with safety, and go at once to that point without pressure. Beyond that point if it has been rightly determined, no pressure should move the Government at present.

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**The Moderate
Party.**

A great deal has been said as to the need and the duties of a moderate party. Indeed there can be no question as to the urgent necessity of such a party. Here again the Government might enquire why the moderate party has been losing ground, and how could it be rehabilitated with power. People who honestly believe in slow and sure progress are certainly the strongest allies of established law and order. But the moderate party has so far been called upon only to issue loyal manifestos, and it has not failed in its work of publicity. The moderate party unless it shares in the councils cannot interpret a policy which has been shaped without its knowledge. The time for the organisation of a strong moderate party is not yet entirely lost, but the combination of causes seem against any right kind of organisation of moderate forces. The government is not likely to take the party under its wing, and the people are not likely to respect its motives, and without the support of the either it cannot prosper.

* * *

George Trevelyan in his "Clio" says broadly,
"History cannot prophesy the future
it can mould the mind itself into the
capability of understanding great
affairs and sympathising with them." This widening of
sympathy makes a man a somewhat less fallible judge of
the affairs of his own day. The Indian problem must be
to an Englishman in India alien, dark and difficult till he
has made journeys outside himself and brought home
a harvest of wide experience. The Indian problem is a
human problem, let him sympathise with it, and he will
begin to understand it. Let him try to share in a small
way with Indian aspirations and he will find they are not
altogether unreasonable. Let him journey out of himself
into a wider world and he will begin to see that India
and England have a great future in the true union of
hearts. President Wilson said to a distinguished audience
in Paris, that if there were one point of pride he ventured
to entertain, it was that he had been privileged to interpret
the university spirit in the public life of a great nation.
He defined the university spirit as one which was intolerant
of all things that put the human mind under restraint,
intolerant of every thing that seeks to retard the advancement
of ideals, the acceptance of the truth, and the purification
of life. The beneficent activities of the Government remain
hidden in the safe custody of official files. The Government
takes no pains to form an opinion and without forming an
opinion it cannot lead, and without leading it cannot govern
in the true sense of the word.

H. H. The Maharaja Scindia's Review on State Administration.

His Highness the Maharaja Scindia contributes as usual a racy review to the administration report of his State. He is really thinking aloud for the guidance of his officials, anxious to enlist their sympathy and to harness their energies for the highest interest of the State. The Report records the many-sided activities which emanate from him. There are two points which have more than a local interest. His Highness from his experience as a ruler defines two principles of Hukim Rani (administration)

- " (1) Keeping people under the thumb by coercion.
- (2) Carrying people with one as happy and willing followers.

I am sure it will be apparent that the second is the better way," he writes because the safer a.....To Raya the rulers owe the common duty of respecting their feelings, wide sympathy should be the watch word, and the aim of the administration the prosperity of the people."

The Education policy of the State again is set forth with clearness, and the Scheme of Education framed by the Inspector General of Education will repay study. It is an honest and straightforward statement, offering a practical solution of our educational difficulties. His Highness the Maharaja Scindia has realised the value of good education and if success can be attained, he will attain it. He is too good a player to be easily check-mated.

**Social intercourse
between
Europeans
and Indians.** The question of social intercourse between Europeans and Indians is of perennial interest, and while it is being discussed in the papers in Bombay and elsewhere, the following remarks on the subject from a retired Bengal Civilian, who did much to bridge the gulf, and has not ceased his labour of love in that direction, will we feel sure, be read with peculiar interest. Our friend writes :—

"I am of opinion that the British are far more to blame than their Indian fellow-citizens for the growing gulf which separates the races. John Bull is a good-natured giant, but destitute of imagination. He cannot put himself, metaphorically, in other people's shoes and ask, "How should I like to be treated if the situation were reversed?" Again, he is full of prejudices as the proverbial egg is of meat: once drive an idea into his solid skull, and it requiring a mallet and chisel to drive it out again. One of his ideas is that Indians, specially of the educated class, are an "inferior race," and capable of acquiring a veneer of civilisation just as dogs may be taught to walk on their hind legs! Indians are accused of ingratitude, of being "unreliable" and "gassy." My experience is quite the reverse. I have always found Indians responsive to kind and sympathetic treatment, grateful for services and eager to repay them. I have a host of Indians friends, and no mail comes in without letters breathing true friendship from men whom I have not seen in the flesh for 22 years. So a conviction dawned on me long ago, that the English cannot govern backward races. It is strengthened by the chaos into which Ireland has relapsed, by recent events, and India and now Egypt.

I had an opportunity some weeks ago of giving my, opinion on Bengalis at the meeting of the Society of Arts, and it was a favourable one. The English prate of "justice" as the Alpha and Omega of human relations. Let us leave it to the Almighty and realise that *love* should be the soul nexus of Society.

The late Mr. B. M. Malabari, the Founder of your review, realised this truth to the full. His life was entirely devoted to public service, and it is, or should be an object lesson of vast practical value."

A NEW LIGHT FROM PERSIA.

WITH the spiritual resurrection of Persia, two names are pre-eminently associated: those of Jan Sheikh or Bab, and his successor Baha-ullah. The Bahai movement is of comparatively modern growth, but even while the Musilmans of the Mid-East were plunged in the turgid pools of sectarian controversy, there was an under-current in the minds of young Persians awaiting a real reformer to direct and develop it. In Persia more particularly than elsewhere, the Shai sect predominated, and generations had been living in a land where superstition, enthroned in priestly majesty, stretched her iron sceptre over considerable regions, till its dark clouds were pierced by the rays of a religious light, which came from Jan Sheikh, who termed himself "Bab"—Gate.

At Mecca in 1844 Bab proclaimed himself as spiritually authorised to arouse the people from their religious lethargy, but it was not until he returned to his native town of Tabriz, that he found any sympathetic listeners. Then the news of his teaching began to spread, and the rapid growth of his influence alarmed the theological schools throughout the country. As in the case of Martin Luther so in this, students flocked from all parts to hear the "wonderful man of wisdom".

His teachings were brief and terse; they answered many crucial questions, yet he taught nothing new. He built his arguments on the principles of the Koran, but brought innovations to the interpretation of the text. It must be borne in mind that Bab never called himself a prophet, but a forerunner, one merely sent to herald the coming of a greater reformer than himself. He wrote, taught, and travelled from town to town for six years till the sentiments of the people became charged with an acute feeling of liberalism, which threatened to tear asunder the whole network of dogmas.

But there came a limit to the extension of such views in Persia, where to challenge the State religion was regarded as nothing less than fostering a political revolutionary spirit. The State Church came down upon the new reformer with all its might, and the movement was crushed in 1850, when Bab fell a martyr to the fanaticism of his opponents. But the number of Bab's adherents had by then increased considerably, and although any professions of the creed were pronounced by the law of the country to be punishable, yet it was soon realized that a rigorous suppression would result only in strengthening, and probably extending, the new current of thought.

Nineteen years had to pass before the "Promised one," came upon the scene, when the smouldering embers, which had still retained the vital spark, were fanned into flame again by the gentle breath of Baha-ullah Mirza Husain Ali by name, though commonly known as Baha-ullah; he was a nobleman by birth, and from the early years of his life had a reputation for sanctity and for remarkable mental endowments. He was reputed a sympathizer with the Babi

teachings, but it took some years of meditation to mature his views before Baha-ullah publicly proclaimed himself to be the man whose advent had been predicted by Bab.

A most remarkable period of history followed. The whole country was divided into two distinct parties, the priestly class burning with fanatical zeal and the Babis, who having nursed their beliefs in secrecy so long, now crowded under the banner of Baha-ullah, and placed their hand in his, fully convinced that they were following a mind whose powers were of a prophetic order. With an unswerving purpose he began to urge his spiritual and social reforms, and in the course of his propaganda addressed letters to the Queen of Great Britain, to the Pope, and to the Shah of Persia. In the course of one which he wrote to the Shah regarding his mission he says: "I was in sleep, when the breath of my Lord and Merciful, passed over me to proclaim between earth and the Heaven. This was not on my part but on His part * * *"

But the established religious bodies knew nothing of toleration, and active persecution quickly followed. Soon Baha-ullah was banished from the land of his birth and sent to Turkey. He was kept at Adrianople for a few years, and was subsequently removed to the small town of Akka, on the Syrian coast. Here he ended his days, and died in 1892 at a ripe age. Henceforth Akka has assumed an importance which it never before possessed; and thousands of pilgrims make journeys, often long and arduous, to visit the shrine of their spiritual leader.

Babi ethics, generally speaking, are sublime, and embody a modern and a progressive trend of thought. Religious reformers, real and pretended, have, since

Mahomed and Christ, arisen from time to time in every country, yet to class either Bab or Baha-ullah amongst them would perhaps be a mistake. Their mission was based on Equity and the general brotherhood of man. Here one may ask, whether all the great religions of the world did not strive after these qualities? The question is a reasonable one, yet let it be said in justification of the Bab movement that the primary essentials of this teaching mean a struggle against all dogma, and while occult influence is not banished from the articles of the faith, yet a right adherence to the mystical manifestation is discouraged, and the laws are given in a more practicable form. Baha-ullah believed in the Unity of God, and admitted all the previous messengers as true and faithful; he accorded his complete approval to the Koran as God's book, and also to the Bible.

Some of his precepts are:—

- (1) The great purpose of the Revelation of Baha-ullah is to unite all the races and religion of the world in perfect harmony.
- (2) Warfare should be abolished; and international misunderstandings should be settled by a Council of Arbitration.
- (3) Everyone should have a vocation in life; work done in the faithful spirit of service is as acceptable as worship.
- (4) Begging is prohibited; gambling and alcoholic consumption are banned.
- (5) A portion of every man's income must be devoted to charity, and a childless person should educate a child.
- (6) There is no priesthood apart from the laity.

The result of this teaching is reflected in the betterment of society, and a Cosmic spirit permeates its

laws. Men professing Babi ethics can be met in Persia, Mesopotamia, Arabia; in Europe and America the movement has found its advocates. In the north of Persia, the Shai sect still predominates, but it can safely be said that Bahá-ullah has brought about a miraculous awakening in the minds of the people. They have begun to appreciate feelings which in the main are creative of international harmony and goodwill. To one who has attentively perused the history of Persia, or rather Turan generally—replete as it is with that information which alone can enable us to form a right judgment of the people—this fact presents itself with indubitable force.

It would not be extravagant to assert, that if teachings were ever formed on rational desire for the universal brotherhood of man, which renounced racial religious strife as wholly against God and natural law, they are found in the Babi ethics. One objection which the followers of Moses, Jesus, or Mahomed may have, is that to accept any thought movement of recent religion, might be regarded as sacrilege against the creed of their forefathers; further, that the Christians, the Jews, and the Musilmans all find in their respective books, a conclusive code of life for the uplifting of mankind. But is it not true that nearness to God can be attained by different paths which ultimately end at one and the same point; and is that point not the aspiration of every one, let the roads they follow be ever so winding? No one can doubt that whatever was taught by Baha-ullah has existed in religious books for thousands of years, and that there was nothing new or inspired in his doctrines which could not be found in other pages. Let this feeling of paternal submissiveness to the creed of our ancestors not overlook the fact that

Bab never claimed to bear a torch which had not shone and illumined before.

The practical importance of the teaching in question, is that it urges a more active phase, draws the good qualities of every faith from their recesses, and thus appeals to man in his daily life. What is of still greater importance is the fact that the dictates of Bab do not clash with any religious principles, but build up a new structure out of the old materials. He is not the man who first introduced the light: he is a mere refiner, or rather researcher, who has brought to notice what is good in every moral code of ethics. By believing in what he said, one is still Christian, a Muslim, or a Jew, for to be a Babi no wise interferes with his original faith. He is a preacher who emphasises the necessity of Unity and Brotherhood; and is not this synonymous with what a devout worshipper will term—the spirit of religion—and peacemakers may call The League of Nations?

The test of all moral teachings is action, and the importance of a faith sinks into insignificance if its professors are lax and unsympathetic. Religion is essentially the guide for man to live in such a manner as to be acceptable to the Maker of all things, and he can only hope to become acceptable by being tolerant and helpful to his fellow creatures. The real salvation of each person rests within his own personality; and it is the action of the individual that make the world happy or otherwise.

Babi teachings have soared above petty consideration, and have endeavoured to unite the Church and State so closely, that if in future they receive sufficient considera-

tion and careful thought, they will tend to alienate all spirit of strife and struggle for merely religious or political ends. The Babi movement is a movement based entirely on Liberalism in religion, and keeps itself rigidly within the sphere of what is already acknowledged in the Islamic world, and in Christendom, but is not sufficiently acted upon. It is an earnest effort to bring together all that is good in every religion; it advocates the cause of—human birthright—in a word, it is nothing but a theory of international Unity preached by a Persian thinker.

Edinburgh.

IKBAL ALI SHAH.

THE ENKINDLING FLAME.

Thrush, thrush, high on the pine,
Singing, singing, singing,
To the rush, rush of your notes divine
All the orchard's ringing ;
Bird, bird, joyous your part,
Praise still to pour—
Stirred, stirred to the depths of my heart,
I, too, adore.

Marsvas.

GHOST STORIES, IRISH AND OTHERS.

WHAT is the most important question of the day? Some people would reply, "what would be the after effects of this war?" Others, "How will the Empire regain economic equilibriums?" Others again, "can the Government frame a reasonable scheme for governing Ireland?" Nay; there is a question of infinitely greater moment to every man and woman in my audience:—"May I hope that my personality will survive the grave?" Although ghost stories have a direct bearing on the answer, it is impossible to vouchsafe one at a meeting of the Irish Literary Society. Were I to air my own views I should either "preach to the converted" or provoke acrid controversy on matters of religious belief, which are, very properly, *tabu* under our rules. We are all born Platonists or Aristotelians—prone to take up a mystical or philosophical standpoint—and we view the prospect of a Future Life through spectacles determined by our idiosyncrasy. My object this afternoon is to amuse, not to dogmatise.

That forces which we vaguely qualify as "spiritual" are at work in this Universe admits of no doubt whatever. As in wireless telegraphy, every human being is a "receiver," more or less susceptible of their impact. May not the possession of that wondrous attribute styled "genius" mean that the few who wield it are in closer

touch than their fellow-mortals with the spiritual environment? But all power divorced from morality is used for selfish ends. That environment has been for ages unnumbered a happy hunting ground for charlatans who batten on human credulity. To pretend that the souls of departed friends can manifest their presence by knocks and shifting furniture argues an incredible degree of materialism. This is the sort of dialogue one hears rapped out at a séance:—

A Cockney widow, placed in communication with her husband's spirit, asks—"Is that you 'Enery?" Answer, "Yes, it's me, 'Arriet." "Are you 'appy, 'Enery?" "Tol—lol, 'Arriet." "'Appier than you was with me, 'Enery?" "Much 'appier, 'Arriet." "Then you must be in 'Eaven, 'Enery?" "I'm in 'Ell, 'Arriet." It is deplorable that the fierce emotions generated by war should find vent in a sphere which is simply saturated with fraud.

Our Chairman is known as the author of "Twenty Years Experience as a Ghost Hunter." A very busy career has left me scanty leisure for that fascinating pursuit; but visitants from the world of spirits have occasionally come to me unbidden, and I can give first-hand evidence of similar apparitions. Premising that all genuine ghost stories are explicable subjectively by morbid conditions in the narrator, or objectively by the action of Nature's laws, or again incapable of explanation by any deductive process, I will tell you a few without regard for classification.

During Smith O'Brien's abortive rising, a Company belonging to an English regiment was quartered in a remote part of south western Ireland. Time hung heavily

on the officers' hands, and they were delighted to receive an invitation to dine with a nobleman who lived at seven or eight miles' distance. On arriving at the castle they were courteously greeted by their host, who said that dinner would begin without Lady C.—In the middle of the fish-course she sailed in, a splendid woman in red velvet with the saddest expression in her large dark eyes. After presentations, and excuses for her unpunctuality, she sat down, and the dinner proceeded. Suddenly, the junior subaltern, who faced her at table, started up and left the room abruptly. The Captain apologized for his comrade's behaviour, and obtained leave to ascertain its reason. He found the hall door wide open, and the truant's figure rapidly disappearing down the moonlit avenue. Sprinting in pursuit, the Captain overtook him near the lodge gate, and angrily asked what the young fellow meant by such extraordinary conduct. "I couldn't stay another instant in that room," was the reply. "Didn't you see a man dressed in brown leaning over Lady C—'s shoulder, and pointing to a knife?" Just then the clatter of hoofs was heard, and a groom galloped down the avenue, reining in his horse at the lodge gate. While opening it, the Captain asked what had happened! "I'm off for the doctor, Sorr:" replied the man, "her Ladyship's just cut her throat!"

Many years ago a friend of mine bought some landed property in Northumberland, and travelled thither by the Great Northern Railway to take possession, carrying the title-deeds of his estate in a black bag. On arriving at York, he thrust *The Times* into that receptacle, without closing it, ran to the buffet, and laid his bag on the counter while he imbibed something warm. Suddenly the station

bell rung, and a porter shouted, "Passengers for the North!" My friend rushed out, and saw his train slowly moving out of the station. He overtook it, clambered on to the footboard, managed to open the door of an empty carriage and sank back, congratulating himself on his luck. A second later he remembered that his precious bag had been left in the refreshment-room! Casting his eyes around in despair—he saw the bag in the rack opposite! There it lay, open mouthed, with *the Times* protruding; he must have regained his own compartment! With a sigh of relief he stretched forward to take possession when—the bag snapped in his face! He sat, bewildered and shaking with terror, until the next halting place was reached. There he saw the station-master in earnest colloquy with the guard of his train. Beckoning to them he said timidly "There's a bag in this carriage which doesn't belong to me." "Yes," was the reply, "we've just a wire about it from York. That bag belongs to a passenger who was killed trying to get into the train in motion, and you can see his blood sprinkled all over the guard's van."

My second winter in Bengal was spent in touring, through a remote part of a district to which I had been recently posted. "Oh Solitude, where are the charms that sages have found in thy face?" I felt the lack of European companionship acutely, and was overjoyed to espy, during my evening ride, an Indigo Factory in the distance, recognisable by its avenue of Casuarina trees, leading up to a neat white bungalow, which was flanked by those large vats in which indigo is steeped during the manufacturing season. Cantering up to the house, I sent my name in on a slip of paper, and received a welcome "Salaam." A lady greeted me in her pretty drawing

room; she was evidently French, and had all the charm of her race. We were soon chatting away like old friends, but our tête à tête was interrupted by the return of her husband from supervising his cultivation. He looked just like the typical Frenchman who was caricatured in Punch of the last generation. Madame introduced me, and I received a pressing invitation to dine and sleep. The evening meal was in marked contrast to my camp-fare; and it was with reluctance that I retired to the bedroom assigned me. About midnight I was roused from deep slumber by the piercing cry of a child in distress, which seemed to come from the indigo vats. "Mamma! Ayah! dhùb jâtá! (I'm drowning). Slipping on my boots, I ran along the moonlit avenue and turning to the right saw a double range of masonry cisterns—all quite empty; I lingered, examining each without result, and returned to bed but not to sleep, still haunted by the child wails. At *choti hazari*, or early tea, next morning my hostess remarked that I was looking ill, and hoped I had not got a touch of fever. Without more ado I began to tell my story, when the poor woman burst into tears and left the verandah for her bedroom. Her husband turned on me angrily with the remark that it was shame to remind her of their terrible loss! On receiving a assurance that I was quite new to the district and knew nothing of it he said, "Last July our little boy was drowned in one of my indigo vats."

My wife's uncle, General S—once commanded the famous Corps of Guides, which keeps watch and ward on the Indian frontier. He is a matter-of-fact soldier, incapable of any flight of imagination. During the customary winter manoeuvres, a subaltern fresh from England was struck

down with malarial fever. The officers took turns in nursing him, but he gradually sank; and one night the regimental surgeon pronounced his condition extremely critical. About 1 a. m. the Colonel walked across camp to the sick boy's tent, and raising the *kanat*, or canvas door, was amazed to see a middle aged lady bending over the patient. She looked round at him mournfully; he apologized for intruding and left the tent. Early next morning the Doctor brought information that his patient had passed away at 1 a. m. and expressed astonishment on learning that he had been nursed by a European lady. Further enquiry proved that no fair visitor had arrived at the encampment, which was 120 roadless miles from the nearest railway station. Colonel S-- had the unpleasant task of breaking the news to his subaltern's mother, who was living in the west of England; and undertook to bring her the lad's little possessions, as he was about to return home on furlough. He received a grateful acknowledgment, and his first visit on arriving at Plymouth was paid to the widow. She proved to be the identical lady whom he had seen by the deathbed 6,000 miles away!

During my early years of service in Bengal I superintended the construction of about twenty miles of embankment protecting my people's crops from the inundations to which they were subject. On learning my action from newspaper paragraphs, the Government deputed an Engineer from the Punjab to inspect my embankments, and report whether they should be taken over by the Department of Public Works. He was a tall, thin man named Long; well versed in his profession and with much personal charm, but evidently a prey to deep melancholy. On the night of his arrival we sat up late

talking "Shop," and just before retiring to bed I said that he was not looking quite well. My sympathy led him to tell me the following story. "Last July," he said, "I lost a very dear wife, whom I shall never cease to grieve for. Well, four days ago my old Bearer who has been with me for 17 years, came to me and said "Sahib, I had a curious dream last night. The *Mem Saheb* appeared to me, and I heard her say quite distinctly, "Shadu, tell your master that he is going to Bengal, and that he will meet me there." Now I had no more idea of being transferred to the other end of India than of visiting the Antipodes, but a couple of hours afterwards came a telegram from the Chief Engineer, ordering me to report to the Calcutta Office; I wonder whether the rest of Shadu's dream will come true?" I remarked that such things proverbially "happened by contraries" and changed the subject by planning a tour of inspection. At the last moment, however, I was detained at headquarters by a heavy rioting charge: and Long started his tour alone. Next day I received a Police report that he had died of cholera at a village 30 miles away and had the very unpleasant duty of burying my new friend. About ten years afterwards I made Mr. Rudyard Kipling's acquaintance at Simla, and told him this veracious story, with many others. You will find it in his "Plain Tales from the Hills" with the name of the place of occurrence.

A friend of mine, known to her intimates as "Mrs. Ian," while sitting one bright summer morning in her drawing room near Farnham, heard a hoarse whisper which seemed to come from the ceiling cornice. "Mrs. Ian," the voice asked piteously, "Where am I?" My friend called out "Who is speaking," and the voice replied "It's Dr.

Furnivall; Oh Mrs. Ian, for God's sake say where I am!" The same agonizing query was repeated in fainter and fainter accents, until it died away. On the morrow appeared an obituary notice Dr. Furnivall who had died in London at the precise moment when his voice was heard in a Surrey cottage. A curious feature of this circumstance is that Dr. Furnivall, who was a great Shakespearean student, did not enjoy "Mrs. Ian's" friendship, although he was a crony of her father, the quondam editor of *Notes and Queries*.

About forty years ago business took me to a Cheshire village called Frodsham. I put up at the local hostelry, and joined a symposium of farmers held nightly in its parlour. On one occasion our talk ran on Ghosts, and a very old man who was present, told a story about a headless dog which had haunted the village for years unnumbered. According to tradition a peddler had been robbed and murdered by two footspads under a blasted oak which marked the village's southern confines. He fought bravely against long odds and was ably seconded by his large dog, until the poor animal had its head severed by a cutlass-blow. Justice overtook the ruffians, who were hanged from the blasted oak; and ever since it had been *tabu* at midnight, because wayfarers passing under it at that hour were tripped up by a headless dog, and sometimes broke their neck. The story, told with a wealth of detail, made quite an uncanny impression on me; and I determined to test it. So at 11.30 I started on a moonlit walk along the road leading to Delamere Forest. The blasted oak was passed without any adventure; and after trudging for a mile or so I retraced my steps, arriving under its shadow just as Frodsham Church began to strike twelve. At

that instant I felt something struggling between my legs which nearly threw me off my balance. I had read of one's hair standing on end through fright and though it was a novelist's figment; mine actually did—until I found that my assailant was a frightened leveret, who had bolted across the road on my approach, and got entangled with my nether regions.

I will now pass to ghost stories which have appeared in print. One is told at page 159 of Lord O'Brien's recently published "Reminiscences." Towards the close of his life, the Lord Chief Justice of Ireland rented a mansion in the Dublin Mountains called Newlands. A hundred odd years previously it had been the seat of Lord Kilwarden who, as you all know, was dragged from his carriage by a Dublin mob and piked to death during Emmet's rising. The horses galloped back to Newlands, giving Lady Kilwarden the first intimation of her terrible loss. Lord O'Brien was told that the rumblings of his predecessor's carriage wheels were now and then heard on the premises. He asked whether it was an inside or an outside ghost; and on learning that its manifestations were confined to the grounds, he took the place without further ado. On a summer afternoon Miss O'Brien, seated in the drawing room which open on to a garden in the rear, distinctly heard the sound of hoofs and wheels approaching. "A visitor," she thought, and laid down her book; but no one was ushered in. She told her father of the strange occurrence; and he jocosely replied that if Lord Kilwarden was driving about in the neighbourhood, he would naturally call on his successor. A few days afterwards Miss O'Brien heard the same sounds while walking in the garden. She called out to a sister indoors, "Here's

Lord Kilwarden's coach come again ! " and ran to the wall which surrounded the demesne. A heavy dray was proceeding along the Naas Road outside, and the sound of the wheels was echoed along a line running from a particular point of the road through the grounds to the drawing room, and nowhere else.

Many ancient families, my wife's among them, cherish a belief in death-warnings. The approaching departure of a Laird of Ardvorlich in the Perthshire Highlands is supposed to be foretold by the appearance of a lighted boat on Loch Earn, which bounds his domain on the north ; but the tradition was belied when the last Laird passed away in January 1914. Mrs. Katherine Tynan has recently told some other stories of the kind in an evening newspaper. "I know a family," she wrote, "in which the death-warning takes the shape of a bird. Once the warning came as a seagull, fluttering into some one's face and vanishing. Again someone had a dream of a net in which two birds were caught, and were wildly fluttering in the effort to escape. One broke through, but the other was held. The next day came news of the illness of two brothers ; one died and the other ultimately recovered. "But the strangest experience happened to two sisters of this family. These were grown women living together, the other members were dead or scattered. On a February night one sister was awakened by the sound of the other feeling about in the darkness. "What is the matter ? " she asked. The other sister answered her, wide-awake, "There's a bird in the room ; I caught it in my hands, but it has escaped. It must be a penguin, for it had no wings—only just the soft body of a bird." A candle was lit, but there was no bird. Some months

later word came through a lawyer, who had been trying to trace their whereabouts, of the death of an aunt who had been forty years—long enough for everyone to have forgotten her—in a lunatic asylum. They had never heard of her existence, but she had died on that particular night. Just think of it, the wingless bird, for the poor mindless body that had surely lost—and found—its wings ! A little later, and before they had heard of the death, one of the sisters, looking up, saw a beautiful sea-swallow in the room. When she looked steadily it was not there. This second apparition of a bird brought great comfort to some one who had loved the poor mad creature, giving assurance that the soul had found its wings.

In the winter before the "Ninety-eight," some United Irishmen met in an ancient house belonging to one of their leaders. Discussion of the plan of campaign went on till midnight and then, as snow was falling heavily, the host offered shake downs to his fellow conspirators. Amongst them was a sturdy young farmer who laughed heartily on hearing that he would have to sleep in a turret which had not been occupied within living memory, because it was supposed to harbour a particularly objectionable ghost. Next morning he failed to appear at breakfast. His friends found the turret-door bolted, and heard strange sounds from within. On effecting entrance, they saw the poor creature crouching in a corner—a naked, gibbering maniac. All they could extract from him was, "The Claws ! The Claws !" and he died of exhaustion without regaining his senses.

Two students of Trinity College, Dublin, in the course of a vacation walking tour, arrived at an apparently

deserted village. Sounds of crooning came from one of the cottages, but gradually died away. It was evidently a Wake. Peeping through the window, the lads saw a corpse laid out with a plate of salt on its breast, and a score or two of mourners lying dead-drunk on the floor amid a litter of empty whisky bottles. "What a lark it would be," whispered the eldest, if we removed the dead body, and you were to take its place! Wouldn't they be scared to see you start up with a yell?" No sooner said than done; the corpse was laid behind a hedge outside, and the younger lad personated it on the bed. Presently the mourners woke, one by one, and renewed their crooning. As hours slipped away without the expected resurrection occurring, the friend watching outside became a little anxious. At length he could contain himself no longer, and called his comrade by name, to the company's intense astonishment. No reply came; for the young joker was dead, while the other corpse was never found.

About eighty years ago the rector of a London church whom I will call "Mr. Edwards," lost his only son, a bright lad of 15. This was his second bereavement, a much-loved wife having joined the great majority several months previously. Lord Palmerston's Intramural Burial Act had still to come. After laying his boy to rest in a vault under the Church, the stricken father returned to his desolate home, went early to bed, and at length fell into a fevered sleep. About midnight he had a very vivid dream. His son appeared, dressed in cere-clothes, but the black ribbon which should have kept his lower jaw from falling had been untied—and all his teeth were missing, "Father, father," he seemed to say, "they won't

let me rest in my coffin, they're mangling me!" So convinced was Mr. Edwards of the reality of the vision that he started up, flung on a dressing gown, and ran to the verger's house a few yards from his own. After repeated knocking, the old man appeared, and answered a demand for the keys of the vault by turning pale and stammering that he had mislaid them. Mr. Edwards turned from him with indignation, and went forthwith to a neighbouring locksmith, whom he roused from sleep and persuaded to follow him to the Church with the needful tools. On the lock of the vault being picked, a gruesome spectacle presented itself. His boy's coffin had been unscrewed, and he lay just as he had appeared in the dream. Subsequent enquiry proved that the verger had a ne'er-do-well son, who practised the "Resurrection Man's" revolting trade. In those days dentists used to give a long price for sound and pearly teeth.

An Anglo-Indian living in London received a cable-message from Calcutta, in which he was asked to inform the wife of a friend that her husband had perished by accident in a gunpowder manufactory. He started promptly on his sad errand. The door was opened by the widow herself, who said, "I know what you've come to tell me—my husband has been killed!" At that moment a strong whiff of gunpowder smoke came through the door.

An Irish Ghost Story is graphically told in the "Life of Sir William Russell," published seven years ago. He paid a visit to Mr. Corney O'Brien, M.P., who lived close to the famous Mosher Cliffs, towering 700 feet above the Atlantic; and told Sir William that he would not approach them after dark for £1,000. Pressed for an

explanation, he said that there was a tradition in his family that an old lady belonging to it had been blown over the cliff during a gale of wind; and he knew from personal experience that her Ghost still haunted the scene of her disaster. During a walk after dark along the cliffs, he observed a white female figure standing perilously near their edge and approached to warn her. She turned, revealing a Death-Head with eyes glowing like live coals through a mass of tangled white hair. Then she flung herself over the cliff with a soul piercing scream. Peering down Mr. O'Brien saw the figure clambering up toward him, hand over hand! He ran as fast as he could towards the house with the thing in pursuit. A servant opened the hall door, but did not hear the scream uttered by the baffled Ghost. Mr. O'Brien went straight upstairs to his bedroom the windows of which looked out on the garden. The blinds were down, but bright moonlight shone through them. While undressing for the night, he saw a dark shadow cast on the counterpane of his bed. It came from the thing, perched on the window-sill outside. He fired a double barrellled pistol at it, rousing the household. But the minutest search failed to reveal any trace of the intruder; and the soft mould of the flowerbeds below was quite undisturbed.

The incoming tenant of a west-country vicarage put the place into thorough repair and took up his abode there with young wife, whom he had the fortune to lose on the approach of winter. Soon afterwards sounds of wailing were heard from the poor lady's bedroom floor. The servants declared that the house was haunted by her ghost, and all gave notice. In vain was the flooring taken up; the moans went on without cessation. At length the parson,

in desperation promised a reward of £20 to anyone who could lay the ghost. His offer was accepted by a drunken old labourer, who brought a ladder, half a dozen bricks and a hod of mortar to the vicarage and, after fumbling for an hour or two among the ivy, that clad it, announced that his task was done. So it turned out; the distressing noises ceased, once and for all. The fellow pocketed his easily earned money and, on being asked to disclose his secret replied:—Lord bless you, Sir, there ain't no secret. I worked for the builder who repaired your house, and when the scaffolding was removed he told me to fill up the holes left in the outer wall by its flooring struts. Well, Sir, I'm the laziest man in this parish—never do a stroke of work I can help. Seeing that some of the holes were covered with ivy I just left them as they were. The wind got in under the rafters, and made the howling you thought was made by a ghost.

A widow in poor circumstances took a house in the south western suburbs of London which was offered at an absurdly low rent. She soon discovered the reason. It was haunted by the ghost of a predecessor, who had been burnt to death in the house, with her twin children. One evening the new occupant was sitting in her gas-lit drawing room, when one of the children ran in, buried its head in the maternal lap, and whispered "Mummy dear, there's the poor woman with her babies on the landing." Looking through the door, which opened on a staircase, she saw a figure in white apparently dandling two smaller ones. It was merely the reflection of the drawing room blind, gently swayed by the incoming breeze, on the landing window opposite.

Two bachelor girls installed themselves in an old country cottage which had a sinister reputation as the scene of ghostly wanderings. No human being is free from atavistic dread of the unknown— perhaps a survival of the animism from which all religions spring. The young ladies, therefore, always had a feeble light burning in their bedroom. One night they were both roused from beauty-sleep by deep groans, and saw a figure in white in the open doorway, wringing its hands as if in despair. Both instinctively covered their heads with the bedclothes, and when at length they ventured to peep out again, the apparition had disappeared. Next morning their new servant maid was found dead in the kitchen, with her skull fractured by impact with the fender. It turned out that the poor creature was subject to epileptic fits. She must have sought her mistress's help on feeling the approach of one, and finding no relief, crept down to the nether regions to die from a heavy fall.

A week-end party in the country, seated round the fire and exchanging ghost stories, were informed by the hostess that the house was haunted by two little boys who, ages previously, had been murdered by a wicked uncle. Among the guests was a young girl, mystically inclined, who firmly believed in the existence of a spirit world. Having an hour to spare before dinner on the following evening she went to the library, and took down a folio treatise on witchcraft which, for convenience sake, she consulted lying full length on the floor. Now the library occupied half of a great central hall, the other half serving as the dining room from which it was separated by heavy curtains, and there was a space of about eighteen inches between their embroidered hem and the ground.

Hearing a slight noise from the next room, the young lady looked under the curtain and beheld two small white figures moving rapidly to and fro, as if engaged in play. Rising up, she clasped her hands and exclaimed: "Dear children, tell me what I can do to set your little souls at rest!" Whatever is the matter, Madam?"—was the reply given by a footman in shorts, who had been engaged in laying the dinner table. His white silk stockings had been mistaken for tiny ghosts!

In early manhood I sat at the feet of a very clever woman, whose knowledge of the world made her an invaluable guide, philosopher and friend. Among the canons of practical wisdom which fell from her lips was the following piece of advice. "Never talk to other people about yourself, for in the first place no one will believe a word you say, and nextly everyone is dying to tell you all about him or herself." Feeling that I have claimed attention for too long a space of time, I will now give my audience an opportunity of narrating some experiences of their own.

FRANCIS H. SKRINE.

GURU ANGAD.

Born of His Limbs Guru Angad, Guru Nanak's greatest miracle,
 The Beloved of His Disciples, in whose eyes the million eyes of
 man and woman roll with the maddening inebriation of Love,
 In whose bosom throb a million hearts with diverse beats of hopes
 and longings, and life-long waitings for meeting Him soul to
 soul ;

Men and women gather in the Song of Praise in Him,
 The dense concourse of 'feelings' of Divine Humanity in His
 Soul ;

Guru Angad the Beloved King of the Nanak-inspired Punjab,
 The unmoved sea to where flow a myriad streams of love that
 rush out so sudden from Human Soul ;

In the Love of Beauty such as His, Soul becomes almost like a mad,
 ruthless, tempest at sea, that blows the little skiff of 'self'
 like a dry autumn leaf and shatters it on the waves.

And Man is infinite in Love ;

Guru Angad the Reincarnated Guru Nanak, the sweetest, dearest,
 loveliest Friend of Man,

The whole Humanity is at His feet,

Man, woman and child in love go round Him in sacrifice hundred
 times a day,

All life is for Him both blood and bone and flesh.

The Disciples spread their tender, soft eyes as bed for Him to sleep,

The palace of Human Hearts for Him to live if He choose,

A million kingdoms to wait His Pleasure if He looks this away,

But the miracle of Guru Nanak, His Greatest, Highest Word,

He only sings His Master's Song,
 He fills the air around with His own joy,
 His smile reveals the immortal secrets;
 His beaming looks give life to Man, Woman, and Child.
 All Beauty feasts on Guru Angad's Sight !!
 All-charmed, all-enchanted, the very rocks and the rivers of the
 Punjab raise His Anther of *Nām*.
 Guru Angad recites His Master's Name,
 And His Disciples all-dedicated sing !!
 But Guru Angad toils for His daily bread,
 He makes ropes out of the *munj* grass,
 And He makes the "Song of Ropes" as He twists along the
 coarsest fibres of the Punjab;
 The King of men, the king of gods, the Beloved Lord of His
 Disciples, lives like a 'labouring Sikh, naming Him' and
 twisting ropes of the roughest grass.
 As He scatters the Beams of His eyes in the fields of Human hearts,
 The Suns catch fire,
 The Word of God is Aflame in Man's Soul,
 Life comes out again in light and plays about in Its divine
 spontaneity, in Its original freedom, joy and peace.
 "Guru Angad ! Guru Angad ! His Name and His Sight" so
 thirsts the Disciple-Punjab,
 The spheres ring in me with His song,
 The Suns and Stars dance with me in a one rhythm,
 The Universe is made of Me.
 "Guru Angad ! Guru Angad ! His name and His Sight !! " this
 O world ! is the loftiest song of the Disciple.
 This is His most heroic deed !
 This is His Eternal record !
 "Naming Him" is all !!
 The highest, noblest, strongest faith in tune with the Song and
 Silence of Eternity !
 This is Guru Angad.

THE NON-BRAHMIN MOVEMENT.

PERHAPS the most momentous and far reaching event in contemporary affairs in India is the growth of the Non-Brahmin movement which, though for the present is concerned only with matters of no moment may it is hoped, swept by generous uprising of new and potent forces political and social, help in the making of a democratic India.

A people without vision perisheth. If the Non-Brahmins rise to the full height of their opportunities, and forget the irritation of the moment in the splendid sweep of wise and generous ideas, they will change and transform and liberate the country ; the times are on their side and they are great in numbers. I see in the new movement the potency of new forces that will save the future India—forces working with the irresistible power of destiny.

I cannot, however, shut my eyes to the fact that the Non-Brahmins have missed the true meaning and inwardness of the struggle. They have to seek emancipation not merely from the tyranny and thralldom of a small intellectual class, but mainly from indolence and darkness which have shut out from them splendour of the dawn with its light of knowledge. Whatever might have been the tyranny of the Brahmins in ages long past, a tyranny which when all said is infinitely preferable to the crude

decisive and death-dealing conditions which submerge the submerged classes in other countries. It is no use now talking of a past that is gone, there is now equality of opportunity at any rate between Brahmin and Non-Brahmin in British India. British sense of justice and fairness, British sense of honour and chivalry, have by degrees won an empire of hearts in the East and they are doing unconsciously indeed, a great injustice to its benevolent activities who charge the administration with partiality and playing one class against the other. What have the Non-Brahmins made of their opportunity ?

May I ask those who oppose Reforms what are the foundations of British rule in India ? Is it the Railways and Post Office ? Is it because it is cheap and leaves a heap of gold for the people of India ? Is it because it is efficient and perfect ? No one outside a school room would answer in the affirmative. No fool, if he can help it, would prefer to have his home managed even by an archangel as long as he can do it himself. Why, then, where exactly are the roots of British rule in India which command the loyalty of three hundred millions. I tell you, it is in the equality, even-handed justice and full opportunity that it has always connoted, and the promise of Self-Government which illuminates the future which has secured for it the willing allegiance of this ancient country. How can it be wrong to ask for the fulfilment and to work towards the realisation of this promise ?

The struggle between the Brahmins and the Non-Brahmins is, in very many cases, similar to the struggle between the Bureaucracy and Progressive Politicians. The Brahmins are like the Bureaucrats in more than one respect. We have the same powerful and exclusive oligarchy, self-centred, self

willed and strong. We have the same silent and stubborn vindication of prestige and the sanctity of the ancient creed. Both have cultivated the subtle and sure methods of success and the art of getting on. The Bureaucrat thrives by the privilege of his race, but the Brahmin thrives by right of his intelligence and resource. In ancient times he studied Sanskrit, became a Pandit and dictated his terms to his illiterate compatriots. In mediæval days he learnt Persian and kept the courts of Moghul kings in decorous urbanity. To-day he reads Shakespear and Milton with the facility of an Oxford don and seeks his rightful place in the councils of the Empire. He has been making the best of a bad job always. In the Vedic and Epic ages, while the Kshatriyas conquered with their sword, the Brahmins swayed the conquered territories with the might of their culture. Both had their share in the glory of conquest and dominion. I remember Vivekananda unbraiding the Non-Brahmins for their indolence and stupidity. "Who prevented you from learning Sanskrit and dictating your terms to the Brahmin," asked the wise Swami. He was a Non-Brahmin himself. He studied Sanskrit and English, and became the disciple of a great Guru spreading the Gospel of the Vedanta in three continents. I believe the arrogance of the Brahmin is not quite so communal as cultural. He respects learning everywhere, and has all the vanity of the aristocracy of culture. It is useless to cry against his selfishness and pride. The world will always be ruled by some men, and sometimes these men are picked up by right of their rank, sometimes by right of their wealth, sometimes by right of their power, and sometimes by right of their intellect. Is it not after all better to be guided by wise

men rather than by rich men or pampered men or lucky men ? What a pitiful thing to see the Non-Brahmin wailing for crumbs from the Bureaucrat's table. I say to him, "Go and be like a Brahmin." It is disgraceful that so strong a community should allow itself to be overwhelmed.

Come with me and examine the net result of all the efforts of the progressive Politicians. They are not all Brahmins. They demand responsible Government, and there can be no responsible Government without a General Electorate. The Non-Brahmins (taking but one presidency for purposes of argument) are forty millions in Madras, while the Brahmins are a little over a million. I ask the Non-Brahmins how can Brahmins establish their supremacy without your good will. How can they take advantage of the franchise without befriending you and being befriended by you. You are to be the deciding factor. They must seek your favour and secure your good will. Then why confuse the issues and raise a duststorm of words. You argue that being the more advanced in knowledge and capacity they will be elected for all offices of power and responsibility, but you forget that you will be able to dispense with whomsoever you do not like, and that these positions will depend on your suffrage. Is it after all so bad to be ruled by the best among your own men ? It seems to me the Brahmins in placing power in your hands are resigning their privileged position. They are fighting for a greater cause, regardless of self with the true spirit of asceticism, careless of their own communal interests. It is curiously like the spirit of the Samurai who gave up their rights and privileges for the unification of Imperial Japan. Believe me, that spirit is

worthy of the traditions of a race whose power is in its capacity for renunciation and scorn of all the wealth of "Ormuz and Ind." But let us not be content with mere platonic contemplations of the virtues of the ideal Brahmin. He may have for aught we know, fallen considerably from the standard prescribed in the code of Manu. Still you cannot deny his excellence. And you have exalted him even more by your envy. Let us however look facts squarely in the face. Why would you prefer a civilian oligarchy to an oligarchy of Brahmins?

"Is it the indigenous Short or the oversea Codlin who opposes the spread of education among the people, and uses their illiteracy as an argument for opposing political advance? Is it the indigenous Short or the oversea Codlin who defends the pernicious excise policy of the Government on the ground that every man must have his tastes, and likewise approves of the raising of the State demand on land at every re-settlement on the ground, among others, that money left in the ryot's hands goes to the drink shop?...Who allows the country to be flooded with cheap free trade goods, and refuses to foster the industries of the people in the only way in which other countries, including Great Britain and her colonies, have fostered theirs? Who was responsible for the currency legislation of a few years ago, which, but for some fortuitous happenings which told in its favour, might have hit the poor agriculturist hard, while relieving the Government of the exchange difficulty in paying off the heavy Home charges? The unfortunate Indian Short, in a hopeless minority in the council must set up a piteous wail, which, however, will be drowned in the noise of Codlin's trumpet announcing to an astounded world his

protection of the Indian masses against their own heartless countrymen." Mr. Chesterton somewhere tells the story of a nurse who got rid of a troublesome baby because the food she gave him did not suit him and she resolved to keep the food and threw away the baby. That seems the way of the wooden administration which you uphold. You are angry with the Brahmins. Are you quite sure that others will help you until you learn to help yourselves. Look back and measure the pace of progress and then decide wisely. Blood is thicker than water, the Brahmins are nearer to you than any one else. We are fated to live together and work out our destiny together. Don't seek outside arbitration to settle a domestic business. The arbitrator, as in the case of dog and cat, is likely to swallow the substance. I believe much of the irritation and ill will could be softened by good temper and calm consideration. I am a firm believer in the efficacy of good manners in the conduct of men. Principal Jacks used to say that many of the problems of reconstruction after the war could be solved only by good temper. I believe Principal Jack's solution is equally applicable at all times. War or peace, good sense and good breeding can always soothe differences and strengthen the forces of unity. Is it not sad to see that while Europe is seeking a League of Nations we are anxious to perpetuate communal cleavage.

The Brahmins too must revise their methods. Their superior cynicism will not save them from the peril. Believers in the Gospel of the Gita, that virtue alone shall triumph and vice shall not prevail; for long they have done little to educate and enlighten opinion and

wiu it. You argued: "No true Brahmin is really self-seeking" we are working for the common cause in which Brahmin and Non-Brahmin alike shall be the rightful inheritors without any difference whatsoever. Do we not honor Non-Brahmins who are leading the national movement. This is not enough. You must actively conciliate; your indifference helped the opposition, treated with contempt it gathered strength. The *justice* thundered and preached its gospel of bitterness and you failed to pour oil on troubled waters. The desire to spite the neighbour developed into a passion and some Non-Brahmin would willingly lose both eyes if it could in any way conduce to deprive their neighbour of at least one eye. Passions were roused and all sense of proportion was lost. Who is to blame? It was for you to guide.

I say that good temper and good manners would have relieved the situation and I am supported by the Hon. Mr. V. S. Srinivas Shastry who in his luminous exposition of the demand for Self-Government pointed out: "Our duty rests on the Brahmin, as being the party having the advantage at present. He must recognise that the attitude of the Non-Brahmin is not only the natural but inevitable consequence of the past, and must be ready and willing in social relations to pay tender heed to the feelings of the Non-Brahmin, remembering always how keenly he himself feels the affronts, sometimes real but often fancied, of those whom he blames as unable to forget their political superiority. A little thing, said the poet, may harm a wounded man, and this saying has a physical and also a moral application."

The Non-Brahmins have been deceived by another fable, everyone knows it is an exploded myth not worth a

moment's consideration, it is partly I believe an imported myth, and I wonder how it can pass current among sensible people. Social Reform is urged as a necessary precedent for all political progress. Social reform in the sense of a generous humanitarianism, for the purification of the moral tone of the community, for juster recognition of "Man's a man for all that," is reasonable and most welcome. But to demand that for purposes of municipal and business co-operation, for the purposes of a political election you should give up all your cherished traditions of culture and custom is pure sophistry and utter moonshine. Equal opportunities for all classes and creeds are essential, but that they should leave their moorings and follow a people who have found no moorings is not sense. "It would be trying," said Stevenson, "to keep bed and board with an early riser or a Vegetarian." I cannot for the life of me keep bed or board with a mutton eater. Would you compel me to give up my diet of rice and milk and resort to flesh pots before I have my vote? Was ever such folly talked and given the garb of wisdom. Is there no greater purpose in life than voting and being voted? Is not voting itself a means to something better, the service of mankind? When grown-up educated people with wise spectacles and white hair, talk seriously with a knowing wink that there could be no political progress without social reform and widow marriage and inter-dining among all sorts and conditions of people, captains, and coolie, poets and potters, and when they trot it out as the new discovery of the age, I cannot forbear a smile at their complacent vanity. Generations will come and pass, but the differences will continue, nature rejoices in variety,

Beware it is not wise to pull the Brahmin down to the level of the Panchama. True social reform is in lifting the Panchama up to the level of the Brahmin and this can not be done without affording him equal opportunities of education and enlightenment. Neither of these is possible without universal education and public spirit. Hence the need for urgent political work, to which all others should for the moment be subordinated, hence the need of a larger franchise and responsible Government, intimately connected with the needs and the aspirations of the people. There is work enough for all. Let us take a lesson from our past and be warned. Let us not lose ourselves in a maze of meaningless controversies. While we are dreaming, discussing, hesitating, quarrelling, the inevitable years slip by, generations succeed generations, and the relentless fates cry out from the shades of our fathers : "Fools, your reward is neither Here nor There." Let us unite and work together for common aims to make a larger happiness more universally possible for men of all classes and creeds. Let us teach the dumb millions to help themselves. Support the Reform Scheme, because it promises larger opportunities of service for the Non-Brahmins and Brahmins.

A. MADRASI BRAHMIN.

Madras.

SERINGAPATAM.

IT is a sight to see the crowd of Mahomedans in their gala dress, who gather once a year to the tomb of the great warrior and martyr to the faith of Islam, as Tippu Sultan is commonly believed to have been. The island capital, on this annual festive occasion, approaches nearest to its bygone glorious days of a century ago, when Haidar and his son lived and ruled in it. At any rate, that is the only time when present Seringapatam finds itself accommodating anything like the population of former days. "The population of the island," says Lewis Rice* "estimated by Buchanan† to have reached at least 150,000 during the reign of the Sultan, before the expiration of a year (after Tippu's death) had sunk to 32,000." Its present population is not much more than 10,000.

Seringapatam is eight miles by rail and nine miles by road from Mysore City. The undulating stretch of country by which the approaches to Tippu's famous capital are covered, is well irrigated by the Cauvery, which branches off into its two arms embracing the *tonneau-shaped* island, whose greatest length is three and a half miles, and whose greatest breadth, which is about

* Mysore Vol. II (1907).

† Dr. Buchanan, was sent by Lord Mornington's Government to explore and report on the province of Mysore. (1800-1).

the middle part, is a mile and a half. Travelling from the south towards the north or west of the island, one feels that one is traversing higher and higher ground, until within a few hundred yards of the northern arm of the river, towards which there is a gentle slope.

Seringapatam is a name bound to conjure up certain past events to the mind of anyone conversant with the British period in Indian History. If it were not for that, few people would attempt to visit a water-logged, malarious place, such as it is. Filthy, ruined, straggling heap of a village though it is at present, in its best days it had been a healthy and comfortable resort of wealthy citizens. "The town (Seringapatam) of modern structure," says Major Dirom, an officer well-acquainted with the place in Tippu's days, "built on the middle and highest part of the island, is about half a mile square, divided into regular cross streets, all wide and shaded on each side by trees, and full of good houses."

No ancient relics of Jainism, which was once the prevailing religion of these parts, are now left; and except for the remains of an old Buddhist cave, Seringapatam does not possess any archæological interest. The island is interspersed with a few parks and some edifices which have their short tales of a century or two to tell. The temple of Sri Rangan which gives its name to the place; the Darya Dowlat Bagh containing the house where Lord Wellesley spent a year (1800-1), subsequent to the final conquest of Mysore; the Lal Bagh wherein are interred the remains of Haidar, his wife, and Tippu himself; the ruined fort carved out of solid rock and surrounded by a dry ditch; the Great Mosque, with

its lofty twin towers and the curious flexible arch—these complete the more interesting worthies of “Patan” as it is familiarly called.

The temple is a recent structure, only bearing the name of its more renowned predecessor which had been plundered and dismantled by Tippu. Colonel Malleison* writing in 1876 speaks of it as non-existing, and hence it must have been erected since then. The Darya Dowlat is purely South Indian in its architecture, with a square base and superstructure, and a square terraced open space in the centre. The noteworthy feature which Wellesley, Dalhousie and other eminent visitors have remarked about the building, is its paintings with which the walls are covered. These are said to have been executed under the orders of Tippu, and they represent the defeat of Colonel Baillie at the hands of Haidar, as well as a few notable men of the court and women of the harem. The pictures have been carefully renewed from time to time so that they still present their original bright appearance.† It is interesting to note that Darya Dowlat Bagh was the place where Haidar was suddenly attacked by the enemies who had conspired his overthrow in the beginning of his career when he was king in all but the name; and it was at this spot that this miniature Napoleon swam precipitately across the river.

The Lal Bagh is a low place, sloping towards the river, the two arms of which unite at its rear. The tomb

* Seringapatam : Past and Present (1909). First published in 1876.

† It (Darya Dowlat) is a purely Eastern residence; and some of the walls are covered with paintings executed by the orders of Tippu, and still traceable, though greatly faded, which represent the defeat of the British force under the command of Colonel Baillie—*Dalhousie's Minute* (1855)

is a disappointment. It is a plain white square structure, dreary-looking in the interior, standing on black hornblende pillars, and provided with four rosewood doors, inlaid with ivory. The fort, considered to have been the second strongest in India by an eminent authority in military affairs, has now nothing imposing about it ; and the only thing that well-informed visitors have sought for in it, is the famous breach in the rampart, which afforded ingress to General Harris and his men in the last siege of Seringapatam, in 1799. The Great Mosque which owes its existence to Tippu's religious zeal, is probably built in part, out of the materials of the old Hindu temple devoted to the worship of Sri Ranganatha. The bending arch is a meaningless mystery. It seems to serve no purpose but that of curiosity. "Among the sights shown to travellers," says Malleon, remarking about this curious phenomenon, "is an ingenious bridge built by Captain de Havilland, which illustrates Lord Palmerston's motto '*Flecti non Frangi*'."

The early history of Seringapatam, as far as it has been recorded, does not possess so much interest to us as does the later. Owing to the insularity of its position, it has been the refuge of a peaceful population, and the stronghold of chiefs between the decline of the Chera, Chola, and Pandya Kingdoms in the Twelfth Century, and the rise of the extensive and powerful Kingdom of Vizianagar in the Fourteenth Century. Its origin has been accounted for thus :—

"In 894, during the reign of Ganga Sovereigns, a person named Tirumalaiya appears to have founded on

the island, then entirely overrun with jungle, two temples, one of Ranganatha, and a smaller one of Tirumala Deva, enclosing them with a wall, and to have called the place Sri-Rangapura or Pattana. Subsequently, about 1117, Ramanujacharya, the celebrated apostle of the Vishnuvite sect, on fleeing from Dravida to avoid a confession of faith prescribed by the Chola Raja to be made by all his subjects, the object of which was to establish the superiority of Siva over Vishnu, took refuge in the Mysore country, where he succeeded in converting from the Jain faith the powerful Hoysala King Bitti Deva, thenceforth known as Vishnuvardhana. This royal convert conferred on his apostle and his followers the tract of country on each side of the river Cauvery at Seringapatam, known by the name of Ashtagrama or eight townships, over which he appointed his own officers under designations of Prabbus and Hebbars."

On the spread of the Vizianagar Kingdom, Seringapatam came to be ruled by viceroys. One such viceroy, Timmanna by name, got permission from his suzerain at Vizianagar City, to build a temple and fort. His were the old Hindu fort and temple (also dedicated to Sri Ranganatha), which were destroyed by Tippu. The present temple, though perhaps situated on the same site where Timmanna built it in 1454, is a modern structure.

The rivalry between the Hindu Kingdom of Vizianagar, and the five Kingdoms into which the Mahomedan Kingdom of Bahmini had split, is a salient fact of Indian History. The year 1565 saw the end of the struggle, for in that year Vizianagar went down before the combined

strength of the five Musulman princes at the battle of Talikota. And half a century later, among the petty independent Rajas of small lordships, which arose on the ruins of the Empire of Vizianagar, was one Tirumala Raj, the ruler of Seringapatam and its outlying districts to the North and West. In 1610, however, the Raja, intending to retire from worldly cares, abdicated his throne in favour of the Raja of Mysore, of whose growing power he had long been afraid.

The island was known to be one of the most formidable strongholds in South India; and within a few decades was destined to meet a series of attacks from the Northern and Western neighbours of the Mysore Kingdom. In the Seventeenth Century the Sultans of Bijapur and Bednor, and the Mahrattas, each attacked it in succession but failed. The first successful attacks were delivered in the Eighteenth Century when artillery came to be freely used in Indian warfare for breaching purposes. In 1755, Bussy reduced the fort and forced the Raja to pay an indemnity of fourteen lakhs of rupees, and two years later Peshwa Balaji Rao was equally successful, and wrested five lakhs of rupees and 14 districts.

It was about this time when the Mysore Rajas were beset with troubles from the Mahrattas and from the Cormandel coast, that Haidar Ali, a brave soldier of fortune was requisitioned by Nanjaraj, the *de facto* ruler, in order to quell the mutiny among his sepoys, who clamoured for their pay. Though the treasury was empty, Haidar not only managed to pacify them for a time, but even contrived to retain them after his severe defeat at Chirkulli at the hands of the Mahrattas. The capture of Bednor, and the treasure he is said to have

found there, probably helped him to tide over pecuniary difficulties. Moreover, the adventurous career of the brave leader found ample opportunities of conquest and plunder to his followers. His subsequent history as to how he made himself master of Mysore, and how he dictated peace to the British under the walls of Madras in 1769, and how he defeated Colonel Baillie's force, and later was himself defeated by Sir Eyre Coote at Porto Novo, are all matters of common knowledge.

To Tippu who succeeded to the Mysore throne on Haidar's death in 1782, Seringapatam owes much of its present interest. The "Lion of Mysore"—rather of Seringapatam—was never tired of strengthening his den against enemies. His bigoted zeal for Islam probably accounts for his present wide fame in the scene of his labours; for it astonishes a stranger to Seringapatam, how often Tippu is revered or cursed, whereas the name of his more illustrious father is scarcely breathed.

The tragic career of Tippu is meteoric in its swift-ness. Twice he came into conflict with the British and twice he defiantly shut himself up in his favourite fortress. The hand of destiny lay comparatively light on him, when on the first occasion Lord Cornwallis merely concluded a treaty, which a spirited man like Tippu soon found impossible to observe. At the second crisis, when his own foolish intrigues with France and Afghanistan betrayed him to Lord Wellesley, his fate was sealed. The British, however, never desired the end of Tippu, and he alone is responsible for his brave, obscure death, under the gate of the fort, which he had tried his best to render impregnable.

D. S. GORDON,

"THEY TOLD ME, HERACLITUS, YOU WERE DEAD."

TO A. P. L.

I.

They say that you are gone, old man !
 That we shall never meet again.
 Oh ! How we laugh when in my sleep
 You tell me all their words are vain.
 They say your life was like a song
 That swelled triumphant, and then died
 Engulfed in Time's unmeasured tide.
 But you and I know they are wrong.

II.

As ever still we meet and talk,
 You tell me of your daily round ;
 And never speak of pleasures lost
 But always of the joys around.
 Sleep only is eternal made,
 And when you say " Goodbye " to me,
 I wake to Unreality
 And find that life's a fleeting shade.

III.

And once, 'twas in the crowded street
 I saw a figure with your gait ;
 I heard your laugh, and followed you,
 But somehow seemed to be too late.
 I lost you in the moving throng
 To find you when my sleep began.
 They say that you are gone, old man !
 But you and I know they are wrong.

IV.

And though 'tis but in sleep we meet—
Well, what of that ! Life's but a span—
A star on Time whose light remains,
The substance fled unknown to man.
And when this life has passed away
Deep sleep shall end our confined view,
And once again our life renew
Unbroken by each fleeting day.

S. C. GEORGE.

ELEVEN QUATRAINS OF SAHABI.

○ MAR-I-KHAYYAM, the familiar 'tent-maker', with his supposed Epicurean sentiments, holds a position of great prominence in the West. Dr. Thomas Hyde, Regius Professor of Hebrew and Arabic at Oxford was the first man to introduce this Astronomer-poet of Persia to the European world, and if priority counts for anything, England should be proud of the fact that it was an English scholar who first discovered the merits of this famous poet. After him came Von Hammer-Purgstall, Sir Gore Ouseley and Garcin de Tassy to celebrate his works, but it was the renowned Fitzgerald who immortalised the poet in western literature by his metrical translation of his quatrains. After a lapse of about eight centuries there arose another Khayyam from the same rich soil of Persia with a larger number of quatrains, and of greater worth, and it is a pity to find that the Fitzgeralds of our age are absolutely unaware of him. He is the *Sahabi* of Astrabad who is said to have left over six thousand Rubayyat. I would endeavour to bring his mind and art into light, though to hope that this would be a full criticism of his poetry is utterly vain.

Nothing is known about the life and character of this poet except that he was born and brought up at

Astrabad and that he died about 130 years ago (1201 A.H.). His work, like his renown, is shrouded in oblivion and I admit, with disappointment, that I could get only eleven quatrains out of such a large number.

Turning to his mind it is worthy of note that every poet is a philosopher, and that "philosophy is the art of tracing back human ignorance to its fountain-head."* Omar Khayyam in tracing this ignorance could not find any Providence except Destiny and any other world but this, and, therefore he preferred 'rather to soothe the soul through the senses into acquiescence with things, as he saw them, than to perplex it with vain disquietude after what they might be'. He was, ultimately, compelled to believe in Jabr or Necessity and there is not a single line in his whole work to denote that man works in this world of his own free-will to any extent. He says:—

نقشه است که بر وجود ما ریخته صد بوالعجبی ز ما : را نگیخته

من زان به ازان نمی توانم بودن کز بوبه مرا چنین فرو ریخته

This is the form Thou gavest me of old

Wherein Thou workest marvels manifold

Can I aspire to be a better man

O, other than I issued from the world.

Sahábi preaches something better than this ornamental pessimism. He represents the world as an organ made up with the elements of pleasure and pain and thinks, that if it is stripped of one of its component parts, the whole organism would be reduced to nonentity. For him it is useless to think of Necessity or of Free-will. He believes that a man is to abide by the Law and to submit to the Law-giver so that the world may retain its beauty. He says :—

آداب جمال داده گلزار ترا او آتش قهر زد خس و خوار ترا
ای آمده در شوره او کو او کو این کیست که نمر کرده بازار ترا

With form and grace, He decked thy garden gay ;
With flames of wrath he burnt thy thorn and weed ;
To thee still crying, 'Where is he ?' I say :
Who else has warmed thy nest, who else indeed.

In another quatrain Sahâbi preaches that the Fountain-head is absolute, and that His works are too sacred to be connected with the creation of any pleasure or pain virtue or voice, but it is the man who turns them to one or the other for himself. He says :—

عالم بخروش لا اله الا هو ست
غافل بگمان که دشمن است این یا دوست
دریا بوجود خویش موجه دارد
خس پندارد که این کشایش با اوست

The sage exclaims 'There is no God but He';
The dullard doubts if He be friend or foe ;
The billows roll their daily rounds at sea,—
The waif mis-deems them for a personal blow.

The Khayyam attacks the Sufis in his 'make merry' style but Sahâbi knows well what he is about and says :—

از هر دو جهان زیاده می خواهیم
از پرده برون فتاده می خواهیم
صوفی تو بکار خویش رو کاین ره را
بابر سر خود نهاده می خواهیم

We long for what both worlds cannot bestow
We pine for what doth lie beyond the veil :
Turn, Sufi, mind thy proper business, go ;
We want whom death and danger cannot quail,

The Khayyam's heclonistic philosophy directed him to seek the Infinite within the finite space of this world and the next, when he said :—

آنها که جہاں زیز قدم فر سودند
واندر طلبش ہر دو جہاں پیسودند
آگاہ نمي شوم کہ ایشان ہر گز
زین حال چنانکہ هست آگاہ بودند

The sage who has compassed sea and land
His secret to search out and understand
My mind misgives me if they ever solve
The scheme on which this universe is planned.

Sahâbi believes that man is quickened by the Divine breath and that he finds Him within himself, whatever religion he may profess.

آنم کہ نہ ارم بہ دو عالم گامے
نا یافتہ جز پیک وجود آرامے
گر خلق جہاں جملہ چومں بودند
لازم نشہ سے رسوئے و پیغامے

For either worlds I reckon not, nor repine
My peace from my own conscious self I seek ;
If all mankind but match their minds with mine
What need of prophet or of preaching eke.

He also thinks that truth is not bound to philosophy or dogmatism and that, possibly, even the illiterate may become saintly if favoured by True Guidance.

بس سادہ دلاکزیں دہ آگاہ افتد
بس اہل خرد کہ درنگ چاہ افتد
این کار حوالی نہ علم و عملیست
چون گنج کہ تا کرا بدان راہ افتد

Full of oft the fool hath struck that path and gained
Where wiser seekers floundered in the well
Nor thought nor action e'er that path attained
Like treasure-trove, 'tis his whom none can tell,

He also believes that self-denial is necessary for true Love.

ای مدعوی عشق کرده آئین تو کو
قطع نظر از عقل دل و دین تو کو
ای دم زده از داغ صغاله صفت
پیراهن چاک چاک خونین تو کو

O thou who claimest love, where is thy law,
Show not thy wisdom but thy heart and faith;
Thy vaunted virtue care I not one straw,—
Where is thy gory garment rent to death?

In pleading his case to the Great Benevolent for mercy, Omar Khayyam gives a touch of true devotion and love to his sentiments but Sahabi's picture is devoid of such colour; it is a sort of witty statement. The former says:—

چندان کرم و لطف ز آغاز چه بود
وان داشتم در طرب و ناز چه بود
اکنون همه در رنج دلم می کو شی
آخر چه گناه کرده ام باز چه بود

So much generosity and kindness in the beginning, why was it?
And the maintenance of me with delight and blandishments
why was it?

Now thine only endeavour is to afflict my heart after all, what
wrong have I done—once more why was it?

And Sahabi says:.....

گم کردم اگر تو جستجویم نکنی
آئینه صفت روی برویم نکنی
دو حق من از لطف تو گفتم بسیار
یارب یارب دروغ گویم نکنی

I'm lost indeed if Thou seekest me not,
And stand not like a mirror face to face;
I oft recount the mercies Thou hast wrought,
Belie me not, O Lord, renew Thy grace.

The code of ethics followed by Sahábi is more sublime than that of Omar Khayyam. The latter's appeal for universal sympathy and impartial goodness is as follows:—

تا بتواني رنجہ مگر دان کس را
بر آتش خشم خویش منشان کس را
گر راحت جاودان طمع میداری
می رنج همیشه و مرنجاں کس را

So far as in thee lies, cause no pain to anyone
Nor cause any one to suffer from thy wrath,
If thou hast a desire for eternal peace
Fit thy self always and harass no one.

But Sahábi's gospel is to preach what is higher, for he says:—

لے با ہر کس نکو ست میباید بود
بد را ہم مغز و پو ست میباید بود
کارے سہل است دوست بودن بادوست
باد شمن نیز دوست میباید بود

Good is not something to the good confined,
With evil too, thou shouldst be hand to glove;
With friends 'tis easy to be friendly, kind,
Thy foes, it is that thou must learn to love

Omar Khayyam is noted for his poems on wine and the spirit of the maxim 'Eat, drink and be merry.' I wish I could have got some lines of Sahábi to make a contrast in this respect as well, but I am not sure whether my poet did ever believe in this philosophy.

In short, Sahábi, though not fully judged in this short space, seems to stand on an equal level with Omar Khayyam as far as the mastery is concerned. With all splendour, and state in his lines, he does not lack the

simplicity of utterance which is the tent-makers great asset. As regards religiosity, Sahábí adorns his stern business with soft, fancy and sweet reasoning. His heart never goes carolling in the way of improper things which are so sinister that they once had the 'tent-maker' denounced by his own people. It is worth while to make an effort to get a good number of his quatrains so that their just value may be determined. There is every hope that they will be more precious than those of Omar Khayyam, as some critics of Persia have remarked.

M. H. NASIRI.

THE STRIKES.

When one reads in the papers of "Strikes" or Hartals one cannot help saying that all the efforts of civilization to set right this sorry scheme of human society have failed. It is distressing to see men divided by class interests, breaking at threads of unity which tap the springs of prosperity and peace.

India is progressing from its settled and ordered life towards the stormy seas,—it is said, from stagnation to life. And it seems as if India is going to follow methods which to me seem repugnant. It is said that only these methods can secure what the people want, and the acceptance of this principle will do more harm than good.

It is as clear as day-light that the temptations are great, and no one has really time to examine the root causes of Hartals or strikes, and the result will be that the people will think that India is becoming untrustworthy and unfit to be a worthy member of the British Commonwealth,—whereas India is merely copying the advanced nations in a dumb manner; because the social, economic and industrial fixities have been loosened and need re-adjustment. I deeply deplore the change, and implore that our ancient country, caring more for moral and spiritual values, playing a prominent part in the

matter of progress and the spread of socialism in its better form, should avoid methods which are not merely harmful to the country but are particularly injurious to the young generation. I appeal to the generous hearts and minds of public men, and would beg of them to consider whether such action is the action needed at the moment. Has India nothing better to contribute to the seething cauldron of the world, without asking what feast of the future it is cooking. The clouds of war have only ceased thundering and the fruit of victory have now to be gathered by the grace of God. God has given a great and glorious victory in the name of righteousness and justice, and it is only firm determination to place these ideals in the forefront of our programme that we can weld this great empire into a united whole. The peace has not yet been signed, and the promise of prosperity and unity which the armistice proclaimed for the human race has yet to be realised. And alas the strikes and hartals have not given us even an interlude of twelve months. Wise statesmanship demands a careful and anxious enquiry as to the causes of discontent and a search for suitable remedies.

Who does not wish to improve his status and position? There are, however, ways and ways: a good way, a harsh way, and a bad way. We must follow the good way and discard the bad and the harsh way. Is there no better way than "striking"? I am sure there are better ways to achievement and peace for an intelligent and ancient country. Our men of great experience and knowledge must remember that every movement is under scrutiny, and they must find other ways to get their grievances

redressed, and save the country from the disgrace and disaster of "Strikes."

If I may hazard a suggestion, it seems to me to be essential that the welfare of the community as a whole should become the first guiding principle, to which all sectional interests should be subordinated. In applying this principle to the present and prospective difficulties, the Government and the people should aim at satisfying the aspirations of the people for improved social, economic and political conditions so far as it is compatible with the interests of the Empire. Decide once for all how far it is possible to go immediately, and go at once to that point without pressure. And for smaller industrial disputes I suggest the formation of Conciliation Boards. "History" says Trevelyan in his 'Clio' "can mould the mind itself into the capability of understanding great affairs, and sympathising with other men." It is this wide understanding, this widening of sympathy which alone can illuminate the Indian problem, which must be both to men of the East and West, dark and difficult. Essentially it is a human problem and needing the very same remedies which have been successful in other parts of the Empire.

A LOVER OF EAST AND WEST.

THE HILLS OF SMOKE.

Rome! the implacable, the strong, renown'd,
Upon the Eastern Desert leaves her name
Carved in Imperial Porphyry—she found
And shipp'd from Egypt—whence alone it came.

So there she built a * Temple and a Town
To Cæsar Trajan—just beyond Nile's flood—
Where rough winds sweep the valleys up and down
Chanting an Empire's ruin steeped in blood.

The Red Sea frontier secretes wealth enough,
Its Turquoise Mountains', alabaster caves,
Breccia, basalt, the softer blue-green tuff **
O'er which the Persian and Egyptian raves.

Cliffs of white granite, then, in high repute,
Forgotten mines where once men pick'd for gold,
Are soundless, save for some stray shepherd's flute
Who Pan-like pipes his goats to their rude fold.

Huge plinths awaiting transport here, and there,
Address'd to mighty Cæsars long ago,
Cæsars and cities both have vanished! Where?
Reader, pray answer, if perchance you know!

* In the forecourt amid the ruins lies the architrave with this proud inscription "For the safety and eternal victory of our Lord Cæsar Trajan Hadriand, absolute, august, and all his house: to the Sun the great Serapis, and to the co-enshrined God, this temple and all that is in it is dedicated."

See Weigall's "Upper Egyptian Deserts".

** Several beautiful bowls were found in a grave of 5500 B.C.

What matter'd strained hearts or bruised limb,
When Rome her jewell'd arms desir'd to lave
In the empurpl'd stone—her latest whim—
Though slaves dropp'd in their fetters to the grave.

Where the long quarries burnt in shimm'ring heat,—
A fierce dull heat that smote the splinter'd rocks,
And stung like serpents, blister'd, aching feet,
Almost the colour of 'Imperial blocks.'

Through winter's biting cold or June's mid-day,
Amid the glist'ning fragments of the road,
Poor tortured bodies cumber'd the causeway—
Falling beneath the lash or pricking goad.

While stress of labour dimm'd their willing sight,
And spilt on wind-scar'd faces its salt rain;
Fearful the lot of captives in this plight,
Death! the last haven from perpetual pain.

Yet—Night came softly with a mother's hand
For tender service, her fine quilt she drew
Over the sun-worn workers—and they knew
Her touch — Lethean wavelets bath'd the sand,
Some sipp'd from them in darkness and forgot
The past, the present, or to-morrow's quest;
Toils opiate was sleep, they turn'd to rest—
No chain could bind their dreams, the gods would not!

So for awhile a scant and mean repose
Called Silence back again, and lo, she came
As Fabian's bride from her drap'd couch arose
And scann'd the range, 'Gebel Dukhân' by name.

In loveliness she stood, her fine black hair
Shaded the dusky twilight of her eyes
And form'd an ebon frame for skin as fair
As the pale primrose of the morning skies.

No smile adorn'd the beauty of her lips,
 Standing—a Cariatid before the door—
 In a loose garment girdl'd round the hips
 Through which the fulness fell and touch'd the floor.

Waiting for him with whom she held the pact
 Of wedded love in this strange wilderness;
 Patricians both, sometimes their minds were rack'd
 By cruelties almost beyond redress.

Hence her lord's absence length'ning past the week
 Only the sentries' steps came from the fort,
 Yet to deceive her ears, as Greek will Greek
 She mingled Fabians with it – but for naught.

Then watch'd the Dawn step on the lilac hills
 From wond'rous heights through wreaths of blue grey mist
 Which veiled their bosom – for the Desert chills
 Before the Sky and Earth have met and kiss'd.

Gebel Dukhân, the high born ' Hills of Smoke '
 So know from times archaic,—till Rome found
 Their purple walls, and with her hordes awoke
 The peace primeval, now, once more profound.

I love the gods – mused Claudia, would I
 With Fabian stood on yonder snowy cloud
 Beneath Serapis; Often we have vow'd
 Him sacrifice—and might together die
 Ere youth and ecstasy have laugh'd and fled,
 Or age grown cold ! then we should never know
 Those sombre hours that mourn the afterglow,
 Before Magæra cuts the golden thread.

Lithe as a tiger springing up the stairs,
 She heard! then turn' d to meet him at the last,
 ' Ah thief ! ' and would'st thou enter unawares ?
 Her strong arm caught his neck and held it fast.

Bending the head that tower'd above her own
Both stood, immortal types of a proud race ;
My Claudia, though but twelve days have flown
Life has been lost within that little space.

Here found again ! But shall we break our fast .
While I narrate, I, once of Cæsars' Guard,
Who, at thy bidding, Justice served at last
With blood, that my best dagger stain'd and marr'd?

Yet, pardon, I should first explain to thee
Important edicts, so far hardly known
Trajan is ill, the Empress writes to me,
His hatred of the Jews it seems has grown.

*Plotina sends gist or Pliny's letters,
Nobly defending Christians— many die
He speaks of harmless men he found in fetters
Forged by the paid informant, or his spy.

The Emperor was much impress'd by Pliny,
Talked long with him and granted further powers,
While Adrian**— who likes to play the ninny—
'Suggests that we enrol their gods with ours.'

That is our Roman news ! Thou knowest the way
The caravan would take, its shortest course
From the Nile here, the last and seventh day
I chose another path and left my horse.

Disguis'd and losing quite a foot of height,
I join'd the stragglers ling'ring by the well,
And thought I saw in the uncertain light,
A figure pause, then at my feet it fell.

* Plotina the devoted wife of Trajan.

** Adrian succeeded Trajan as XV Emperor of Rome A.D. 117. His apparent leniency toward the Christians was disapproved and policy dictated that in order to scorn and crush their faith he should build statues to Jupiter and Venus on the most sacred sites.

In that new role I stretch'd a hand and lent
Stooping toward the ground, It clasped my knees :
Scarce breathing forth, ' My lord thou hast the scent
Of balm I made from Lady Fabian's trees.'

' Why! Who art thou?, Her herbalist am I,
Thy noble mother left us at the farm
Where often Summer leads her. By and by
We there distil, and make this precious balm.

But villains seized us coming from a tryst—
'At this he wept and called upon Jesu'—
Our crime is being Jews we worship Christ,
My youthful daughter walks in front of you.

Fairer she is than most and highly skill'd
In many arts, alas! we were betray'd
Yea! even sold, but surely Heaven has will'd
A miracle through that sweet nard I made?

By Jupiter! a miracle or not,
I think the old gods fight against the new
I came to solve the mystery of this spot
And find my mother's herbalist — a Jew!

The blessings of his God on thee abound
Commander of the Forts! for know 'tis said
An evil spirit lurks near yonder mound
Who tears the women, leaving some for dead.

The evening closed with neither stars nor moon,
The curling wind abated its hot breath,
The emptiness of darkness hush'd as noon
Heard one soft prayer ' O shield Elizabeth.'

We were some distance from the nearest folk.
Ours the last weaklings of tired band.
Despondent, wearily they went, none spoke.
And then I saw—yet did not understand—

A half cloth'd villain with a woven thong
Rush at the slender form that wore a veil,—
(Ah Claudia! 'tis blessed to be strong)
I gripp'd an arm and felt the wretch turn pale.

As well he might, I lifted him apart
And drew from out its scabbard my short sword,
Dog! said I, Dog! that on thy coward's heart
I soil pure steel,—nor answer'd he a word.

I stabb'd him through just once, and then I cast
The rest away—hearing the jackal's cry,
Their whimper for the feast that follows fast
Struck the still air, and ended in a sigh.

Oxford.

VIOLET DE MALORTIE.

SCOPE FOR SOCIAL SERVICE IN INDIA.

THERE is probably no other country in the world where social service on a large scale is a matter of such a vital concern as in India. The miseries of the Indian masses due to their extreme poverty; the successive outbreaks of epidemic diseases; a wholesale illiteracy and superstition; bad sanitation and unhealthy surroundings of Indian villages; a general state of indebtedness in which the village folk live; an absence of industries and want of employment and other distresses call for social service and work of uplifting; and an organised attempt for the amelioration of conditions of Indian life.

Statistics are not required to prove the poverty of the agricultural population. An occasional visit to rural area will suffice to reveal the extremely wretched conditions in which the villagers 'live and move and have their being'. The towns and cities enjoy a growing trade, but the villages and a fair percentage of the population is always on the verge of starvation. The Rev. J. J. Sunderland says "The cause of Indian famines is the extreme poverty of the Indian people—a poverty so severe that it keeps a majority of all on the very verge of suffering, even in years of plenty, and prevents them from laying up anything to tide them over years of scarcity.....This is the

history of hundreds of thousands and millions of the Indian people” (1900).

The present writer was quite shocked to hear recently something very painful from one of his friends. This friend is a co-sharer in a village and his business takes him, periodically there to collect rent from his tenants. In certain cases where the female tenants (not purda ladies) were asked to come out from their huts and make the necessary payments, they, in each case, replied in sobs that they could not come out as they had not sufficiently large cloths to cover the whole of their bodies, and imploringly wanted an extension of time for paying up the dues. Scarcity in cloth and an extraordinary rise in prices have been, to a very considerable extent, brought about by the present Armageddon; but, apart from this, even in normal days the villagers are only scantily dressed. The average Indian has little personal comfort. Sheer penury keeps him dejected and morose: he is always struggling to eke out a bare existence. Occasions of festivities become a curse instead of a blessing to him.

It may be doubted that such an impoverished people can be appreciably helped by an organised social service. To a great extent the doubt in this case is justifiable. Chronic poverty will not disappear in a day. Multitudinous are the causes that have brought it about, and uphill will be the task and heavy the responsibility of the society undertaking to provide people with different kinds of lucrative employments. Still there is much that can be done by bands of selfless and sympathetic workers to relieve distress.

Thousands and thousands of our countrymen are every year carried away by Plague. The serious hardships

that people undergo in plague stricken areas are known to every one of us. Rat destruction, evacuation and inoculation are the three principal prophylactic measures that the doctors suggest; and it is pre-eminently desirable that the people should have recourse to these as soon as the rats begin to die. Evacuation means an erection of temporary huts outside the infected areas which poor men cannot ordinarily afford to do. They also run the risk of thieves and fires as deserted villages are often entirely unprotected. Notwithstanding these hardships, this method of vacating the affected areas is now appealing to the villagers and they have begun practising it in large numbers unless prevented from doing so by circumstances beyond their control.

Social service, if properly organised, will undoubtedly go far in relieving acute distresses brought about by a recurrence of plague or cholera year after year. The one endeavour of the practical workers should be to see that the recognised preventive measures in the case of plague, are availed of on as large a scale as possible so that the dangers of an yearly toll of human lives may be averted or, at any rate, the sufferings of the sufferers considerably alleviated. Immense assistance can be advantageously offered in promptly disposing of the dead in plague infected areas and transferring the survivors to safe quarters.

Colossal attempts on an organised scale are wanted to meet the general educational requirements of the country. Facilities have not been offered in India for obtaining cheap elementary education suited to the needs of the people. Needless restrictions and embarrassing technicalities have as a rule a tendency to stifle the desire

of the uninitiated to derive the benefits of a general education. Our existing educational institutions, particularly secondary English schools and colleges have for years past, been quite congested, and the extreme necessity of opening others is badly felt everywhere. And the deplorable condition of female education in India simply amounts to a public scandal. Again, public opinion is strengthening that the medium of imparting instruction in primary and secondary schools at least should be the provincial vernaculars and not any foreign tongue, the acquisition of which takes an inordinately long period, and demands an expenditure which is ordinarily beyond the means of the average Indian. In a poor country like India where elementary education is neither free nor compulsory, the idea of educationally improving the status of the extremely poor boys as well as those who are past school going age seems too fantastic unless some charitable agency, out of charitable funds and endowments, undertakes to offer, by various means a free cheap instruction in easy vernaculars, brushing aside time worn ideas and completely ignoring any rigidities that retard the educational advancement.

Social work in this particular line is of tremendous importance, for educational service, if properly rendered on a scale that would be desirable, may, in many respects, prove to be a panacea for the evils already discussed.

India's demand for mass education cannot be sufficiently complied with unless there is, throughout the country, a network of primary schools imparting, to boys and girls, elementary education through the media of different provincial vernaculars. The task is arduous and the responsibility heavy and our real ambition, cannot be

accomplished without state assistance; but we ourselves must make the move by raising fund and carrying out well considered schemes for the propagation of education.

In villages where people, by their preoccupations or predilections, are in general, averse to any purely educational work, interest for the same can be created if libraries with vernacular books, or reading rooms having vernacular newspapers or periodicals, be opened for their use and advantage. A reading room with a number of ordinary papers will undoubtedly be a much cheaper concern than a library having a fairly good stock of books. Every Indian village worth the name can organise and have a small reading room of its own without standing in need of any outside pecuniary assistance. Enthusiastic workers can run night schools for the depressed classes and arrange frequent lectures to be delivered in rural areas on useful subjects. Vernacular primary books may be given gratis to those children who cannot afford to buy the same. Overwhelming, indeed, is the work in the matter of dissemination of education in India and enormous the benefits and advantages that would thereby accrue to her.

A knowledge of hygienic principles cannot but be desirable for each and every individual. It is, however, a matter of common experience that the people in general remain utterly ignorant of even the rudiments of hygiene with the result that they expose themselves to attack and find solace in attributing disease to Destiny, human nature is always appeased by having recourse to some plausible explanation for one's errors or aberrations. Let a Scientist versed in modern systems of town-planning visit a few Indian villages, and he is sure to find the

housing problem the most difficult of all. Unventilated houses, huddled together within a small compass; filth thrown here and there; rain water carelessly accumulated in hollow places, decomposing matter emitting highly deleterious gases—these are evils generally engendered by a sheer ignorance of the laws of health. The appalling infant mortality in India is also a matter of great concern. In most cases infants die owing to ignorance on the part of mothers of what should be done during the first fortnight after child-birth, and also to their rigid adherence to some old-fashioned accouchement methods.

Here, then, is a vast field for rendering social service. By means of lectures and distribution of leaflets, preachings and persuasions, your Seva Samiti or bands of enthusiastic workers for the weal of mankind can effectively teach the village folk principles of hygiene and sanitation. The social worker can also distribute medicines as medical aid is not provided in the villages. The social worker, by mixing with the people, will, have the additional advantages of knowing and experimenting with indigenous drugs, and utilizing them, if beneficial, on a wider scale, or supplementing or improving them.

Litigation and celebration of marriages are, the two principal causes that play a prominent part in bringing about the indebtedness of the peasantry in India. Disputes about land, agricultural or otherwise, are too frequent. The value of land is rising and the least encroachment on the part of one on the ground of another is sure to involve the parties in a prolonged legal procedure for which neither of them, was perhaps, prepared. The love for land is so great that the unsuccessful party would, if possible, carry the matter to the highest

appellate tribunal. Thus the parties incur vast expenses, generally beyond their means, and contract debts at a high rate of interest. Similarly loans are raised for the celebration of marriages. Circumstances of one sort or another over which they have no control, often intervene and prevent the borrower from paying up the money. The money-lending Mahajan complacently waits and allows the debt to double and treble itself. The debtor instead of going to the bankruptcy court to seek relief tries to meet his obligations honestly and gives his life in paying the interest, and the original debt is rarely paid.

To avoid contracting debts it is necessary to cultivate habits of thrift and to be able to raise money on easy terms. Pressing indeed is the need of starting responsible banking concerns and co-operative societies in rural areas. State banks have always been desired and whenever or wherever opened are hailed with delight by the people. It is unfortunate that the villages of India have no banks of their own. The scope for private organisation in this line is enormous and, if honestly and diligently carried on, there is no reason why it should not inspire confidence in the public and be crowned with success.

Factory industry and commercial enterprises, as existing in other countries, provide thousands of unemployed with work. The ordinary labourer getting nominal wages turns, in time, into a skilled artisan and is handsomely paid for his services. Manual labour in the West is more dignified than clerkship in India, where prolonged absence of industrial enterprises coupled with a purely literary education in schools and colleges, is responsible for fostering, amongst us, a preference for clerical service over productive labour. The great development of manufacture

and capitalist production was noticeable in England about the middle of the eighteenth century, and since then a continued commercial progress has been steadily maintained. India, on the contrary, holds the lowest position in commerce and industry. She, at present, is an exclusively agricultural country and her teeming millions depend entirely on the land. Any attempt, however, on one's part to predict or calculate the exact or even approximate period when Indian people, along side with their agrarian interests, can become manufactures is out of the question at present. The present seems to be the best opportunity for industrial development.

Commerce and industry present in this large country an unlimited field if Capital and labour could be properly organised. Private capital is very often shy lest the investment should prove to be unproductive in inexperienced hands. The investing public demand a guarantee against loss which is not forthcoming, and the Government has not taken up in earnest this question so far. We must decide for ourselves whether we cannot do something practical in this line without Government help or Government control? Private enterprise does not always fail: it cannot fail if the workers are honest and enterprising.

I dealt with "The Need of Representative Hindu Societies" in an article that I contributed to the "East and West" (February 1916). I cannot help quoting from it ".....Everybody knows that the spirit of tolerance in all matters, particularly religious, has been marvelously cultivated by the Hindus in general. While a slight alteration in religious service, a trivial modification of the stereotyped formalities of a litany or a capricious deviation from the settled forms of rituals, is viewed with horror by

a zealous follower of some infant religion, it conveys no significance at all to the broad-minded Hindu. He views all that with unruffled equanimity.....In viewing the many caste and other social evils and our present educational and other needs what strikes us most is that they are common to almost each and every sect. Whatever social reform is desired by one class of Hindus it is, more or less, needed by another. The raising of the marriageable age of boys and girls, the total stoppage of marital demands which had its climax in the tragic martyrdom of Snehalata; the curtailment of unnecessary expenses during marriage; the relaxation of caste rigidities; the settlement of the vexed question of foreign travel; the education of our boys and girls; the Lingua Franca of the Hindus or a common script for them; the elevation of the depressed classes; the removal of superstition and poverty from our midst; and last, though not least, a closer intimacy between one section of Hindus and another—all these are pressingly needed by each and every class of Hindus residing in any part of India. It is certain that, in order to carry out these reforms, the Hindus have to depend upon themselves."

Whatever department of useful human activity be taken into consideration the fact of India's pressing necessity for rendering in that line social services on a vast scale remains predominant and indisputable. The field for catholic work and generous co-operation is limitless. Patient and strenuous will be the work and extensive and magnificent the organisation to cope with it. The existing Seva Samitis and other benevolent societies, though few in number, are doing excellent work and merit encouragement and praise. We have to inculcate in many

the spirit of Love of humanity and persuade them to contribute in one shape or another to the success of a propaganda absolutely free from denominational colour benefitting all, irrespective of caste and creed. The attitude of our Government cannot but be sympathetic towards a public organisation of the type contemplated here, particularly when it aims at exerting to secure comfort and happiness to the people in general. Organised social service will lead to the realisation of our expectations, animate our present, and crown our future with success.

Azamgarh, U. P.

ANJANI NANDAN GAUR.

MAY DAY.

Come out and play,
 For it is May—May Day !
 Come leave awhile your hillside house,
 Dismiss all thought of dust, and meat,
 And leave the servitor and mouse,
 To flick the crumbs, and make home neat.
 O Glorious May —May Day !

Come out I say,
 For it is May—May Day !
 And sweet are all the silent rooms ;
 The weary sweepers for a time,
 Have cleansed dark chimneys with their brooms,
 There is no more of soot or grime ; (1)
 It is the Festival of May—May Day.

Come out and pray,
 For it is May—May Day !
 And God Himself has walked abroad,
 And trodden out the wine of flowers ;
 You'll meet the Master on the road
 From early morn—till evening hours.
 He cares for all, both great and small,
 The bees and butterflies He feeds,
 And those who dwell in cot, or hall,
 As well as thinking of King's needs.
 How sweet is May—May Day.

Make no delay,
 For it is May—May Day !
 Come share with me the dawn light fair,
 We'll listen to the College Choir ;

Angelic voices fill the air,
 And rising, fall to float up higher ;
 The echo of an ancient prayer
 Is rendered faint from Magdalen's tower ;
 The sun is rising from his lair
 This early, holy peaceful hour, (2)
 For it is May—May Day !

Then let us stray
 For it is May—May Day !
 And on the quiet village green,
 The fairest maiden of the hour
 Shall be our chosen little Queen,
 And crowned with many a lowly flower ; (3)
 And there they'll plait the May Pole strings
 Of varied colours, boy and girl,
 With inborn genius deftly flings
 The braids, that twist and twine and curl.
 This sweet fair May—May Day ! (4)

True you may say,
 'Tis not all play—May Day,
 For just a little toil is found.
 The wells to wreathe with flowers, and bless, (5)
 The boys to beat at Parish bound, (6)
 And students to harangue, address.
 So work and play, and work and play
 Entwine within the passing hours,
 For each there's something to defray,
 To beautify, this world of ours
 Tho' it is May—May Day.

Come, come away,
 For it is May—May Day !
 The lemon primrose, and kingcups,
 The daisies and the daffodils,

On which the bee belated sups,
 Are surging over all the hills.
 Come, don your kerchief, bind your shoe,
 And walk in Paradise on earth :
 The land is jewelled with the dew,
 'Tis spring's renewal of her birth :
 Tis May—May Day !

Come let us pray,
 This glorious May —May Day,
 We are weary of so much delight,
 Forgetful of the Sovereignty,
 Who made this earth divinely bright,
 And clothes spring in virginity.
 Come bend the knee, and bow the head,
 The call to prayer is very clear,
 Come through the churchyard softly tread ,
 The living and the dead are here .
 To God all say
 Oh Glorious May !
 Oh happy May !
 May Day,
 God's May ,
 Thank God for May.

C. M. SALWEY.

NOTES.—This poem is written to describe the many customs carried out in England on May Day. (1) The Chimney-sweepers finish their work and dance in a cage made gay with flowers. Children come round selling flowers. (2). An ancient Latin Hymn is sung on the top of Magdalen Tower, Oxford, at 6 o'clock in the morning (3) The fairest and prettiest child of the village is crowned as a May Queen. (4) A pole is raised on the Village Green from the top of which depend ribbons of red white, and blue, which are plaited by children, girls and boys who are dressed sometimes in sailor costume. The braids of ribbon being curled round the pole are the means of bringing the crowd of little ones close to the pole—As they wheel round they sing a particular song. (5) In some parts of England the wells are cleaned and dressed inside with flowers. (6) In order to impress the boundaries of Parishes, School boys are taken by their masters, one is beaten before the rest of the scholars, so that the Parish unit is remembered.

AN UNKNOWN SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

We spent the spring months of 1917 in a small hotel high upon the slopes of a pine-clad mountain in the south of France. A most beautiful spot, the view stretching over fertile plains and low lines of wooded hills to the blue Mediterranean some 3 miles away, where a wide bay was almost encircled by a group of rocky islands—no more picturesque or peaceful land on the whole Riviera, and the world of strife and all its horrors that we read of seemed unreal and fantastic in this solitude among the everlasting hills. The long straggling village of Bormes-les Minoras climbed with long zigzags and steep steps from below us—a forest of wild flowers and flowering trees on every hand—a ruined castle on an eminence and the ancient quaint round towers of the oil presses dotted about have combined to make a haunt for artists of many lands.

At this time the unspeakable Hun was busy at his fell work on the seas, and bodies of the drowned were sometimes on stormy days brought into our bay by the tide—and one day, after a tempestuous night, we were informed by the Major that the body of a British soldier had been washed ashore on the confines of the village lands, and that they proposed giving him some sort of a public funeral, and bringing the body to be interred up at our little mountain cemetery. They asked, should there be any

religious service—what was the English custom, but nothing could be told us about the man. We did not know whether he came from the homeland, or from beyond the seas, and indeed, no English priest could have been got there in the time. The interment was to be next morning as soon as the body could be brought up. The little cemetery lay just off the mountain road about a mile above the village on a spur of the Nile far away from any habitation of the living, unless of the wild things, and the birds, and the pine trees, and the flowers. A quiet peaceful spot where all the ancestors of the country round had been buried under the memory of man. We were told that when the officer arrived on the morrow a gun would be fired from the Mairie, and the procession would start. So I gathered a handful of roses from the hotel garden and we went up through the woods to the cemetery gates. Soon we saw the long procession winding up the mountain road—first all the school children, each with a bunch of wild flowers in their hands, then the men, heads uncovered, then the women with flowers gathered from their village gardens, and lastly the village hearse drawn by a pair of black horses, the coffin covered by the French and English flags and then the Major and his followers. French soldiers carried the coffin to the grave which had been prepared, and we all stood around in a silence that could be felt—indeed a silence of the dead. They laid him in the grave, no sound, no sign among the crowd assembled, only the dull thud of the earth as the soldiers shoveled it on the coffin—and then the sun shone out and illumined the grave and park—far below in the valley there rang out clearly the persistent call of the cuckoo, it seemed to me like a chant of praise and hope saying the cause was not lost, he had not died in vain. A touching appeal far more

impressive in the solemn hush than voice of any priest reciting the hackneyed though beautiful burial service.

Then the people when the grave was filled each brought their offering of flowers, and laid them on the mound, and then the crowd melted silently away. I dropped my roses one by one on the grave, and thought of him whose name we had never heard, whose face we had never seen, and wished his mother, perchance his wife, may somehow know of the sympathy of these French peasants, and their simple tribute of flowers, perhaps it might have been some comfort in their sorrow.

F. E. WHITWORTH.

SWARAJ WHILST YOU ARE SEATED.

(At a recent session of the Bombay Legislative Council, it was resolved to form a committee locally to examine the whole question of affording seating accommodation to members of the general public while on a visit to officials.)

Oh Mahatma ! Stop your " Satyagrah "
And drop resistance passive,
For you will get in twenty years
Soft cushioned chairs and massive

To sit upon, when you go on
A visit to the Collector ;
" Pray, draw a chair," he'll say " and mind
" You do not tear your *dhotun*."

Our Council has resolved to form
A strong and sage Committee,
To solve the problem of the chairs
And do us Indians pretty.

Upon their number, make and cost
They'll cogitate, and when
They fail to come to terms, they'll have
A Dewji Canji as Chairman.

And what are twenty years—a drop
In surging centuries' ocean ?
Though frugal Cadell is aghast at cost
They'll carry through their motion.

So Mahatmas and Lokamanyas,
Perchance you may be cheated
Of Swaraj while you are standing
But not whilst you are seated !

CHOTA BABA,

INDUMATI.

THE north-east monsoon was unusually severe and the night was particularly stormy. The Palar was in floods. Where the high-road from Madras to Ginji cuts it, the river spreads out to the magnificent width of a mile. On its right bank nestles in perfect security the historic castle. It was a solitary house,—a wild fortress moulded more by Nature than built by man.

The stormy night only added to the wildness of the place. The incessant patter of the rain broken into a thousand splattered sounds over leaf and rock rendered active the silence of vast space. The restless wind throbbed in pain. Frogs were thrilling in the oppressed air. The Palar with oceanic dignity was sweeping along in majestic and placid beauty. It was a rare interval of joy for this vast hill-fed torrent.

From the fortress issued a wayward stream of light from an ancient brass lamp. Thunder and lightning were alternately cheering and guiding the raging elements outside. Within, Indumati all alone, mused, with her head partially turned towards the pale, flickering, drowsy lamp. She fell into a reverie, a dream of fear and hope. The milky river fretted the sandy edge. There was a long, moaning crash. The Lord of Wind smote a giant tree. Almost at the same time a quick rap at the cottage-fortress door was heard,

"Marvellous strange! Am I dreaming still or—a real knock?" trembled Indumati's voice. The rap grew impatient. She went to the door and heaved back the heavy bolt.

An Englishman, looking more like a messenger of the elements raging outside, staggered in. Indumati fell back in surprise.

He gazed at her for a moment. "Beautiful girl, are you the only living soul in this haunted place? If you be of the human kind, tell me, who owns this dreadful house and why are you alone?"

"Are you new to these parts, Sir," returned Indumati, assured by his voice. "Alas! This is the Cottage-Castle of Thombara Papan: you turn pale, no wonder. His name is a terror to your race."

"Who knows him not—brave and generous but implacable to my race." And he added with a strange indifference, "where has he gone now?"

Indumati hesitated for a moment and then said, "Against Wandiwash with all his men to help Tippu Sultan and to seize the brave Sahib of your race—the 'blint' Sahib."—Both were paralysed for a moment. Then she continued in a sad tone, "People say that the Sahib is brave and noble but now straitened in fortune and that the fort can not stand the siege any longer—Ah! Wandiwash, unhappy place of my birth. What stirring times!—pray that he may escape from the fort. Such a night as this would surely shield his way. Do you know him, Sir?"

"You are here in this house and speak in this manner?"

"I am not of this house, Sir. The caged parrot is a

free citizen of the sky. Do you know him, Sir, the 'blint' Sahib of your race?"

"Ah ! Yes—Lieutenant Colonel Flint unhappy man. I know him a little. Long time ago, I was one of his brave band for a short time Charming girl, you talk nobly beyond your years."

There was silence for a time. Indumati broke it with nervous hesitation. "I am a superstitious girl. I had a little dream just before you knocked at the gate. Hear it, Sir. I dreamt that the 'blint' Sahib was being pursued in this forest. He ran till he knocked at this gate. Almost at the same time I heard your actual rap at the door. You are the 'blint' Sahib ?"

"O ! Marvellous girl ! What is your name ?"

"That is joy, indeed. Then, Sir my dream is prophetic."

"No, disappointed girl, I am but an unhappy, homeless English adventurer who has fought and failed. I pray that Lieutenant Flint may never share my fate, I am also superstitious. I was amazed at the coincidence—the knock in your dream and my own rap at the door—Still, tell me, tell me your name."

"People call me Indumati." And she added to avert the ardent gaze of the Englishman, "Sir, look through the doorway. How tempestuous is the night"

"Ah ! Yes ! even as my heart. In such a night,—in such a place—good God. Indumati, who are you ? What brought you here ?"

"I am a Brahmin girl the daughter of an ancient house. Foul fortune brought me here five years ago, as

foul weather has brought you here now. Mine is a tale of woe which ill-befits this night. Look yonder, Sir, the storm is gathering strength..”

Again there was the inevitable silence for a moment. The emotions were intense.

The Englishman grew impatient, and cried out pacing to and fro, “Ah ! the bitterness of my life, Indumati,—I am uneasy—how musical is your name even to my rugged ear. I shall lock the outer gate. Severe is the storm. This is a good time for ghosts. Who knows one will not choose to peep in ? ”

“Allow me to do it for you. You are new to this place and it is dark.”

He waved her aside, went out into the darkness only to return mutturing. What does your dream say now ? Alas ! you are awake and cannot dream. Don’t you hear the tread of feet—the hoofs of the multitude and of the horses ? They will be here in a wink. But Indumati, what a peril have I brought even on you. Think, noble girl, think with all the prophetic energy of your dream, with all the strength and courage of your Brahmin race. Help me to cross the river. A boat—a boat—Ah ! Indumati, I have drawn you also into the churning stream of my own fated life.”

II

Half-an-hour had passed. Indumati and the Englishman were standing at the brink of the river. The sky was still rolled heavy in clouds. Lightning had ceased but thunder was still reverberating in the clouds. Indumati led the way. “This is an excellent floater—a ‘Catmaran’ made of the stems of the banana tree. You are safe on this. Here is a plank of wood for an oar. Good-bye, Sir, I wish you God-speed.”

"I can not leave you, to face the danger", said the Sahib.

"Don't be anxious on my account. The Lord above judges well. In the fullness of time, my day of redemption will come."

"Day of redemption. It is now indeed or never. My courage is lost. Indumati, without you I can not go—not even fly from Death,—Dishonour."

Suddenly the crash of a falling door was heard and soon the fortress was full of the invaders searching and shouting. The Englishman with his foot on the "Catamaran" swept the girl to his side and there pushed the "floater" quickly into the swift-flowing stream. As arrow shot, it nimbly flew a few yards straight and swerved, its course abruptly further into the centre of the current. All was silence and darkness on the spacious river.

III

Fates favoured the fugitives and the Sahib was led by Indumati to a small house in the village of Amalapuram. He broke the silence: "Your dream is indeed prophetic." "I am 'blint' Sahib."

"Noble Sir, your eyes reveal what your tongue would not confess. I knew it."

"Indumati, I owe my life to you."

Indumati held down her head.

"You have not told me your story," he asked:

"I don't know much of mine. I was married when—"

"Indumati, you are married?"

"When I was a girl of nine. Noble 'blint' Sahib, restore me to my husband. God will requite you."

Lieutenant Flint was lost in thought for a very long time.

"If God grants me strength, I will restore you to your husband" he said.

Fortune of war change quickly, the news came that the defeated forces of Flint Sahib had in the end achieved victory, and the adventurer officer rode to Wandiwash a Victor.

The first thing he did was to send for Indumati's husband and restore to him his wife. His eyes lingered on Indumati's moon-like face, now radiant with joy though it still bore the deep mark of sadness and of strength of five years' imprisonment. Indumati remembered and repeated to the last day of her life the prophetic dream she dreamt in that eventful night.

Madras. K. SIDHANATHA VENKATARAMANI.

POPULAR POLITICS.

MR. GANDHI has realised the consequences of preaching passive resistance to the people of India. In South Africa his compatriots constituted a small fraction of the population and they were really weak. Here the masses are strong in numbers, and if they are not armed in the military sense, they can provide themselves with stones and sticks, fire and combustibles, and implements of sorts. They can destroy life and property, cut off and endanger communications, organise and terrorise. They have done all this, and Mr. Gandhi frankly admits his share of the responsibility and calls upon his adherents to make reparation.

The passive resisters sought martyrdom. The Government was too astute to oblige them. The real sufferers have been many innocent people, who did not know how to behave in the contingency, and some of the saintly barrister's followers, who could not draw nice distinctions between Satyagraha and Duragraha, the disobedience of specified laws, and the defiance of other laws. They are censured by the leader for their obtuseness, and punished by Government for their disloyalty. The tax-payer will have to compensate the sufferers, racial feelings have been embittered, and, as Mr. Gandhi has truly perceived, the chances of success in the agitation against the Rowlatt Act are now more remote than before.

I am not, however, disposed to make a scapegoat either of that Act or of Mr. Gandhi. The disturbances were in some places started, and in others continued, after his safe restoration to Bombay was widely known. The Rowlatt Act is a somewhat complicated piece of legislation, from which even the Satyagrahis did not anticipate any personal harm, and hence they hit upon the device of advising disobedience of other laws. The Government is making efforts to dispel all misconceptions regarding the special legislation. When all explanations are exhausted, the fact will remain that the Act authorises the punishment of persons after a trial *in camera*. The procedure may be necessary for the safety of witnesses, but who is interested in bringing culprits to book?

The popular argument, the whole of which cannot be articulate, is this—Revolutionary crimes may be suppressed if possible. But the liberty of disseminating political ideas should not be curtailed. If the result be prejudicial to the continuance of a particular form or composition of Government who can help it? If the people are too impatient to wait for the normal development of constitutional agitation, let the Government be quick in making concessions. It is perfectly plain that this is the popular attitude, for even the Moderates, who hold a certificate from Government for many virtues, attribute the existence of revolutionary tendencies to the hesitancy of Government in making concessions. Indeed many people contend that revolutionary crime must be treated with respect.

The rapid spread of the conflagration in the Punjab, for which Mr. Gandhi justly disclaims responsibility, can admit of no other explanation than that revolutionary ideas have already been popularised in the province. The

may have made more progress elsewhere, but some people are by nature more ready to act than others. The ground is everywhere prepared by years of agitation, during which the British Government has been represented as a vampire sucking the life-blood of the nation. Just at the present moment events in other parts of the world may have influenced the feelings of certain sections of the community. But the Punjab Government seems to think that others have been at work than those who are affected even sentimentally by what has happened in Egypt or Turkey.

Editors in England are puzzled by the news from India. Indian editors demand an enquiry. We are still suffering from the effects of the Rowlatt investigation. Are our politicians prepared to digest the possible findings of another Commission? Suppose these researchers arrive at the conclusion that the anti-British feeling, which is a marked characteristic of popular politics, is due to the one-sided and violent criticism in which the instructors of the public indulge, and that laxity in the administration of the Press Laws and the Arms Act is undesirable, will the recommendations be accepted, or will some leaders, advise something stronger than passive resistance?

OLD JOURNALIST.

THE HUNGRY TRAVELLER.

I N the sixties of the last century, one cold November night, three men were going along a road. They had lost their way. The night was dark, and save for the occasional glitter of a lamp from a distant cottage, and the croaking of the frogs the whole creation seemed to be asleep. The dead calm was now and then broken by a word or two from the mouths of these three men, of whom one was a Christian, the second a Jew, and the third an Indian. Their destination was far off; the road was bad. The scowling heavens were threatening them and they thought rain would overtake them at any moment. So they resolved to take shelter in the next cottage they see. Scarcely had they advanced a few yards when they saw before them a neat building, and on drawing near, they came to know that it was a *choultry*.

On entering the *choultry*, they found it quite warm, and comfortable, and but for the pangs of hunger they would have been quite at home. At this crisis one of them chancing to see a neat little cottage near by, they all went to it, counting upon the landlord's hospitality. The landlord, a stout good natured elderly man, promised to send them something in a short time, so the hungry travellers returned to the *choultry* and were waiting

there patiently, in silent expectation of the 'something' promised by the landlord. Ere long a man came with a small dish full of some dainty preparations, which these hungry travellers could smell out even from a distance. Handing over the dish to them the man went away.

Now the Jew and the Christian wanted to rob the Indian of his share, and so they began to say that it was hardly sufficient for themselves, and that the Indian can as well go to bed without the meal, in virtue of his characteristic habits of endurance. The Indian much confounded at this unexpected event withdrew his claims to it and went to bed. But the greedy Jew was not content with this. He wanted to have the whole for himself. After a hard though [brief discussion it was resolved that they should all sleep that night without a meal, and that in the morning he who has dreamt the best dream shall have the whole for himself. This resolved, both the Jew and the Christian slept away. But the Indian could not sleep; first of all, on account of hunger, secondly, the greediness of the Jew; and thirdly, the bad treatment he had experienced at his companions' hands, were working upon his brain and he soon wanted to teach them a lesson.

So, in the middle of night, he got up from his couch, and seeing that his friends were fast asleep he helped himself to the whole dish, put the empty dish in its old place, and went to sleep.

Day dawning, the Jew got up and woke up his less greedy companions.

Now the Jew began:—

"In my dream methought I had gone to Mount Sinai. There I saw Moses and served him all the night. He

was much pleased with me and blessed me, and prayed to God for my salvation."

On hearing this the Christian said:—

"I dreamt that I was at Jerusalem. I met Jesus Christ and waited on him all the night. Much pleased with my conduct he invoked God's blessings on me." Now the Indian being asked to relate his dream he said:—

"Friends, far different was my dream. At the dead of night all on a sudden two monstrous shapes descended near my bed. They looked like monsters of dark Erebus itself. They woke me up and bringing the dish to me said that they would kill me if I did not eat away the whole contents thereof. So, on pain of death, I did so.

The Jew and the Christian, much enraged at this said.

"Why did you not call us to your help?" The Indian calmly replied.

"I did friend. You were far away at Jerusalem with Jesus Christ, and, you, friend, were farther still on Mount Sinai with Moses. So you could not hear me bawling out to you for help."

M. G. NABI,

Madras.

THE SLAYING OF A SPOOK.—(*Contd.*)

CHAPTER XII.

When one of the principal actors is a story happens to be in California while the rest are in Dorsetshire, all communication between them, pending the regularisation of telepathy, must be carried on by letter—or telegram. Desforets was comfortably off but to cable the contents of his next letter to Mr. Bond would have taxed his resources too heavily. If it had been to Margaret and compounded of ecstasies and asseverations, I don't say. But as it was a rather unpleasant statement of facts which his conscience told him that Mr. Bond ought to be put in possession of and nothing more, there was no reason to employ wire, barbed wire it too often is. Its arrival, of course, was an event and recognised as such even by Mr. Bond, himself, who opened it without forcible prompting, and gave his expectant family immediate satisfaction as far as the first page was concerned.

"U'm. Crossed in the same boat with this, I suppose, I should think you would hear from him today. Afternoon post! I dare say. Or a telegram. Or—U'm, u'm—He might turn up himself—U'm, u'm. That about all that concerns you.—The rest I'll read after I have had my breakfast. The fathers of young women have to go through a good deal in the way of raptures. Its no use, Etta. You've got a letter there from Charlie, I see.

Suppose you tell me something *he* says. I have a natural interest in Charlie. After all, he's my son, you know."

The female forces retired baffled from the fortress of male resolution. The fact was that Mr. Bond's eye had been caught by the word "Private" half way down the first page. He did not go on till he found himself alone in the book-room. He felt uneasy, was it anything that would affect Margaret?

He took the letter out of the envelope with a gain-giving, as Shakespeare calls it, for which there was no justification. Something about settlements it probably was. Desforêt's previous letter had explained his financial position. That was all sraight-forward. After a moment's hesitation, he began to read:

"*Private*.—In talking with my aunt, dear Mr. Bond, of the strange coincidence that had for a few days placed me in your family in very much the same position as "Captain Dubois" in that of your ancestor, she told me much that she had heard from her mother of the circumstances of his escape from England. I should hardly think it worth while to trouble you with these were it not that I think I owe it to his memory, possibly, if you will not laugh, to the repose of his soul, to invoke your assistance in the, I fear almost hopeless, attempt to do justice to the memory of an innocent man, at least to discover if he has left any descendants to whom tardy reparation can be made. According then to my aunt's account which agrees with what I have heard in your family, Captain Dubois' parole was recalled (on account probably of some breach on the part of others) and he was sent as a prisoner on board a pontoon in Southampton Water. After much suffering, he made his escape. I

should imagine that the authorities believed him to have perished in his attempt to reach the shore. Almost naked and barefooted he managed (according to family tradition) to hide himself in woods and ditches for some weeks, living on what he could find in the fields or purloin from lonely cottages. He was at last caught in the act by a labouring man, a shepherd, who took pity upon his extreme misery and gave him some worn and ragged clothes, which belonged to a son who had died only a few days before. At the risk of their lives, these kind people, the father and mother of the dead son, took him in and comforted him till he was able to start out again on his desperate attempt, penniless and squalid beyond words as he was, to find some means of regaining France. He must I think, have wandered in a circle so that he was at no great distance from the hut of these good Samaritans, when he found himself near nightfall, hungry and desperate, in a little copse close to a road. A man on horseback came along at a foot's pace.—I am not going to discuss the *ethics* of his action, dear Mr. Bond, though you must remember that the two countries were at war, that the Englishman he attacked was, through the taxes he paid, maintaining the English forces then engaged in active operations against France, and that the difference between a trader on the high seas and a traveller on a high road is one rather of position than of principle.—In short, this French privateer attacked this English merchantman, robbed him of a well-filled purse, over £ 90 in gold, I believe, and got clear away before pursuit was fairly set on foot. The Englishman fought until a blow or the head stunned him, so fierce a blow that he was not surprised to learn afterwards that it had been a fatal one.

He had luck; after some days' purposeless wandering he came in sight of the sea. At a little fishing village called Littlehampton not very far from the scene of his crime (if crime it is to be called) he bribed a fisherman to risk the adventure of the Channel, and after some very close escapes was set on board a French vessel bound for New Orleans, where he seems to have found *convenable* occupation. My aunt believed that he was either in England or on his way there during the peace of Amiens. Within a year afterwards he was again in New Orleans, married a wealthy widow belonging to a family of standing in Louisiana, and had a son. But (and this is what makes me feel it an imperative duty to awake this sleeping tragedy) after his return to New Orleans he by some means came to the knowledge that the very man who had shewn mercy to his hungry, hopeless misery had been accused of and executed for the murder which he had committed. In the struggle, the cap Dubois wore, which had formerly belonged to the dead son of the man from whom he had received it, was knocked off, and being found close to the body, and recognized was taken as absolute proof of the guilt of the man into whose possession it was known to have come after the death of the owner.

Strange to say this knowledge is said to have *killed* Dubois, Desforêts as he was now again called. He had actually made arrangements to go to England, war or no war, in the intention of assuming the criminality of the deed and clearing the memory of the innocent man, when his health broke down under the mental strain. He died and his widow had no means of carrying out his wishes. She seems to have been a good woman and to have treasured the memory of her husband's adventures.

He had not forgotten the laborious art of the captive. Egypt was represented to her by the pyramid which he had carved and the Sphinx which he was just beginning to cut out of a block of wood when Death made him discontinue his labours. The top of the pyramid is, I *believe*, your missing pawn. It must have represented to him a good deal more than Egypt!

Things give me a chance now after all these years of injustice, of trying to acknowledge the obligation my forbear received, of coming to the help of the descendants of the man who succoured him in his extremity of need, of making them feel that the stigma of murder is removed from the name they bear. I hope for your help, dear Mr. Bond, in my pious quest. Do not laugh at me too scornfully if I confess that I find it impossible to resist an impression that seems to have stamped itself automatically upon my mind. The strange peculiarity attaching to your chessmen is to be explained by an—uneasiness in the soul of my *aioul*. Remorse deprives him of the repose into which we hope to be received when—”

CHAPTER XIII.

Mr. Bond put down the letter. The belief was ridiculous, of course. A girl's superstitious fancy reflected in the convex mirror of her lover's imagination. But the call of honour was a real one. Poor Dubois! He had recrossed the Atlantic only to find that the girl he had loved was dead. What strange chance was it that had told him of the execution of his benefactor years after his return to America? It was annoying, but of course, he must be helped. Assize records must be searched. Not far from Littlehampton—Highway robberies were not uncommon about that time. He looked up at the portrait of old Tom Bond,—

That was close to Salisbury.—Something is Desforêt's story had touched a string of association. The sum taken about £ 90. That was the same—Impossible! Besides; Salisbury is a long way from Littlehampton.—The idea was absurd. Still, he would set it to rest at once. He had come across a bundle of papers about that trial not so many years ago. It would be with the other Andover papers. The look of the bundle came back to him, a rough, ragged roll. He touched the handbell beside him. Etta came in. Hardly worth while. But———”

“Just the person I wanted! Etta, open the safe and take out a roll of paper you'll find—on the top shelf, I think,—with the Andover papers.”

“Oh, dad! Its about Captain Dubois, isn't it?” She said, obeying instructions and bringing him a shabby bundle.

“Ways and means, you monkey! Be off with you and don't let me see the face of you for the next hour.”

Yes, his memory was right. Inside an aged roll of brown paper was a bundle of untidy documents marked “Trial of John Blossom for the murder of Thomas Bond, Esquire.” A rough summary of the case for the prosecution. Notes of a few questions asked by the prisoner. The amount stolen was mentioned, £ 90, in gold, the proceeds of the sale of horses and oxen at Salisbury market. Defence, practically none. Judge's summing up.

“Shepherd, u'm, u'm, Cap! By——! The prisoner's story of having given the cap found close to the body of the murdered man to a foreigner whose pitiful condition had excited his compassion, was utterly without corroboration. He (the judge) was unfortunately familiar with such stories invented by desperate men in the hope of

raising such a doubt in the minds of the jury by passionate asseveration, as might influence their verdict. It was his duty." etc.—Verdict. Guilty. Sentence of death.

No doubt was possible. The confusion of localities might be explained by Dubois, aimless wanderings having bewildered his sense of distance and direction. He had reached the coast at Littlehampton; to do so he must have passed within sight of the spire of Chichester Cathedral. He imagined it to be the spire (Salisbury) near which the robbery had been committed, and supposed himself to have been wandering in a circle. But for the details given in the papers before him, it would have been impossible to identify the murder of Thomas Bond as that confessed to by Captain Dubois.

His thought turned suddenly to Margaret. How would this discovery affect her? He felt in one second an absolute conviction that she would break off her engagement. There was not a shadow of doubt on the subject in his mind. Then — Clara Bond over again.

He did not share her views and saw no harm whatever in her marriage with Desforêts. The fact he had just discovered must be concealed from her—at any cost.

But Desforêts. If his wish to do tardy justice to the memory of the innocent victim of his forbear's crime (if crime it were) was to be carried out, he must necessarily be made acquainted with the circumstances. If he made public reparation to the descendants of the supposed murderer, it would be absolutely impossible to preserve secrecy as regarded Mr. Bond's own family. The attempt would be absurd. To take Desforêts into his full confidence, to explain to him the absolute necessity of keeping the

truth from Margaret, to suggest that he should allow the fulfilment of the obligation he acknowledged to stand over until after his marriage when the effect of the discovery would not be so great.—The idea somehow revolted him. Desforêts was very much in love. He might possibly agree. And Mr. Bond felt that in that case half the liking he felt for him would vanish. It was too ridiculous ! Desforêts believed that the soul of his great grandfather was detained in a sort of limbo until he could make atonement and his only way of crying for help was through the absence of a chessman he had promised to bring !

Absurd ! But—A duty is imposed by belief ; that the thing believed in is absurd makes no difference. If he told Desforêts the facts, he would in no way urge him to evade or even to postpone the task laid upon him by his conscience. *His* first duty was to the soul of his forbear. Margaret's conduct could be reckoned upon. She would break off her engagement and be miserable. Her misery would extend to her family. She would probably tread in the footsteps of Clara Bond.—And they were all so happy !

Mr. Bond gravely considered duties. Toward the late Captain Dubois' soul he had none. He dismissed that with a singularly appropriate Vernacular formula. He did not believe that Desforêt's non-execution of the duty tacitly imposed upon him by his discovery of the purpose of his great-great-grandfather would make any difference to *him*, supposing him to be convinced either that it had been done, or that circumstances made its performance absolutely impossible. An injury would be done to the Blossoms, the representatives of the supposed murderer. Dubois' resolve to clear their name

at all hazards *must* be set on one side. He himself after the lapse of a sufficient time would make up for the wrong done them, by the gift, under the name of a legacy from a forgotten relative in Canada, of enough money to enable the family to emigrate. Their ill name would not follow them across the Atlantic. With the old and cruel injustice committed on them he *could* not interfere without risk of the discovery of a connection between the crime for which John Blossom suffered and that for which Desforêts was prepared, at *any* cost, to make tardy reparation. His course was clear. Desforêts must be led hopelessly off the right track by some circumstantial falsehood. The distance separating Salisbury, close to which the crime had been committed, and Chichester, where Desforêts believed it to have been committed, was in itself enough to disarm any suspicion Desforêts might possibly conceive. *His* duty was to Margueret.

His mind flashed to details. A story would have to be invented, with corroborative facts.—And he was a cripple! Should he tell his wife?—No. She was a firm believer in the manifestation of—Something—through that infernal chess-man. No. A secret is your own as long as you keep it to yourself. This secret concerned Margueret's happiness and it should go with him to his coffin.

He had come to this resolve, finally. That was the first step towards the plan to be ex-cogitated for putting Desforêts hopelessly off the trail.

CHAPTER XIV.

There was an excited tap at the door.

"Dada! Mother's got a telegram from Madge's young man. He's coming by this very next train. We've sent to Williams for a motor. Mayn't I go and meet him?"

That would never do! Etta would probably be in possession of the whole story in five minutes, have put the two murders together and dramatised a scene of avowal and reconciliation before the motor reached Herringstone. Desforêts must be muzzled before he had time to speak. "Certainly *not*, Miss Inpropriety. And listen. The moment Philip puts foot on the door step, bring him in here to me. That very moment, mind."

"Oh, dada! May'nt he even have time to kiss Madge?"

"Half a minute. Plenty. Not a second longer. Now I depend upon you, Etta. Off with you."

Not half an hour to lay a plan of operations to be afterwards acted with a consistency too flawless to suggest even a shadow of doubt. Desforêts must be made to hold his tongue. He must be promised all help in carrying out his purpose. A murder must be invented, locality, assassin, victim—. Last dying speech and confession of the criminal, perhaps, he thought with an involuntary laugh. Well, he was rather advanced in life to enter upon the business of premeditated fraud. But he meant to be successful. He rolled up the papers carefully, in the brown paper cover, secured the whole with the red tape he had taken off the bundle and composed himself to await events.

The bustle of an arrival came almost immediately to his ears. Then the door opened and Desforêts came in. "Delighted to see you, my dear fellow! I got that letter of yours this morning. I want you to promise me not to say anything of that—suppose we call it 'Slaying' to these ladies. It is no use raising ethical questions as to what happened a hundred years ago. To women, all

killing is murder. You and I will make enquiry, privately, and see if any descendants still survive. I quite sympathise with your intention of carrying out the chivalrous purpose of your great-grandfather. We will talk the matter over together. But I don't want them to be thrown into perturbation about it. I have your promise? Good. That is all I wanted to say. Now you must go and tell them all your adventures. Got the chessman, pyramid, whatever it is? That will rejoice Etta's heart.-- Tell them not to forget my existence when it is time for luncheon."

CHAPTER XV.

There was no doubt about the pawn. Subtract a couple of inches of wood left by way of handle for convenience in carving, and it undoubtedly belonged to the set. Etta insisted on Desforêts performing the final operation. He was not allowed a saw. Consistency demanded a penknife and she hunted up the very oldest in the house, one that from its appearance had presumably belonged to the solicitor's office in Andover to which poor Clara Bond had brought the fortune inherited from her murdered grandfather. Mr. Bond had to be present at the long deferred introduction of the wanderer to his mates. The three ladies were not at all certain that it would not be accompanied by some sort of manifestation. Mrs. Bond and Etta had no *arrière pensée*. According to them, an unfulfilled promise was the cause of the curious phenomenon they had taught themselves to believe in. Margaret pretended to agree but at the bottom of her heart was convinced that the real disturbing agency was the poor prisoner's heart break at being torn from the girl he loved. He had come back, and he had found her again! The

long enchantment was at an end; the pawn would cease to ask for recognition because the anguish that spoke through it was at an end. She was quite certain that her lover felt the same. He did, but he was uneasily conscious at the same time that the remorse of his forbear was unappeased, and felt that his secret knowledge made his sympathy with the convinced satisfaction of the others a fraud. He consoled himself with the thought that his intention to do justice was settled and that he had already taken what steps were in his power in that direction.

Mr. Bond was under the obsession of conscious criminality. He had agreed to assist Desforêts in the fulfilment of his pious resolve to do justice to the descendants and to the name of the benefactor of his forbear. He was fully purposed, in an underhand way, by the manufacture of documents, if necessary, by the suppression of evidence in his possession, by false assertions supported by the whole weight of his character and of his approaching relationship, to obstruct Desforêts in his search, to defeat his plan for the rehabilitation of innocent people who for a hundred years had suffered from an undeserved stigma. And, as he sat in his wheeled chair with the little burlesque of ceremonial substitution of the original pawn for the *locum tenens* going on before him he seemed to become suddenly aware that the picture on the wall might claim an interest in what was going on under his eyes. What would he think of the coming marriage? Mr. Bond sought instinctively in his own heart and found to his surprise a revulsion, the existence of which he had never suspected. There was something—unnatural in the idea. He had believed himself utterly devoid of any superstitious feeling whatever. The strange influence these women believed to be

exercised by the missing pawn—was it really due to a craving on the part of—the soul, or the conscience of the original Dubois condemned to expiate his blood-guiltiness in that strange prison until a deliverer should appear and undo the effects of his—blood-shedding? He had to frustrate that hope just on the point of its realisation. For a moment reality and imagination seemed blended about him. His namesake, old Tom Bond, there on the wall, he could see him, with Desforêts in the attitude of dealing the fatal blow. It was all gone and Desforêts was placing the far-travelled pawn delicately, as if it were a dangerous explosive, on the square from which Margaret had withdrawn the intruder. Nothing happened—naturally, but they all had the look of being a little disappointed.

Mr. Bond felt a guilty relief. So did Desforêts.

CHAPTER XVI.

"It goes on just the same," said Etta who was helping Mrs. Bond with some committee accounts in the girls' little room, while Margaret and Philip were out with Mr. Bond in the town. "Kate Duncan came in just after you and father had gone out, so I took her into the book room to see the new photograph of Charlis. And I'd got to look out the Music books so I asked her just to set up the chessmen ready because I thought there was a problem father would like to look at when he came in. I didn't go *near* her. And the first thing she said was 'why there's one missing!' 'Is there?' I said. So she shook out the bag. "Oh, no, here it is all the time on the board," she said. 'The regular, old thing! As soon as they're married there'll be an end of it, I suppose. not before.'"

"Its very odd," said Mrs. Bond, laying down her pen and sitting back. She was rather glad to get at the bottom

of her mind above the chessmen, and Etta's unflinching directness would be a help. "I had an idea it was only the promise about the chessman—"

"How natural it would seem if it always happened!" said Etta. "When you left your purse on the study table the other day and went out to make calls, you said you felt all the time as if you were back in the study. So you were, of course, part of you, only not enough of you to produce manifestation. I suppose Captain Dubois was *very* much in love."

She might have been explaining why a jug of cream went sour, Mrs. Bond continues abstractedly.

"Your father doesn't like talking about it. He's in a hurry to get the wedding over. He connects it, somehow, with—that, I'm sure. But a fanciful notion like that oughtn't to prevent Madge from having proper time for her trousseau. Those two keep on playing at being Clara and Captain Dubois. It's silly and I'm sure your father doesn't like it. That ended miserably—and he's going to have old Tom Bond taken away from the book room and hung up in the hall. He wants to have Madge in front of him, he says."

Margaret Bond was being painted by a local artist who had achieved national celebrity. The wedding had been put forward at Mr. Bond's wish. There was no reason for delay.

"I like old Tom," said Etta irreverently. "He'll do very well in the hall. Father's quite right to hurry up. We don't want Clara and her young man to be torn apart again and a broken heart and all the rest of it. As for the chessmen, I thought all that would stop when the

pawn was brought back too. Perhaps the wedding will satisfy the spook. If it doesn't and he likes to go on staying, he's very welcome—for me. Having a family haunting is rather distinguished."

"I really believe your father thinks he's in limbo and can't get to his rests!" said Mrs. Bond with amused despair.

"Bother his rest," said Etta. "You remember what Terry English told us about the Indian lizards. When they're in a stew about anything they drop their tails off. The tail goes on hopping and skipping quite independently of the lizard. The lizard goes off gaily. Captain Dubois, if he's anywhere, is talking over his campaigns with old comrades, Napoleon and Kleber, I dare say, in a tolerably cool part of Purgatory. His earthly representative is making love to Madge on the Sea Front. The spook was detached a hundred years ago. He was a feeble sort of—detachment—at starting and he's got no more to do with the others than the tail has with the liyard."

"That's a very irreligious view to take, Etta," said Mrs. Bond, reprovingly. She paused, then continued, "Well everything is going on as well as possible. I'm not going to put myself out."

"Don't," said Etta.

(To be continued)

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FROM CLOUDLAND.

It was but yesterday that India was sharing in the glories of the great war and it was hoped that the marvellous devotion and unshaken loyalty to the Crown in the darkest days of the grim struggle had created a spirit of comradeship and a community of interest which would endure in times of peace. The programme of far reaching Reforms promising a larger political life and a gradual transfer of responsibility to the people was another favouring factor. How is it that in spite of all these happy circumstances the political horizon of India has been over cast? The Punjab, deservedly designated as the sword-arm of India, marching gladly to the far-flung battlefields of the Empire, proud to shoulder the burden of the war to her utmost capacity has just been released from the grip of Martial Law. Who has failed? Have the people suddenly changed and created

**The Changing
Scenes.**

disturbances or has the Government missed the opportunity of strengthening the bonds of brotherhood which were forged in the flaming fires of the war? How is it that the shop keepers of Lahore and Amritsar, who have never been politically minded, lost their faith and began to think that the stick with which the shepherd was arming himself was not intended only for the Black sheep?

* * *

The fine brave Province of the Punjab has again borne the burden and once again stood
The Punjab. the strain and maintained its traditions of loyalty. The abdication of Civil authority which implies abrogation of established laws on which rest the foundations of faith, will certainly influence relations between the people and the Government in future. If the recent happenings have the effect of clearing the air and driving away clouds of suspicion, they would serve a purpose indeed. The deadlock, however deplorable is better than going forward in a spirit of mutual distrust. The pity of it is that the Punjabi is not convinced that there was need for Continuing the Martial Law so long, nor its stern administration. He is sincerely ashamed of what happened at Amritsar and other places but he says that professional "Gundas," ruffians and hooligans found their opportunity and committed murder, arson and dacoity which is their profession. He scoffs at the idea that there was any general rising or rebellion and argues that surely he is not so completely *sans* sense as to throw away all his chances of future prosperity secured in battlefields of the Empire and start a rebellion against the greatest power in the world. He

cannot also understand why his province was singled out to teach the paths of obedience. His questions surely demand a definite answer.

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• It is of some importance to know what the people think of the happenings in the Punjab. Their thoughts may be wrongly based on stories and rumours that take their rise in the Bazars, their minds may be unformed to understand the sequence of events but it cannot be denied that the present beliefs will mould the future tendencies of popular opinion. If the assumptions of the people are based on wrong information, correct information should be placed within their reach and attempts should be made to educate opinion on right lines. It must be a matter of deep concern to the Government if people begin to believe that their present rights and liberties and their future aspirations are no more safe. A peasant speaking the other day asked:—"Is this our reward?" He ought to have recognised that Martial Law was a salutary measure but it never struck him as such. Another man naively asked "what has happened to change the British angle of vision? Lord Hardinge, King's own Viceroy, when mortally wounded claimed no special advantage for redress than that afforded to the humblest ryot, but what is this!" He sighed and added, "acts good and bad are judged by God. Lord Hardinge trusted India and India marched to his aid, and now troops are needed to protect our towns! It was truly said long centuries ago that

**Facts versus
Fiction.**

"out of the mouth of Babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength."

* * *

**Sir Michael
O'Dwyer.**

Sir Michael O'Dwyer has sung his swan song and departed. It is useless to criticise his policy or to speak unkindly of him. He has not the opportunity to hit back and he certainly believed in hitting back. The last six weeks of his reign have written a commentary in the hearts of men and there is nothing more to be said about it. He had an instinctive disbelief in India's political aspirations. He believed in a parental Government but did he realise that parental responsibility was founded on self-sacrifice? True sympathy is giving and there would be nothing more interesting than a periodical report showing the moral and political progress of a Province every five years and the relief given to the villages in the matter of Land Revenue and rent, opening out new communications and schools, improvement in sanitation and the organisation of agriculture—indeed a statement of positive achievements. Sir Michael O'Dwyer was a man of action; as a gatherer of great armies he deserve highest credit. He was however impatient of new ideas and Emerson wrote, "They only who build on ideas build in eternity!" "Idealism!" he would have cried, but a world without ideals would be a sorry place to live in. Personally I found Sir Michael O'Dwyer simple and straightforward, God-fearing and humble and always ready to root out corruption and to do justice. Lady O'Dwyer and Miss O'Dwyer will be remembered for many years for their warm hospitality and desire to alleviate distress. I wish Sir Michael O'Dwyer and his family the blessings of peace.

The right royal welcome which has gone from the hearts of the people to welcome the new Lieutenant Governor augurs well for the promise of his reign. Why did the Punjabis want him and why were others suspicious of his appointment? He has been known to be a just man, a kind man, a firm man and a merciful man. Is the quality of mercy and human sympathy in a ruler of men an objectionable quality? The eyes of the whole of India are watching Sir Edward Maclagan and waiting for a sign. He has wisely refrained from making any announcement of his policy till he has had opportunities of studying and appraising the situation for himself. God has called him at a fateful moment to the helm, he must make his choice and make it at once. There is the policy of his predecessor which he has inherited and which is supported by some of his ablest lieutenants, there is the policy of His Majesty's Government founded on British ideals of freedom and justice; and above all there are the definite aspirations of the people calling him to be the custodian of their highest hopes. He will decide rightly if he decides to carry the people with him. Before the throne of God all petty loyalties to persons and creeds, races and nationalities carry no weight. It is the truest service to mankind that turns the scale. Let him be true to himself, to his trust, and in serving the highest interests of the people he will find that he is serving the highest interests of the British Empire.

* * *

The Government inherits a great trust and guards a great anchorage. People hardly realise that if that anchorage fails they will drift into black night from which they have

The Anchorage.

hardly emerged. We must learn forbearance, a sense of proportion, and remember that in undermining the foundations of the present Government we are destroying the foundations of law and order and the promise of future prosperity and peace. The Government inspired our fathers with trust and devotion, it has carried us safely through this terrible world strife. It saved us on the brink of destruction and brought us back to paths of peace, rallying the people from waywardness to constructive politics. We must forgive and forget its occasional errors and blunders. The Government is a human machine and subject to all the frailties of human nature. Its potentiality for good work can be enormously increased by creating a helpful environment. What have we done to promote mutual good will and understanding ?

* * *

It is true the machine needs re-adjustment and renewing. It has become much too

The Reforms, identified with the executive, too respectful, too timid, too slow. Grievances are no more sought to be cured, indeed, politicians are allowed to make use of them to discredit the Government which has slowly drifted away from the people—a very firmly devised net of power but the wires along which might have travelled real whispers of the deep sighing of the poor have been somehow short circuited. His Majesty's Government having noticed the change have not been slow in seeking new solutions. The bill providing transfer of responsibility to the people has just passed the second reading in the House of Commons. Why is it that it has failed to stem the tide of discontent ?

Sir Valentine Chirol asked the same question in his lecture and among other factors
The Trust. declared, "the conservative opposition of our own people" as one of the contributory causes. He is not known to make a statement without good cause. The Englishmen in India might recognise that there lies upon them a tremendous responsibility. They saved India from despotism and anarchy in the past and they were anxious to share with the people of India their own institutions of freedom in the days of yore. The present demands from them the same high courage and the desire to give and thus fulfil the burdens of a great tradition and solemn guardianship. They must show once more that the aspirations of India for a new life are safe in their custody. The discontent of the people like mines on the seas, is adrift everywhere. The Englishmen in India whether official or non-official should trace the causes and seek suitable remedies.

* *

India has been moving along with the world and is awakening from its settled apathy.
The new Mandate. There is a craving for more life, for more rapid results,—direct action—that is the new mandate, refusal to accept the new mandate has been fanning excitement which at places reached the fever heat and the fever of the human spirit was met with a blind scourging anger. The crisis is over but its real significance is scarcely realised. We are still thinking of castes and creeds and autocracies that came into power crumbled and fell to pieces. The old India is already a portion and parcel of a past that is dead and gone. It is partly slowness in recognising this change that has increased the peril. The days of military dictatorship

are gone. The Government has a mighty asset in its favour. For nearly two centuries it has provided a machine which has represented to the people the best and the highest ideals of British Justice and Freedom. The more India hears of these ideals from the mouths of men who are the real rulers of the country, the more will be the popular support. The more Government directs its attention to serve the cause of the poor, the greater will be the blessings that follow. At present the food of widespread discontent is famine and its ally despair.

In a lucid report the Cotton Committee surveys the whole field of production and market
The Cotton Com- ing this valuable crop. The recom-
mittee. mendations of the Committee are definite and distinct for each province and the Committee has kept Indian interests to the fore. It is to be hoped that the recommendations of the Committee will not be relegated to the faithful keeping of the files but allowed to take shape and bear fruit. There is one point on which I wish to hazard a suggestion. There is nothing like direct experience to stimulate interest. It is not possible to create demonstration farms and model ginning factories every where, but if the provincial Government invited every year intelligent farmers and arranged at public expense to take small parties to cotton growing areas both in India and outside, to study methods of production and marketing it would help enormously the production of higher grade and pure varieties of cotton and bring the producers in touch with the needs of the manufacturer. A few thousand Rupees Spent every year will stimulate generally production of Cotton and organisation of agriculture. The Secretary of the Cotton Committee deserves warm congratulation on dealing with a technical subject in such a simple and interesting manner

INDIAN EDUCATION: IDEALS AND POSSIBILITIES.

EDUCATION is the key to the most important problems that face us in India. It is not without significance that the two epoch-making reports recently issued about India should both insist on this view of the question.

In the comprehensive Report on Indian Constitutional Reforms issued by Mr. Montagu and Lord Chelmsford the educational problem deservedly occupies a prominent place. (*See paras. 182-187.*) The political importance of education is very properly emphasised. "It is part of the political advance that we contemplate," says the Report, "that the direction of Indian education should be increasingly transferred to Indian hands.... Educational extension and reform must inevitably play an important part in the political development of the country." (*Para. 187.*)

The Report of the Indian Industrial Commission presided over by Sir Thomas Holland approaches the question of education from a different point of view, but reaches similar conclusions. In order that India should develop an industrial life free from the ugliness and soullessness against which Ruskin inveighed so successfully to the English speaking world, it is necessary that

the unpractical and literary tendency of education should be corrected (pp. 104-5); that the area of education should be extended so as to take in factory children and working classes generally (p. 180); that technical and industrial education be organised and controlled by a unifying agency in an Imperial department of industries (p. 236), that it should be sufficiently varied and adapted to the needs of the various industries, both hand industries and cottage industries, artistic and utilitarian industries, the training of the main labour force as well as of master workmen, supervisors and foremen (pp. 193-199; 136-7); that some distinction should be drawn between manipulative industries like mechanical engineering, textile work, tanning and mining, and operative industries like the manufacture of sugar and chemicals, oil and rice milling, in order that the training, practical and theoretical, may be given in the conditions in which it will be most useful (pp. 112-117); that the growth of industries may be worked out side by side with the improvement of agriculture (pp. 57-53) and with the improved exploitation of minerals, forests and fisheries (pp. 37-48), as well as a proper system of commercial education, research services, and training in banking facilities (pp. 139-147, 95-102, 214-224); and that the problem of the welfare of workers, including their health, housing, transport, sanitation, education and amusements should be handled with a much more comprehensive grasp than has hitherto been done in India (pp. 179-192). The estimate which the Commission makes for a capital expenditure of Rs. 150 lakhs (£1,000,000) mainly on educational institutions, almost immediately, shows the scale on which Government educational policy in India will have to be developed.

These are all matters of detail and require the closest scrutiny at the hands of experts. They also touch the question of industrial efficiency, which is of the utmost importance. But education, while covering these, covers a field infinitely wider,—stretching over the activities and strivings of the whole spirit of man. There are a few broad movements and tendencies which we might profitably consider in discussing educational ideas and possibilities in India.

In the first place let us enquire into the extent of education in the Indian population. We are told at every step that the Indian people are very backward in education and that all schemes of progress are hung up because of the enormous illiterate population in that country. If we examine the percentage of those under instruction to the total population we find the figure at 3·2 for the whole of British India, but it varies from 1·9 in the United Provinces to 4·9 in Burma.* The figures for literacy in the total population, as ascertained at the last census was 5·9 p.c.,—namely 10·6 in the case of men and 1·0 in the case of women. Of the children undergoing primary instruction 90 per cent are in the lower primary classes and over 45 per cent are in infant classes. The average duration of school life is only 3·8 years, and many of the children receiving elementary education relapse into illiteracy in later life.

These figures seem appalling, but they only show that education amongst the working classes practically does not exist in India. Where an artificial stimulus is given to

* The figures are generally taken from the Educational Reports, and chiefly from the Quinquennial Report on Education, published in 1918.

it, it makes no deep-seated impression. Elementary education is quite out of touch with the life of the people, and has not, in spite of many attempts, yet been adapted to local and social needs. The whole structure of elementary education in India has to be built up anew, broad-based on the needs—the varying and developing needs—of the agricultural and working classes of India.

But as soon as we ascend from this broad stratum of population to the stratum comprising the middle classes of India, we find at once that India is better educated than some of the advanced countries of the world. Her social structure has hitherto left out the masses from its calculation. But the classes who constitute the directive and thinking agency of the Nation, show results that would appear surprising to those who have not analysed the figures for the different classes of education. The percentage of those who take higher education to the total population may be exhibited in the following tabular form :

England and Wales	0'62
India	0'48
Japan	0'35
France	0'32

The percentage of those who take University Education works out tabularly as follows:

India	0'024
England	0'054
France	0'106
Japan	0'014

The percentage of pupils in different kinds of institutions to the total number of pupils receiving instruction may be thus compared as between Japan and India :

	<i>Japan.</i> <i>1914-15.</i>	<i>India.</i> <i>1916-17.</i>
University	0'11	0'70
High School	1'16	7'29
Middle	1'65	4'49
Primary	87'77	77'45
Training	0'37	0'24
Technical	6'52	0'27
Others (Private, etc.)	2'42	9'56

There is manifold meaning in these figures. A greater proportion of those who go in for education at all go in for higher education in India than in Japan or France. When we consider that girls and women are not included in the figures for India, the Indian figures for men alone are probably higher in proportion than the figures for England and Wales. If the same correction is applied to the percentage of University students to the population India has little to be ashamed of in comparison with England and is greatly ahead of Japan. Where Japan and other countries leave India far behind is in the extension of primary education, the training of teachers, and technical education.

It comes to this, therefore, that the introduction of free and compulsory education would completely alter the centre of gravity of the social structure, but it would not in itself make any revolutionary change in the habits of the middle classes, amongst whom the educational tradition is strong and who never fail to work up to it according

to their lights from generation to generation. Such a change in the centre of gravity in the social structure is eminently to be desired, and is a condition precedent to the building up of a modern progressive and economic society. From this point of view Sir Thomas Holland's recommendations go even deeper into the roots of popular life than the political reforms which loom so large in the horizon of the people both in England and India.

My picture of the different phases of education will not be complete without some account of the progress that has been made in the area of instruction during the last quinquennium for which figures are available, namely that ending in 1917. The increase of those under University instruction has been as high as 61·6 per cent. Many new Universities have been started and projected. The constitution and work of the University of Calcutta is being thoroughly overhauled by educational experts, and some of the enormous area over which it holds sway is being cut down by the creation of the Patna University and by the projects for Universities at Dacca and Rangoon. The Benares Hindu University is the first local and residential University in India. It is also denominational or religious. The idea of a Mahomedan University at Aligarh was in the field first but is still under consideration. Nagpur will probably have a University of its own for the Central Provinces and Central India. At Patna the question of popular control was strongly fought out, and a compromise adopted which will make that University conform to a new type. The Feudatory States are also organising their own Universities. Both Mysore and Hyderabad have worked out types of their own, in which the vernaculars are to play a leading part.

In the Hyderabad University Urdu will be allowed that pre-eminent position to which its history, development and intrinsic merits justly entitles it.

The increase in secondary education is shown by an increase of 28 per cent. of the pupils and 52 per cent. in high school classes. This means a welcome reduction in the number of pupils per high school class, a much needed reform which was not carried out without some opposition. The question of co-ordinating secondary education with the needs of higher education on the one hand and with the facts of primary education on the other is constantly brought up for public discussion.

The increase in the number of pupils in the primary schools during the last quinquennium is represented by a 16.5 per cent. increase in the number of pupils. In 1911 Mr. Gokhale introduced a Bill into the Imperial Legislative Council for the permissive introduction of compulsory education in municipal or local board areas. It was a small measure, but it was not carried through. The idea however remained, and has fructified in recent legislation in the Bombay Province, where Mofussil municipalities are permitted to introduce free and compulsory education for children between the ages of 6 and 12. Similar measures are in contemplation for Bengal, the Punjab, and Bihar and Orissa. The financial difficulty is the crux of the question, but there is no doubt that the idea has taken hold of the imagination of Indian educationists, and its gradual evolution is tending in the direction of universal extension. The Baroda State has already had for some years a measure of this kind in operation, and in these matters the Feudatory States are making experiments ahead of British India. The advance

in the education of girls is shown by an increase of 29·1 per cent. in the number of scholars during the quinquennium. But the attendance is poor and there is a great dearth of teachers. Mrs. Fawcett's deputation to the Secretary of State on the subject, of which I had the honour of being Secretary, had aroused much interest.

Indian opinion is not quite certain yet as to the kind of education best suited for Indian girls. The domestic ideal is strong both in Indian life and in Indian thought, and any education which tends to obscure this ideal will only be an exotic and never fit in with Indian conditions. An enquiry was recently made under Sir Ratan Tata's direction into the kind of educational curricula most suitable to Indian conditions. The scope of the enquiry was possibly limited. In any case such an enquiry must work out schemes for small local areas, on a communal basis, and the encouragement and assistance of the State will be necessary to make it comprehensive.

But this question of quality in education is not confined to the education of girls. The education of boys has hitherto proceeded, as some people think, on wrong lines, and as all admit, on lines that must undergo considerable modifications, both for reinstating India's older culture and for placing India in the line of modern progressive thought. The scheme of English or Anglo-vernacular education started by the Directors' despatch of 1854 held in view the administrative needs of the country rather than any great ideals of culture or progress, and vernacular education has been content to follow in its wake. A new spirit is now abroad. The original researches of Sir J. C. Bose in the study of electric

impulses have shown that the Indian mind is capable of and desires to attempt the highest kind of original scientific research. The Bhandarkar Research Institute at Poona, and the Kama Oriental Institute represent methods of modern research into India's ancient heritage, while a similar movement is discernible among Mahomedans in Aligarh and Hyderabad.

The question of the quality of education is intimately bound up with the quality and qualifications of the teachers. As regards quality, we have to ask ourselves the question. "Are we attracting the best brains and the finest characters in the country to the field of education?" I am sorry to say that the answer from anyone who knows the country will have to be in decided negative. Not only are we not attracting the best, but we do not always retain those we attract. Every one in administrative work in India is constantly approached by men in the Educational department with a request to be transferred to some administrative or judicial department. In the matter of pay and worldly prospect there are much greater possibilities in departments other than that of education. This should not be. Mr. Fisher has, in the United Kingdom, so effectively shown that one of the most essential conditions for educational progress is to place your teachers in an honourable and independent position, where they could meet on terms of equality with men and women in any other walk of life, that it is not necessary for me to enforce the lesson again in India. In England the complaint refers mainly to elementary schools and private secondary schools. In India it goes up to the highest teachers, including the Provincial Service Professors, whose case was sympathetically reviewed by the Public Service Commission.

Even the second-rate and third-rate men that we get into our educational cadre are paid salaries which seem to me to be disgracefully low. In the Government resolution of 1913 the minimum salary of a teacher, to be worked up to, is stated at Rs. 12 (16s.) a month. Allowing for all divergences in standards of living it seems to me that the figure is pitched far too low. Even before the war it was difficult to get a good cook in India at less than Rs. 25 a month. To ask an educated person to take charge of the minds of your children at half that salary seems to me to invite disaster. Besides, Rs. 12 a month would barely provide, on pre-war standards, the food, house-rent and clothing of an educated man with a family. What possibility is left to him for leisure or the purchase of books and newspapers with which the teacher's mind is to be constantly kept abreast of the needs of his profession? It is quite true that there are various perquisites, more or less licit, which make this scale at all possible. But such perquisites are, in my opinion, degrading to the recipients and harmful to the building up of a self-respecting educational profession.

As presented in such naked isolation, the case appears simpler than it is in reality. The financial issues involved are very large ; but in addition, it touches the personnel and the problems of the Public Services at a bewildering number of points. It must however be effectively grappled with, for on its solution depends the supply of the right kind of teachers in Indian Education.

As to the qualifications of teachers, only 30 per cent. of primary school teachers are trained if we take India as a whole (p. 110, Seventh Quin. Review of Educ., 1912-17). In Bengal 10 per cent. of the teachers have

only themselves passed the lower primary examination. In secondary education only 25 per cent. of teachers are trained teachers (p. 89, Q.R.E.), but again the percentage falls as low as 1·3 in Bengal. The invidious distinctions hitherto made between the Provincial Educational Service recruited in India and the Indian Educational Service, recruited in England, also caused a good deal of heart-burning among Indian teachers and professors, but as already stated, the Public Services Commission laid its finger on the spot, and the removal of the anomaly can hardly be delayed. The Education Department in India is at present presided over by an Indian Member of Council, but no completely satisfactory reorganisation of the Educational Department will be possible until the practical stigma which at present attaches (or did until recently) to the Provincial Educational Service is removed.

If the position of teachers in regard to men's education leaves so much to be desired, the position of women teachers in regard to women's schools seems almost hopeless. Women teachers are scarcely to be obtained in India. Certain social and religious prejudices prevent women from entering any professions in which they have to appear in public or earn their own living. The question of the education of women and girls is of specially pressing importance because an unequal advance in the position of the two sexes has done very much to upset the normal balance of social life in India. This fact is clearly recognised both officially and non-officially. Committees have been formed in most provinces for dealing with the matter. There has been a certain amount of progress during the quinquennium, but a great deal of steady and unselfish work will be necessary before women's education

is placed on a satisfactory basis in India. No really satisfactory curriculum of girls' education has been worked out in consultation with the different social and religious leaders.

The insistence on moral and religious ideals in education is quite one of the oldest traditions of education in the East. The complete omission of them in modern public education in India is also responsible for certain peculiarities of our growth in the last three-quarters of a century. It is as if we had tried to force a green plant without chlorophyll. Warren Hastings was too wise to dream of such a process. Macaulay was too narrow and intolerant to be entrusted with the thinking of a people to whom he felt so superior. The question is: What is to be done now? Long and barren controversies have raged round religious education in England. It may sound paradoxical to say so, but it is true that religion in education connotes something much less intolerant in the East than it does in the West. The religious ideal is mixed up with the great ethical duties: the love of parents and tenderness to old age; the respect due to authority; the necessity for self-conquest and self-discipline; the kindness due to those weaker or less favoured than ourselves; the consideration due to the poor, the orphans and the homeless; and the duties we owe to the lower animals themselves. Why do we not mention these in our schools?—even in our Secondary schools? They are not played-out virtues, unless Society is itself played out. If we look around us, we shall find that they were never more important than they are now.

In these matters there are not distinctive doctrines among the different religions, although when it comes to

doctrinal theology any matter can be invested with a peculiar doctrinal hue. Here then is the strength and the weakness of the demand for moral and religious education. Moral education may be in danger of being reduced to copy-book platitudes, although I do not think that would be so bad as the other extreme in which education is divorced altogether from moral duties. The growth of religious denominational Universities in India is too recent to justify us in making any confident assertion regarding their tendency. But if they tend to harden the religious differences, they will not be in harmony with more abiding movements which seek to soften the corners in the life within the State itself. Perhaps a quickening of the religious spirit in denominational schools and colleges may better meet the danger of a wholly secularised education and enable our people to co-ordinate our highest intellectual efforts with the spirit of humble service and godliness. Perhaps primary education might, with great advantage, be organised on a communal basis. At any rate, in India, it is difficult to separate moral from religious education.

India is the only country in the world in which the fragmentary educational ladder has its higher end in some other country. In nearly all the professions,—the Bar, engineering, medicine, the higher administrative services, the higher judicial services, the higher positions in education, in scholarship, in commerce, in banking, railways and telegraphs, in every conceivable walk of life—the final steps in education have to be taken somewhere else than in India. This in itself is an almost complete indictment of Indian education. It is not a self-contained system. It will be necessary, gradually, to locate the

highest centres of professional and cultural learning in India in all departments. It will always be the privilege of the few choicer spirits to enlarge their horizon by foreign travel and foreign study; but all the stages of education, required to fill the needs of the country, ought to be capable of being completed in the country itself. This ideal has been mooted in some of the recent public discussions on the subject, but I have not seen it definitely embodied yet in any educational reports.

To recapitulate a little, we see that Indian education wants overhauling in some of the simplest elements of the problem. It wants curricula framed for the needs of the people and suited for the separate needs of the two sexes. It wants to place the profession of the teacher on a sufficiently high level to enable his or her influence to be effectively exercised on the minds of the rising generation. It wants all the usual apparatus and organisation for teaching revised and rendered more elastic, so that it can automatically grow with the needs of the people. It wants to incorporate the Indian vernaculars and all the work that has been done in them among the agencies by which the Indian mind is to be moulded and brought to envisage the larger questions of the future.

But besides this, we dream of the larger possibilities. According to the old Muslim tradition there are two sides to education, one called Ta'lim, the filling of the mind, and the other called Tarbiyat, the growth of the Personality. We want this Tarbiyat. The Frontier Pathans do not mince matters. They want Education to be the Breeder of Men.^s We want personality trained from every point of view,—trained to an effective outlook on life, trained to habits of co-operation and discipline, trained

to a cheerful shouldering of responsibility, and to a courageous facing of facts which we dislike. We also want training—self-training, be it always understood—to a national collective life. There is a side of moral and collective growth which corresponds to the growth of the body. We want education to recognise the further needs that such growth implies.

It is this view of Tarbiyat that must justify us in calling the great Report on the Reform Proposals one of the most effective agencies for the political education of the people. Along with political reform will go a great deal of decentralisation in the sphere of local self-government. Some of this decentralisation has already been carried out. If carried out in the right spirit it should lead to the growth of that true civic spirit which alone will feed a well-ordered State. We look to the higher spirit of our education to save us from the materialistic ugliness of industrialism. When our social structure is revised, who knows but we may even escape bitter industrial strife, having already drunk to its dregs the bitterness of social and religious antagonism? In Art and Education and Humanism there should be peace. It is worth while striving for these noble ideals and possibilities.

A. YUSUF ALI.

London.

MAN'S WORK IN THE UNIVERSE.

THAT there is a purpose in all manifestation can no longer be considered a mere theoretical conception or a superstition, but a definite conclusion based on knowledge which has accumulated throughout the ages and in the last few centuries very rapidly.

Now it is to science, and to science alone, that mankind is indebted for what is termed exact knowledge concerning the universe in which we live, and move, and have our being, while the province of religion has been rather to inspire and engender beliefs than to put forward proofs

Therefore we owe to the former all that has been discovered concerning the solar system, the planetary bodies, chemistry, natural laws, cause and effect, and this has been accomplished in spite of the difficulties and dangers placed in the way of all investigation by the votaries and representatives of religion during the Middle Ages of the Western world.

But the most interesting of all the Cosmic experiments is undoubtedly that anomaly, partly bestial, partly Divine, which goes by the name of Man; for he (it is of course understood that both sexes are included) has been placed in this marvellous universe for a very special purpose and the object of this article is to suggest, though it

can only be tentatively, the why and wherefore of that purpose which to us is naturally the most interesting of all.

In the first place, although we have no right to assume, as many still do, that the Universe was made for man, it would not be incorrect to say that man was made for the Universe, and it is on this not unwarrantable assumption that it is possible to formulate ideas and conceptions in regard to the fulfilment or otherwise of that aforesaid purpose which has assigned to man a status only a little lower than the Angels. (*Hebrews Chapter II, verses 6-7.*)

In this there is far more than a suggestion that the Angelic Host, the Deva Kingdom as it is termed in the literature of the East, is of more importance in the scheme of the Great Architect than puny man, however much the latter may consider himself as the salt of the earth; and further, we can only assume that, in as much as human beings work harmoniously with that other great Hierarchy of Beings, so will they be proceeding along that evolutionary road which the Divine Will has assigned to them.

Incidentally we see in this an explanation of much that it implied in the story of creation, and also, in the Atonement, for does not this list imply that the experiment was in danger of being a failure and that it may yet become so, that is as regards the whole of humanity.

Now in order to know how failure can be avoided and we humans achieve the purpose for which we were made, it is necessary first of all to know what are the functions of the Angel or Deva kingdom in the economy of nature, which is one aspect of Divine manifestation.

There is, however, a difference in regard to the age of humanity for, while the scriptures of the West indicate

that man was created subsequent to the formation of all other forms of animate and inanimate life, those of the East declare that he has existed from the first, but in very different, less organically evolved and more ethereal forms.

It seems that both are right because, whereas the West only conceives of man as his present make up of body, emotions and mind (the personality), the East regards him solely from the plane of spirit asserting that what the West terms man is in reality only his triplicity of vehicles (Upadhis) without which he would be incapable of functioning in the worlds of denser matter.

But this is digressing, and to return to our theme, it seems evident that the Angels are largely concerned with the causes that lie behind all the manifested effects which we see in the kingdom of Nature, of the stupendous forces that are locked up in it, and which man has frequently so ruthlessly misappropriated and misapplied.

Now it is certain that beauty and harmony in form, colour and sound must be a necessary corollary of that Divine perfection towards which all things are moving and, because that trend of all evolution must consequently be in that direction, it follows that all that is ugly, all that is inharmonious and all that is discordant in any way is adverse to the Divine Will and the Great Beings who control the forces of nature.

Therefore it behoves man to see that all he does should conform to what is harmonious, balanced and beautiful and opposed to the antithesis of this in whatever form it exists, or is likely to crop up.

This is not so simple as it appears, for in the physical world the great force termed "inertia," which is the prevailing characteristic of all dense matter, has always to be reckoned with, and that is the reason why all progress appears so slow to the idealist and reformer.

Unfortunately those in the front have to deal with a vast mass of very unevolved souls, as difficult to move as a mineral, and whose mentality is largely confined to a strata not usually considered as being a very lofty one; it is far too concrete, far too materialistic and, as proof of this, it is almost invariably the case in the West that everything, in order to be comprehended, has to be explained in terms of solid matter.

Now this tendency, which was very marked before the war, has to a certain extent been turned by the course of events during the last four years, and, in this transition stage, the western mind has become less inelastic and less unreceptive, sufficient to render it more likely to absorb ideas from sources considerably higher than it was previously accustomed to.

These ideas, which have already been stated, should be in conformity with the evolutionary trend, ever and always towards ultimate perfection.

In simple-every day language man has to make himself a centre of harmony in contradistinction to being, as he so often is, a chronic discord; he has to control his body, his emotions and his mind, using them as valuable tools, instead of, as is usually the case, letting them control him.

This is thoroughly understood in the East but is only just beginning to dawn on the horizon of the Western mind.

It is curious and most suggestive that the East has always exercised over the West an impelling influence in this direction, the result of which, in its incipient stages, might be termed "glamorous," but which is nevertheless a stepping stone to something higher, something more enriching which the western man not infrequently brings with him after a long sojourn in Eastern climes.

In short, it is the seed of a very real religion that has been implanted in him, nothing like the foolish, dogmatic falsifications that are put forward, as such in the West, but something which has altered his whole outlook on life, which has placed material existence in a more correct focus and, which regards death not as something appalling or terrifying but as a release from the dominion of that hardest of all experience, incarnation in physical matter.

And the test of a man's religion is neither more nor less than his attitude to what is called death, and the most pathetic and, at the same time, ridiculous thing is that, while the Bible affirms that death is the gate of life, "*Mors janua vitae*", the average Christian "believer" persists in refusing to regard it otherwise than as a blotting out of existence, while even in Christian churches there are not a few hymns still in use which ought to be expurgated because in their literal sense, they are actually a denial of those very teachings regarding death which are the essence of true Christian belief.

In the East the attitude towards death is very different.

Does not this seem to point to the need for a bringing together, a unifying of the two great Aryan stocks, that of the East and that of the West? What alternative is there, what else is there, that would help forward the evolution

of that great race to anything like the same extent, what more compatible with the Divine idea, for while the East can give the inspiration and induce the intuition of the mystic side of things, the West would contribute the practical and the scientific.

Such a combination would form a stepping stone to a human era far surpassing in spirituality and practical science any that had preceded it.

Science and religion are but two aspects of the Supreme, they are not antagonistic but complementary one of the other, and it does seem that the quickest way to induce this desideratum is in the blending and co-operation of the two great Aryan stocks.

The future of the human race depends on its becoming more spiritual, on its realizing the workings of spirit in all material forms, of its working with and not against the other co-workers with God, for in such only will it achieve the purpose for which it was created.

On the other hand, if no such impulse should arise, there is the danger of the West degenerating into a deeper materialism, and the East into a greater indifference and more pronounced fatalism.

"Facilis decensus avernus."

M. K. Sr. JOHN.

AN ENDLESS HOUR.

(To an absent-minded, and wandering friend.)

V---V---, all day long in spirit,
 Your dear name, I call, in vain,
 Yet in Heaven, on earth, you must inherit
 Space to live and breathe, in joy or pain.

Art thou near, or hath the restless Ocean,
 Borne thee back to thy fair Eastern Land ?
 Leaving me alone, in wrapt devotion,
 Hungering to clasp thy fateful hand ?

Still the past that memory enhances,
 When you read of Sita loved and lone,
 As we wandered 'neath the pine-tree branches,
 Till our souls seemed merged into one.

Nought else Time can give, can e'er efface it,
 That sweet hour of harmony divine;
 You and I together surely place it,
 Hold it,—keep it sacred—yours, and mine !

Some day when the purple shadows linger,
 When the sun grows dim, and earth is rent,
 By the power of God's uplifted Finger,
 Torn in twain, by final wreckage spent,

Cast about to find one faithful mortal,
One true comrade 'mid that countless host ;
That we both may pass through Heaven's Portal
Ever-more forgetting years long lost.

Found within the Light of Joy unmeasured,
In a term unending—yet complete :
Casting all aside that once we treasured,
For that perfect peace,—beside God's Feet.

I shall soon that dark lone way be treading
Yearning for the vision of the face :
When you come to me —will cease all dreading
—Those who follow there—no steps retrace !

C. M. SALWEY.

WHERE LIES MY DART.

Pretending just to cast a passing glance
You shot an arrow at my simple heart
Then sprinkled salt on it and cunningly
You ask "Where is the place where lies my dart ?"
Is this new friendship or some ancient spite,
In need not tell thee where thine arrow lies,
The ceaseless smarting of this pleasant wound,
Proclaims the target that thy dart enshrines.

DALJIT SINGH.

IMPERIAL UNITY : THE CASE OF INDIA.

TWO facts, says Mr. Lionel Curtis in "The Problem of the Commonwealth", were brought home to the Dominions by the outbreak of war : (1) That they have no voice in the conduct of foreign affairs and (2) That the management of domestic affairs ultimately depends upon the management of foreign affairs. The British Cabinet by declaring war upon Germany in August 1914 involved not only the United Kingdom but the whole British Empire in the great war. The responsibility for making that declaration of war was exclusively that of the British Cabinet—it was not shared by the Dominions or any other part of the British Empire. It may in fact be truly said that the people and the governments of the Dominions, India, the Crown Colonies, or the British Protectorates had, at the time, absolutely no knowledge of the events which necessitated the declaration of war. When war actually broke out between Germany and the British Empire, the Dominions readily and spontaneously offered to help England with men and money. They willingly made the sacrifices which the common cause demanded. "Schemes of development were cancelled, projects of social reform were suspended, and the people of the Dominions suddenly discovered that

the issues of peace and war are an interest which overmasters all others." They realized that though in theory their autonomy in local affairs is, as Mr. Asquith described it in May 1911, 'absolute, unfettered and complete', in practice it is limited—that until they control their foreign policy, their control of domestic affairs is "purely provisional". The foreign policy of the Empire is determined solely by the executive of the United Kingdom "From the point of view of the over-sea Empire" says Mr. Marriott, "the existing constitution may therefore be regarded, at any rate in theory, as more autocrat than that of the Hohenzollern Empire in Germany." Before the recent political revolution in Germany the German Empire possessed an Imperial Council. On this Council each state of the German Empire was represented, and without the consent of the Council no treatise could be concluded with foreign powers, or war declared, except when the federal territory or its coasts were attacked. But there is no real Imperial Legislature or Imperial Council in the British Empire. What is called the Imperial Parliament is the representative assembly of the people of the United Kingdom, and what is called the Imperial Cabinet, is a small committee of this Parliament, responsible, through the Parliament, to the people of the United Kingdom.

At the meeting of the Imperial Conference held in May 1911 Mr. Joseph Ward proposed the creation of an Imperial Parliament with legislative power in Imperial affairs and an executive of twelve responsible to the electorates of the United Kingdom, Canada, Australia, South Africa, New Zealand and Newfoundland. The President of the Conference, Mr. Asquith, then Premier,

did not accept the proposal. He thought that the creation of an Imperial Parliament and an Imperial Executive "would impair if not altogether destroy the authority of the Government of the United Kingdom in such grave matters as the conduct of foreign policy", and he declared in unequivocal terms *that authority could not be shared.*

But the feeling which has grown up in the Dominions during the war is that it must be somehow shared. The people of the Dominions have helped to win the great war; they have fought hard and fought well. But as to the future we are told, their resolution "may be expressed in two words: Never again. In unanswerable fashion they have asserted their right to a place in the Supreme Council of the Empire." (Marriott in the Nineteenth Century for January 1917).

British statesmen no longer deny the right. But if the claim of the Dominions to share the authority of the British Parliament in matters of foreign policy is admitted, the constitution of the British Empire must be reformed. What are the possible lines of reform?

Federation is one. In the article referred to above Mr. Marriott proposes the formation of an Imperial Legislature preferably of two Chambers, the Lower House representing the people of the Federal Empire, and the Senate or the second Chamber representing the States. There would also be an executive dependent upon and responsible to the Federal Legislature. The Federal constitution would be of the American type: the spheres of authority of the several States and the Federal Government would be clearly defined, and extended powers would

be conferred upon the Federal Government. The idea of a Federal Parliament is, however, opposed by Mr. Herbert Samuel, Professor Dicey and Sir Frederick Pollock. It is pointed out that the Dominions are passionately attached to their autonomy, and that they would never consent to the curtailment of it which the formation of a Federal Parliament necessarily implies. In the Federal Parliament the representatives of each Dominion would be a mere fraction of the whole, but the Federal Parliament would have power to legislate on all matters of common concern. Sir Frederick Pollock thinks that it would be difficult for the representatives who sit in the Federal Parliament to have a proper sense of their responsibility to the Empire as a whole and that the Federal Parliament would be nothing more than "a convention of state delegates answerable each of them only to those who sent him." Again what would be the business of the Federal Parliament? Taxation is excluded, because the Dominions would never consent to it. For framing uniform commercial and other laws a Federal Parliament is not required, and as regards foreign policy, a large assembly could only lay down the most general principles. A Federal Parliament, in short, is neither necessary nor desirable.

Mr. Herbert Samuel's plan,* which has the support of Sir Frederick Pollock (*Quarterly Review*, January 1918) is that an Imperial Cabinet, consisting of ten or twelve men should be created, in which the four great Dominions,—Canada, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa—should be represented as well as the United

* *Nineteenth Century*, March 1917.

Kingdom. The Imperial Executive will present its proposals to an Assembly which will be representative of the whole Empire and which "shall be so limited in its powers as not to be able to impose taxes on any self-governing part of the Empire without its consent, or levy armed forces without its consent, or otherwise interfere with its full autonomy." The proposals submitted to the Assembly by the Imperial Executive, if approved, would be passed in the form of a bill. These bills would then be transmitted to the government or governments which they affected. The local legislatures would, as a rule, accept them, but they would have the right of proposing amendments. When such amendments are proposed the bills would be reconsidered by the Assembly. The final form in which a bill would become law in any State, say a Dominion, would depend upon the Dominion Parliament, for the sovereign power would reside, not in the Assembly, but in the Dominion Parliament.

Sir Frederick Pollock suggests 100 as the number of the Assembly.

I have described Mr. Herbert Samuel's plan in some detail, for it is highly probable that if any Federal organs of consultation or legislation are created they will be of some such form as proposed by Mr. H. Samuel.

The necessity of reform in the existing constitution of the Empire has been shown; the more important plans for securing Imperial unity have been considered. The whole question may now be discussed with reference to India.

"One of the disadvantages arising to a dependency from its dependence on the dominant country," wrote Cornwall

Lewis some eighty years ago, "is that it is involved in the wars of the dominant country." For example if the dominant country should be plunged in wars, either from the necessity of self-defence, or through its own ambition or the ambition of other states, the dependency is necessarily a party to them. Hence its trade may be disturbed, its merchant vessels exposed to the risk of capture, and its territory, even, made the theatre of war without its having done anything to provoke hostilities, or having had any means of preventing them, and although it is only, as it were, a formal party to the dispute". India became involved in the great war on account of the political connection with the United Kingdom. Of the events which led to the war India knew no more at the time than the Dominions and with the causes of the war she was even remotely connected.

When war broke out we in India also realized like the people in the Dominions that war is an interest which overmasters all other interests. As in the Dominions, projected internal reform and development had to be abandoned and as much of the labour and capital of the country as could be spared was turned to war uses. The Dominions played an important part in the war, so did India. British India, it is recognized, broke the power of Turkey.

That the people of the Dominions should be asked to fight for the Empire when they have no share in determining the foreign policy of the Empire, is held to be an anomaly. But what is an anomaly in the case of the Dominions is also an anomaly in the case of India, unless old-fashioned ideas as to the relation of a dependency to the dominant country are to prevail. It should be recognized that the hardships which war imposes and the sacrifices which it demands are as real in the case of a dependency

as in that of a self-governing portion of the Empire, from which it follows that in matters of peace and war which affect the whole Empire, a dependency has as much a right to be consulted, before any decision is taken as any other part of the Empire. And if any Federal organs of consultation or legislation are created, provision must be made for the adequate representation of a dependency.

The problem has not always been thus stated. In "The problem of National Unity" published a quarter of a century ago, Mr. George R. Parkin thus answered the objection that India is an insuperable obstacle to a Federal system for the Empire:

"India is practically a Crown colony, and as yet the United Kingdom has shown no inclination to govern it otherwise than as a Crown colony. The same duty may be rightly accepted and duly fulfilled by British people as a whole under any system of common Government. To accept it would create no new national burden or risk, would react no more upon the ordinary political development of the various states than it has upon that of the United Kingdom."

The problem of India is solved by transferring her from the control of the United Kingdom to the joint control of the United Kingdom and the Dominions!

In Mr. Herbert Samuel's scheme provision is made for the representation of India in the Imperial Assembly, but the Imperial Executive will consist of the representatives of the United Kingdom and of the four great Dominions. It is admitted that the Assembly will be merely a place for discussion, a Parliament in the etymological sense of the term; it is also clear that the representatives of India in the Assembly will be a mere fraction of the

total number of the Assembly. If India is not represented on the Imperial Executive, she will have practically no voice in the conduct of foreign affairs of the Empire of which she is an important member. The Federal Executive and the Federal Assembly will practically control the destinies of India. Under the system proposed India will have two masters, the United Kingdom and the four great Dominions. Will the new arrangement be acceptable to the people of India? Professor Dicey says: "The Parliament and the Government of the United Kingdom may be chargeable with grave errors: they have fallen into many blunders. But they have never forgotten—they will never, one trusts, forget that—they hold a common trusteeship, whether it be in India or in the Crown Colonies, or in the Protectorates, or within our own borders, of the interests and fortunes of fellow-subjects who have not yet attained, or perhaps in some cases may never attain, to the full stature of self-government. Is it credible that for instance, the people of India will see with indifference this trusteeship passes from the hands of an Imperial Parliament (which has more or less learned to think imperially, and in England has maintained the equal political rights of all British subjects) into the hands of a new made Imperial Congress which will consist in part of representatives of the Dominions which it may be of necessity, cannot give effect to this enlarged conception of British citizenship?

The answer of every educated Indian who understands the question will be "No". India claims to be treated on a footing of equality with the Dominions in all matters affecting the Empire. She will never accept the Dominions as joint trustees with the United Kingdom of her interests.

At the same time that we press for changes in the Government of India, we should also insist on India being given a proper place in the councils of the Empire, and this place should not be inferior to that of the Dominions. It is only fair that if we are asked to make the same sacrifices as the Dominions in peace and war, we should be accorded the same treatment.

BRIJ NARAIN.

SONNET.

Man's eager lips have oft to keep their peace
And forego speech; tis now, perchance, for fear
Of tyrant might whose clouded vision sees
Crave crime in naked truth; or else some dear
Friend's need demands the kindly sheltering veil
Of silence, lest a hidden thing be known;
Tis now again, because the surging passions fail
To shape themselves in words and frankly own
Defeat, or else the fatal words convey,
Some news that rends the listener's heart in twain,
Or wake remembrance of some dismal day
Log-lost, surcharged with intense grief and pain.
But where man's voice, must mutely greet love's call
And dare not speak, is hardest lot of all.

PELMANISM FOR INDIA.

In explanation I would say that by "India" I mean the people resident in this country today whether Indian or European. Each is reacting on the other in the strangest manner possible at present.

My premises are a few platitudes which may be summarised briefly as follows: --

- (i) India in common with the rest of the civilised world must "reconstruct" now that the war is ended.
- (ii) India must help herself and then she will get others, including Heaven, to help her.
- (iii) India as a whole is suffering from mental neurasthenia. The prescription needed is sympathy from outside and clear thinking at home. The latter conditions the former and *vice versa*.
- (iv) Few parts of the world can increase in material prosperity so rapidly as India. Hence the prospects of speedy intellectual, moral, and aesthetic progress are brighter in India than in most countries. Richer homes will mean better homes, and better school boys and school girls.
- (v) The only thing that can be taught is how to learn.

(vi) "Mere democracy cannot solve the social question. An element of aristocracy must be introduced into our life. I do not mean the aristocracy of birth, or of purse, or even the aristocracy of intellect. I mean the aristocracy of character, of will, of mind. That alone can free us." *Ibsen.*

After fifteen years of daily intercourse with Indians, a closer contact than is the usual fortune of the European now-a-days I am limping into print in the hope that I may point out to a few, at least, an antidote for some of the evil mental effects produced by Indian schools and colleges. I know of no defence of the present educational system in this country. Possibly the only plea for mercy which the teacher in India today may urge is that the system does at least as much harm to him as to his scholars, and so he too, along with them is entitled to the world's sympathy. The plea that he knows no better can no longer be upheld. The recent troubles surely show that both Indians and Englishmen need to be pitied. Are not both to be commiserated since both alike seem unable to think clearly, or to show the slightest glimmerings of sympathetic imagination?

It is a sad proof of the mental estrangement between India and the mother country that whenever England does get hold of an idea of real educational value India may not, cannot, or will not take it up. Some ideas are too expensive, but remember whoever thinks in terms of mud will get something made of mud. Other ideas though not too costly in execution fail to commend themselves to India.

this is no one exactly can explain. Education in

England in the last few decades has not been much to boast of as a whole; it has been as patchy as the curate's egg. Yet in the last twenty years there have been two really big educational novelties in England, both of which have proved their practical all round worth. The first of these is the Boy Scout Movement, which either has never really caught on, or has never been allowed to catch on, in India. It is a tragedy, that the rising generation of Indian youngsters, has not been in a position to inhale any inspiration out of the Great War, for inspirations are infinitely more valuable than indemnities, or even than educational grants. The Scout Masters were not available and it was nobody's business to create them. Now possibly with a flourish of trumpets we shall have Boy Scouts all over the country. Government will take the place of laggard private initiative and the movement will be given an official chance. As Government owns all the soil so Government must do everything. Yet Heaven does not help Governments be they the best or the worst in the best or worst of all possible worlds, since being of the earth they are earthy. Anyhow as regards the Boy Scouts let us hope on steadily. Meanwhile for the moment let us consider quite another matter.

Turning away from the boys or girls now in school let us think if nothing can be done for the pride, (or the shame) of yesterday's classes, for the head or bottom boy in the school of five, ten, or twenty years ago? Is the student who read himself into stupidity because he was good and did what he was told, always to remain inept, inert? Is the failed B. A. ever to continue a failure all his days? Is the dead hand of the Indian school to lie heavy on the ex-scholar

throughout his life? A year ago I was hopeless as to their possibility of doing any real good for the brain that had been ruined by 'Indian Education. Now I am beginning to think that my pessimism was folly for I have personally experienced the saving breath of Pelmanism. I thought the system was a money catching fraud; now I recognise that it is the second big educational idea that England has produced and put into practice in the last two decades. I was born too late to be a Boy Scout. Happily I can be and am a Pelmanist although I was over forty when I first enrolled.

In England there may still be few who can ask what Pelmanism is. Two years ago there were many. But now that every hundredth man or so in England has taken up the course, and is preaching to others the benefits which he has personally derived, the question is not asked in educated society. Pelmanism like electric light has come to stay. Yet in India it is just as well to explain what Pelmanism is. I take the definition from the ubiquitous Daily Mail Year Book wherein it is writ "Pelmanism may be tersely defined as the art of thinking scientifically. More literally interpreted the term may be said to denote a practical exposition of mental development at the point of fullest efficiency, which has been secured through the scientific training of mind and will power."

This is a big claim for any system to make. Still more when in advertisements one reads the "fourteen points" of Pelmanism and is told amongst other things that persons in every rank of life are taking up the course and thanks to it are doubling or trebling their incomes, or gaining important positions, that none who

conscientiously follow the system fail to profit by it, that the study is not hard or lengthy, but fascinating, that benefit begins with the first of the twelve lessons, that the benefit received from the course is life long, that there is nothing artificial in it, but that it develops one's natural powers upon natural basis, that it brings out latent powers and talents, that any one can understand it as there is nothing technical or difficult in it, and above all, that the cost is small, in such circumstances one may be pardoned if one is sceptical and considers the whole system a gigantic humbug. Yet regard the other side of the shield. Great weeklies the circulation of which depends on the exposure of humbug have held critical investigations of the system and after coming to scoff have remained to pray. Cabinet Ministers, Peers, Big Manufacturers, Generals, Admirals, Barristers, Bankers, Doctors, Lawyers, Engineers, Writers, Professors, in short persons from every rank of life, have given their unasked testimony to the efficiency of the system, and to its value in their own particular cases. Nearly half a million people in England and the Colonies have taken up Pelmanism already and the rate of enrolment is increasing each month. Important business firms do not enlist their entire staff for courses in a system which is a gigantic swindle. One never hears the man who has sent his fees and started on the course say that he has been taken in. Eventually one begins the course oneself rather shamefacedly and then one understands. Pelmanism one sees is not something that works miracles. It contains no master secret. It is simply an intelligent and systematic and individual method of education. The essence of it is that it enables you to teach yourself. It does not pretend to give anyone a new set of brains. What

it sets out to do and what it actually does do is to enable people to get the best out of themselves. It is the most effective system of mind training that has appeared in history. And doubtless the reason for this is that it has no axe to grind in the sense of endeavouring to train minds so that they may be more easily subjected to the wishes and aims of arrogant cliques. Too often this has been the fatal flaw in systems of education. The aim of educationists has been to make slaves of those whom they taught. Too often have teachers thrown dust in the eyes of their pupils. Such is not the case with Pelmanism. It teaches human beings the way to make the most out of themselves. It endeavours to inculcate no bias. It has no scheme of domination to forward. Its motto is that splendid motto that is at once old and new: know thyself.

But there is no need to write an advertisement for Pelmanism. Many of the great ones of the earth are already doing that free of charge. My object is to show how the system may be useful for India. The Great War seems to have taught nothing definite to this country. Both Europeans and Indians in this country are still consistently practising their own particular form of mental untidiness just as they were in 1913. Reform Schemes may come into being, recommendations of Industrial Commissions may be given a chance, but the wood is made up of individual trees, and if those are not straight grown the timber wont be worth much. However old we are we need to clear up our minds if we are anxious for reconstruction. Here Pelmanism can help us for it teaches us how to help ourselves in a way that school or college never taught us. The lessons in the course are so full of

sanity and sympathy that one learns to loathe slovenly thinking.

In India we have Universities but have we University aims and ideals? In the West some Universities have been conservative and aristocratic and their aims have been general culture; in other Universities the aims have been practical; in others scientific and democratic. Now in these new times the need, if not the demand, seems to be for an educational ideal which includes these three aims. It should be at once cultured, practical and scientific. Pelmanism, I think, meets this demand. It is as it were a people's University and at one and the same time aims at commercial, intellectual and social values. It looks on to life as a whole recognising that though mental and social values are of immense importance commercial values are by no means last or least since the results of industry are the conditions of other values. We cannot do without rupees, annas and pies. If we cannot realise that life has an intellectual value, and see and appreciate the beauties of nature, or enjoy the thoughts and ideas of the great men of all ages, or appreciate a fine piece of music, or poetry, or rightly appraise the lights and shades and colours in the work of the painter, surely we are missing much of life? Can we do without social aims? Do we not need self confidence, the confidence in company that corresponds to a sense of mental power? Is not too often our power of expression poor, and this, thanks to our slipshod minds which have no idea what orderly thinking is? Can we express ourselves in conversation or in print in clear crisp sentences? Have we the energy, intensity, and will power that are the bases of personality? Have

we got in India at present, among either Europeans or Indians, an aristocracy of character, will and mind, which can make us ready for political, industrial, social or many other reforms ? Are not the recent riots a confession of general incompetency of which every one alive in India today might feel ashamed.

Too many people in the modern world have a firm belief that mental defects such as lack of concentration or weak memory cannot be remedied, and that an increase of mental power is out of the question. Pelmanism convinces them of their mistake. It proves, as Professor James Ward, Professor of Mental Philosophy in Cambridge, states in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* that "mental flexibility and vigour can be acquired by practice as surely as manual dexterity and strength of muscle" One of the greatest needs of the times in India today is the power of mind adjustment, for the graduate or the matriculate in this country, is too often so lamentably poor in mental pliability. He is usually not much better in this respect than the uneducated man whom he despises. This is what stops so many persons educated in India from getting the material rewards that laborious years of school or college should have ensured them. Then again their knowledge is "dead", they cannot apply it to their daily life. Pelmanism makes it live and useful every day. They have crammed subjects because they could not concentrate. The steady decay in the power of concentration is one of the worst signs in Indian education today. Pelmanism teaches any one who is not a lunatic how to concentrate. Pelmanism does not give the student things to learn by heart in lists. It tells him how to acquire knowledge,

how to fit himself to use knowledge, and how to go on getting more knowledge, and he follows its teachings because it keeps him interested the whole time as his work in school or college too seldom did. The Pelman system which proved of such use in training the New Army and Navy in the Great War will last though peace has come. Requests are being made by its admirers to the Government to secure its official recognition and introduction in schools and colleges by the Board of Education in England. Some of the keenest advocates of this proposal are the more progressive among English schoolmasters and educators.

Medical specialists have recently told us of the awful loss of physical efficiency brought about by hook-worm, particularly among the poor of this land. They have discovered the cause of the disease and its simple cure. We may expect much improvement in a matter like this. At the time of writing I have not yet seen the report of the Calcutta University Commission, but I doubt if that Commission has analysed at all thoroughly the mental hook-worm from which the upper classes in India are suffering today, or have prescribed an easy cure. Cheap education is usually poor education, but there is not at present enough money to go round and to pay for really good schools. Let us have compulsory primary education by all means if we can afford it but do not let us deceive ourselves by imagining that compulsory education will mean an improvement in education. As wealth increases and the children in the school are sufficiently fed, education will get slowly better. We may, indeed, get the born teachers and the trained teachers we read about but so seldom meet anywhere in the world. We may even get

the teacher by the grace of God, the man of real personality who if not a pedant, but in any case boys will educate boys as they have always done, for the natural teachers of youth are the young.

But meanwhile until the golden age comes round again, and heaven becomes, true on earth, so that we do not have to die to get there, is it not worth while to teach oneself:—

1. How to develop energy, enterprise and self confidence?
2. How to think in a productive manner and according to the laws of logic?
3. How to observe?
4. How to train the senses and particularly sight and hearing?
5. How to understand and utilise the principles of association?
6. How to practice analysis and synthesis, the reduction of a statement or problem to its simplest possible form, and the combination of old ideas into new ones?
7. How to concentrate the attention and to strengthen the will?
8. How to use the forces of suggestion and self-suggestion?
9. How to frame for any subject a scheme of study suited to one's own conditions?
10. How to keep the mind and brain in good health?

That is what Pelmanism promises to teach one and what one finds so hard to believe, since it all sounds too good to be true. Pelmanism shows throughout that every activity of thought and work depends upon memory, and how to develop a reliable memory. Many persons in India have remarkable memories, but usually they are not reliable memories for by misuse we weaken the finest mental gift we have, and so don't get any real value for our brains. Something which we cannot diagnose is wrong, and we feel unhappy and become fatalists too soon in life. It is just a similar trouble to that which we have in this country with our bodies. We begin to use our flexor muscles for actions which should be the work of our extensors. We grow introspective and moody and get no joy from nature or society. We don't know what we want for we become incapable of making any clear cut aim in life. Can anything save us from ourselves? If anything can I believe it is that odd but simple thing called Pelmanism.

H. M. BULL.

ISWAR CHANDRA VIDYASAGAR

A CHARACTER SKETCH.

NO name is more honoured in Bengal, nor is any more worthy of it than Iswar Chandra's. His is a name to conjure with and has justly become a household word in the land. The title 'Vidyasagar' (*sea of learning*) is his in especial, so that when it is used without any name prefixed to it, it applies to him and to him alone. Such an honour stands unique, as it marks him out from amongst those who bear that title. Jaya Deva is not more deserving of the title of 'Saraswati' than Iswar Chandra is of Vidyasagar. He is one of the brightest ornaments of his country and his fame as a pre-eminently learned man is not likely to fade away under the withering influence of Time.

But Vidyasagar was not only remarkable for his vast and varied learning, he was also remarkable for his benevolence and charity. His heart was full of the milk of human kindness and he was always ready to do good to others. But though his heart was generally soft, it could at times be as hard as granite. In fact, in him were harmoniously combined severity and mildness, the austere sternness of the philosopher and the amiable placidity of the poet. Such a man is a rare creation and well deserves a high place in the blissful region of the Blest. Thus it is

fair and reasonable that to the literary title of Vidyasagar should be tacked on the nobler one of 'Dayasagar' (*sea of kindness*). But it was not his learning or his liberality, or the two together, which made Vidyasagar what he was; that was done by his manliness,—a quality which of all others is the surest as well as the most effectual, and which raises a man to the highest pinnacle of greatness. There have been many who distinguished themselves in some particular walk of life, but there are only a few who deserve to be emphatically called *men*. When we say of one that he is a man *par excellence*, we have said all that could be said in favour of frail humanity. In the last century England found, among a selected few, such a man in the Earl of Beaconsfield, and India in Raja Ram Mohan Roy. At the celebrated Berlin Conference, the said Earl, represented Great Britain, and his Lordship, who was a thorough master of statecraft, conducted himself so very ably Prince Bismarck, was compelled to observe of him in warm approval, "The Hebrew Jew, ah, that is the man!" Vidyasagar was pre-eminently a man, and his life bears abundant testimony to his having possessed to a great extent a manly character; and the lustre of this rare gift is such that it has cast in the shade even some noteworthy acts of his life.

What mainly distinguishes Vidyasagar is character, which is the crown and glory of life. Character, as Smiles justly observes, is a kind of property and a kind of wealth; the man of Character has, honour, rectitude and consistency instead of noble blood and high lineage, and the confidence and good will of his countrymen, instead of landed property and wealth. It is only through character that one rises to real eminence. Character is power and carries with it an

influence which always tells. The strength, the industry and the civilization of nations—all depend upon individual character, and the very foundations of civil security rest upon it. Character, however, is not confined to men in high station, it exists as well in humble life. A peasant may bear a character which a prince might envy. Vidyasagar was certainly not a man of high rank or of great wealth, he belonged to a poor Brahman family of little note; and yet he bore a character which even the richest and noblest in the land might have envied. Character was his strength, and this is the kind of strength compared with which every other strength is as weakness. The nature of this strength is such that it grows with our years and often grows stronger as our bodies grow weaker.

Some men—and they are certainly men of importance—have remarked that Vidyasagar was wanting in originality. They seem to think that originality is confined to literature and arts, to science and philosophy. But this view is anything but correct. It is true, Vidyasagar did not make any new discovery in the world of knowledge, but the very manliness of character which he so lustily exhibited in this our most inert, caste-ridden and conservative society is itself a striking instance of originality, the like of which is rarely found in the whole history of Bengal.

The term originality at first sight would appear to be narrow in its application. One might think that it is peculiar to an individual, and has nothing to do with the general public. But that is not true. In fact, we are so firmly fettered by hide-bound rules and practices, and are so darkly enveloped in clouds of artificialities and intricacies, that we find ourselves no better than mere puppets

in the hands of society. Almost all our actions are blindly done under the influence of customs and usages ; what personality is we do not know nor feel the necessity for knowing it. The real man within—the inner sage—almost remains in a dormant state from start to finish, while an artificially-moved machine acts in his place. It is only those who possess sufficient firmness of character that are able to break through the artificial barriers of those usages and customs and exhibit their strength of mind in broad day-light. It is these men who obtain self-government in the noble region of the intellect. This inward liberty of action—this manliness of character—is what really deserves to be termed individuality. This individuality is overtly personal but covertly belongs to the whole human race. By virtue of this individuality, great men stand on one side apart and separate, but on the other they fraternize with men in general. In our country we find this noble feature in the life of Raja Ram Mohan Roy and of Pandit Iswar Chandra. While they were *born* Bengalis, they bear strong resemblance to the European character. and yet this resemblance is not the result of base imitation. In their dress and mode of living they were thorough Bengalis, they had no equal in their knowledge of Hindu Sastras; they, it was, who laid the foundation of imparting instructions in good Bengali—and yet compared favorably with the Europeans in undaunted boldness, truthfulness, philanthropy, firmness of resolve and self-reliance. The very hatred with which they made light of mean outward imitation affords some proof of their deep sense of self-respect, Vidyasagar had such supreme regard for manliness that he did not care where it was found, provided it was really there.

On finding some trace of it even among the simple illiterate Sonthals, remarkable as they were for truthfulness and honesty, he hastened to make friends with them, and valued them more than he did his own people. In fact, Vidyasagar valued merit in whatever form it might appear, and it did not at all matter to him whether the meritorious man was of his own nationality or not. Madhusudan Datta, so well known to fame, was originally a Hindu, but he afterwards changed his religion, and became a convert to Christianity, on which occasion he took the outlandish name of Michael, Michael Madhu, as he was commonly called, was a deep-read scholar and what was more, a poet of a very high order. In his prime he took to courting the Bengali muse and produced works which raised him to the very height of fame in Bengali literature. Bharat Chandra had all along been regarded as the prince of Bengali poets; but most people now thought that the time had come for him to give his place to the young author of the grand epic *Meghnad Badha*. But although Michael Madhu achieved wonderful success in the poetical world he could not gain money enough to maintain himself in a good style. Accordingly, he wished to take to a profession in which Prasanna Kumar Tagore and Rama Prosad Roy had amassed a fabulous fortune. Indeed, ambitious as he was, Michael Madhu wanted to occupy a higher place in the profession, and was, therefore, anxious to go to England to study for the Bar. But he had not the wherewithal to pay for the expenses necessary for this purpose. In this emergency he applied for help to Vidyasagar, and the latter with his usual goodness, forgetting the apostate in the poet and scholar, readily offered him a helping hand

and gave him the money he required. Michael Madhu at once started for the West, and on arrival in merry Albion, entered one of the Inns of Court and commenced studying law. But as he was a man of extravagant habits he soon got into debt, and while in France matters took such a bad turn that he was almost within an ace of being clapped into prison for debts. Finding no other means of getting out of the difficulty he wrote a very feeling letter to Calcutta which had its desired effect. On reading it Vidyasagar was moved almost to tears, and borrowing fifteen hundred rupees from a friend, as he had not then sufficient funds in his hand, sent the whole amount to Michael Madhu and thus relieved him from his difficulties. On being duly called to the Bar, Michael Madhu returned to his native country and joined the High Court at Calcutta. Even while practising at the Bar, Vidyasagar now and then, helped him with money. In fact, he looked upon him as his son, and tried his best to help him up the ladder. All this shows that our hero highly appreciated merit and never failed to render help when necessary.

Vidyasagar set a high value on his character, and his character, too, in its turn stood him in good stead. It carried him successfully through life and made him meet difficulties with a bold front. In fact, difficulties, however great, never daunted him : His was a brave and unflinching spirit and it did him yeoman's service in the battle of life. This remarkable trait in his character was best shown by Vidyasagar in one of the most critical periods of his life. While he was Inspector of Schools as well as Principal of the Sanskrit College, drawing a

combined pay of Rupees five hundred a month, Mr. Gordon Young, a new civilian of little or no experience in educational matters was appointed Director of Public Instruction. In fact, the post which was the very highest in the Education Department, was then created for the first time, and, as ill luck would have it, that young member of the 'Heaven-born' Service was placed in charge of it. As he was new to the work, it is no wonder that he failed to appreciate the worth and importance of the measures initiated by that veteran educationalist. Vidyasagar with his usual goodness and urbanity tried to convince his official superior of his mistake ; but all his efforts in that direction, so far from bearing any good fruit, only the more strained their relations and widened the gulf between them. When matters took such a bad turn, Vidyasagar found to his deep regret that he had no alternative left but to throw up his appointments and cut off all connections with Government ; and resigned both the posts at once, even though he was earnestly advised to the contrary by no less a personage than His Honour the Lieutenant-Governor himself. Nothing daunted by this sudden change in the course of his life, our hero who knew very well wherein his merit lay took to authorship and commenced writing books for the schools, from the merest Primer to bigger works for advanced students. As he was a thorough master of the art and knew very well the wants and requirements of the learners, his books met with a warm reception and had a rapid sale. In this way he began to gather money and it was not long before his income from the sale of books far exceeded the pay which he had been getting from Government.

Some old customs and practices appearing to him, not only bad and unreasonable but positively injurious and even revolting, he tried his level best to get rid of them. The monstrous custom of widow-burning, mis-called *Sati*, had been abolished mainly through the efforts of Raja Ram Mohan Roy. The good and great Governor-General, Lord Bentinck of laudable memory, on being convinced that the custom, repulsive as it was to human feelings, was not at all countenanced by the Hindu Sastras, but had its origin in selfish motives, hastened to pass a Regulation stopping it altogether.

The Raja had, also, intended to remove the legal disability of Hindu widows to take a second husband after the death of the first, but circumstances over which he had no control prevented him from carrying out this noble purpose. Iswar Chandra Vidyasagar, who, like him was a warm advocate of social reforms, took up his plan in earnest and having made his ground sure by arguments based on the Sastras, sought the aid of Government, and as he put forward convincing proofs showing that widow-marriage was in vogue in ancient times and might be revived now that the necessity for it had become great, his appeal was listened to with attention and accordingly, an Act was passed legalizing such marriages. Thus the triumph of Vidyasagar was complete, and he came out of the great fight, with drums beating and colours flying. True it is the Act was not received with favour by the Hindu community at large; but there is very good reason for believing that as time rolls on and with it broad liberal ideas in social matters go on extending their range, the old practice will be revived and widows will enjoying the option of marrying.

Vidyasagar, also, tried to root out another great evil of Hindu Society, which goes by the name of *Kulinism*. This practice which seems to have had its origin in comparatively recent times, authorizes a Brahmin of a high order to take as many wives as he likes. This is a privilege, if it might be so-called, which stands unique in the whole civilized world. Even among Mahomedans, though polygamy is allowed, it is not carried to such an indefinite extent. An Islamite can not take more than a limited number of wives. As for Europeans they are all monogamists, so that if they take a second wife during the lifetime of the first, they render themselves liable to be punished for bigamy. Hindu polygamy, limitless as it is in its operation, is a custom which had nothing to commend it, and is, as a matter of fact, of such an injurious and immoral character that, to use the eloquent words of the poet, it would be more honoured in the breach than in the observance. Vidyasagar fought tooth and nail to remove it, but as circumstances went very hard against him, efforts were not crowned with the success which they fully deserved. But this much could not be denied that his ante-polygamy movement made such a favourable impression on the minds of the educated class, that his very defeat might be regarded as the forerunner of success in the near future; and it is gratifying to observe that within the few years of Vidyasagar's death, a change had taken place from which one may well imagine that the day is not far distant when monogamy will be a recognised institution among the Hindus. Vidyasagar excelled as an educationalist, author, philanthropist, and, last though not least, a social reformer. In

point of income too, he achieved a wonderful success, seeing that though he began life on a pay of Rupees forty only, he managed to secure a permanent income of over four thousand a month.

From what we have stated above in the course of this short discourse it is abundantly clear that Vidyasagar was not a man of the common run. He was far above ordinary humanity and well deserves to be ranked with the mighty minds of old. Vidyasagar was a man of the highest intellect and the noblest heart. The two glorious epithets which are generally associated with his name, namely, Vidyasagar and Dayasagar, give an unerring clue to the secret of his character. Not only was he intellectually great, he was, also, pre-eminently good, and it is this harmonious combination of goodness with greatness which has justly made him the pride of his country and the admiration of the civilized world.

Indeed, Bengal is under an immense obligation to Vidyasagar. This obligation is not confined to one matter but is at least of a three-fold character, religion, society, education, all have been benefitted by his life. Before Ram Mohan Roy flourished, idolatry was rampant in the land and none ventured to attack its castle, which was deemed almost impregnable. But Ram Mohan Roy had faith in himself, Nothing daunted this prince of men battered at the fortress with all his might and, at least, succeeded in shaking it to a certain extent. After his death Vidyasagar took up the work and advanced it to the best of his ability it. Though not a Brahma he held Puritanic views like them. He had very little regard for the numberless gods and goddesses of the Hindu.

pantheon. He was, so to say, a Purist in the matter of religion. Few people knew what the real nature of his faith was, and some in their ignorance even went so far as to charge him with deliberate atheism. But he was very far from being an unbeliever. He felt the necessity for a religion and had firm belief in the existence of God, the great truth upon which the whole system of religion rests; only that he made light of the outer forms. In this respect he resembles the great Napoleon, who, though charged with atheism, was in reality a firm believer in the existence of God as the sole creator of the universe. Vidyasagar had very little regard for popular Hinduism; but Hinduism as taught in the Vedas, he had implicit faith in and stuck to it through good and evil report.

Hindu society was, also, benefited by Vidyasagar. In this, too, he followed his great predecessor, Raja Ram Mohan Roy, and removed some of the evils which vitally affected it. Widow-marriage was legalized mainly through his efforts and *Kulinism* received a severe shock at his hands. But it was in the province of education that he won fadeless laurels. The youths of Bengal owe him an immense debt of gratitude. As regards the Bengali language he might be called its originator. In the matter of its formation Raja Ram Mohan Roy only showed the way, and it was Vidyasagar who trod in it and reached the goal. The Bengali language was in a wild uncultured state, and it was he who reclaimed it from barbarism and made it assume a fair, respectable and elegant look. Although now-a-days it has received further improvement, still there are very few who have the audacity to deny him the merit of having given it form, beauty

and symmetry. In fact, Vidyasagar's literary labours have a great value and as long as the language lasts, his name shall continue to shine on the topmost roll of fame.

But not only did Vidyasagar highly distinguish himself on the noisy arena of the world, he, also, gained renown of a milder type in the quiet sanctuary of home. His private life was quite out of the common and extorted praise from one and all. He had supreme regard for his parents and looked upon them as earthly deities. In fact, he valued them more than he did the gods and goddesses of the overcrowded Hindu pantheon. A very striking instance of this remarkable trait in his character was shown at Benares while he was on a visit to his venerable father, who had retired from worldly life and had settled for good in that sacred city. On that occasion it so happened that his equally venerable mother was, also, there. As Vidyasagar had acquired a world-wide reputation for learning and his honoured name had become a household word in most parts of India, it is no wonder that some of the eminent Pundits of that premier seat of Hindu learning came to pay him a reverential visit in the cool of one auspicious morning. As is generally the case when Hindu Pundits meet on a festive occasion or at a private party, they regale themselves with Sastric discussions on various subjects of importance. But as the present was an occasion of a peculiar nature, there was nothing like controversy in it when passion sometimes gets the better of reason. At this assemblage of wise men, if assemblage it might be called, there was only pleasant talk where flow of soul had better play than feast of reason. In the course of conversation one of the visitors asked Vidyasagar what his views were about the

presiding Deities of the place, namely, the great god Visweswar and the great goddess Annapurna. The Bengal sage held silence for some time, as was his wont when a question about his religion was asked. As for the question mentioned above, it certainly smacked of strangeness, seeing that both the questioner and the person questioned were men of a very high order and the Deities referred to were held in universal reverence in Hindudom. But there was some peculiar reason for the question being put to our hero. A notion had, it seems, got abroad—and certainly there was some foundation for it—that Vidyasagar had very little faith in Hinduism, popularly so-called; that so far from being a Hindu of the true orthodox type, he was something like a Deist or a free thinker. As we have said above, the great Pundit whose name and fame had spread far and wide, held silence. But the silence, though somewhat ominous, was not long. Vidyasagar after considering the question for some time, in a tone in which there was a strange mixture of solemnity and indifference, thus declared himself:—Gentlemen, my much-revered father there is my sole Viswesvar, and my equally revered mother there my sole Annapurna; I know of no other Viswesvar or Annapurna." The assembled Pundits were taken quite by surprise; but without spinning out the matter, far less making any remonstrance, they resumed their former pleasant conversation and after chatting and talking for awhile bade adieu to our hero.

Surely man has no greater object for him to revere than his parents. The Hindu Shastras raise them above Heaven itself. Vidyasagar's view was quite in accord with the teaching of the Shastras and he was always

solicitous to act up to it during the whole course of his life. No wonder that his filial duty—a duty which is only second to one's duty to his Creator—has almost passed into a proverb. But it is very much to be regretted that his only son Narayan Chandra did not prove dutiful to him. The young man, it seems, had gone somewhat astray, and though advised and admonished to the contrary, did not mend his ways. At last, matters took such an unpleasant turn that Vidyasagar, found to his deep regret that he had no alternative left but to disinherit altogether his only son, who in the usual course of law would have got all he had on earth. Accordingly, he made a Will whereby he turned the course of law into a different channel; but it is gratifying to observe that after his demise on the matter being brought to the notice of the arbiters of justice the usual course of law was restored and the rightful heir was entered up on his inheritance. But though the Will was set aside by the highest Tribunal on the land, still it will ever remain a glorious monument of wonderful strength of mind and strong sense of duty on the part of the great man who had executed it.

Here we close our characteral sketch of Vidyasagar. His fame as a publicist, as an educationist, philanthropist and social reformer has spread far and wide and bids fair to last for ages together. As a private man too, he has figured high and earned undying renown. His conduct was not only above reproach but also what is very rare, above suspicion. In fact, he was a prince of men in every respect, and deserves well of the world. Men like him never die but their spirits live and move among us and their acts will continue to enlighten, influence and guide

us in all the important concerns of our life. Neither time nor space can put a limit to their sway, nor are they likely ever to lose their freshness and force. Well does the poet say of such acts;—"Great deeds can never die. They with the Sun and the Moon renew their light for ever, blessing those that look on them."

It is a great pity that no monument has been raised to commemorate our hero's name, but does he really stand in need of such outward memorials, whose memory is enshrined in the best and most glorious of temples, namely, the temple of the human heart, where his spirit receives daily worship of a kind which outshines the ordinary worship with flowers and fruits and frankincense.

SHUMBOO CHANDRA DEY.

— — —

LEAD ME ON.

— — —

O Thou, Thy beauty doth from place unknown
Attracts my steps, they wander forth in vain,
My thoughts, absorbed in future bliss to own,
Impede mine eyes the fruitful way to gain.

Thus lost with lonesome mind and eyes,
I cry, in anguish of my heart, to gain my sight;
Do Thou, from off gleam forth. Thy face divine,
And be my star and guide and give me light.

THE HOUSE-TOP.

"TELL me," said Durham drawing his chair nearer the fire and holding out his hands to the crackling logs, "has Mickey Devlin never dislocated a link in anybody's chain of destiny by his utterly irresponsible mountebankery?"

"Don't know, but he once welded one to my certain knowledge," replied the Colonel, who had come up unobserved, "lend me the arm of your chair, Meredith, and I'll tell you when and how."

Six of us evacuated our seats (for there is no one like our C. O.) but Meredith wedged a seventh chair into the semicircle, and we all sprawled back again and passed round the decanter.

The Colonel, adjusting his eye-shade over an empty socket, looked through his port at the fire and narrated the following episode.

"In India, or for that matter, in any Eastern Country, there is no better place for quiet and reflection than the house-top at night. As some of you fellows know, the flat terraced, masonry roofs take heat from the tropical sun like furnace walls, but cool night zephyrs waft soothingly over them after sundown, and what with mellow moonshine and the delicate perfume of an Eastern garden from below,

there's the dicken's own atmosphere of romance and what not. Got the picture ?"

" Yes sir, " replied five of us.

" Ra-ther, " sighed Merton looking at something beyond the fire.

" Well, " resumed the Colonel smiling at Merton, " the particular house-top to which I'm about to refer was part of the Residency at Pantagore, a Civil-Military station in Central India, for a ball given by Lady O'Grantsey. The Resident's wife, had drawn three of us, Guy Lester, Devlin who was a newly-joined cub in those days, and myself, from Barracks to one of the finest structures in the Country. Originally designed for some old Maharajah of untold wealth, recently modernised by the Government of India, it stands fortress-like and magnificent in the heart of its avenued gardens and lotus-spangled lakes.

However, not being much of a ladies man (ought to take something for that cough, Carruthers) and having ricked my knee at polo the day before, I left the ball-room about zero plus three hours and stole up aloft ; for, like Merton, I have a sneaking regard for Nature, although I am able to enjoy it without having someone's paw to hang on to. Ahem ! But as it so happened I was not to be alone on the terraces and, to my horror, discovered Devlin up there clinging to the end of a cable length of string which, when he pulled it, caused some infernal device of his to squeak in the vicinity of a *kala jugga* down in the harbour below ; People flirt like blazes out there, don't you know, and Mickey had evidently ranged on to a favourite corner for, according to

his own figures, he had already scared eleven widows, grass or otherwise, back on to the path of propriety. And as he had only been up there for just over half an hour you can judge for yourselves how popular an occupation is dancing.

Of course I pye-jawed him with 'do unto others' as my text, and was asking him why the dooce he didn't go and occupy the *kala jugga* himself when up stalked Lester with the countenance of a dethroned king.

The house-top, by the way, was not one flat surface, but was divided up in castellated terraces, each terrace being higher or lower than the one next to it, and partially concealed by palms in pots which were scattered along the battlements irregularly—like squads of rookies in line. So, if you follow me, although we could see Lester, he couldn't see us because our position was a few more feet above mean sea level than his; and as it didn't look as though he'd climbed a Jacob's-ladder's-own quantity of stairs just to say 'how d'y do' to Devlin or myself we didn't disturb him.

Extraordinary fellah, Lester. V.C. at Magersfontein; run after by all the mothers for his title and money, by their daughters (who preferred to do the running themselves on account of his looks) and by the men who swore by his good fellowship and good polo. And yet there he was, quite unspoilt at the age of thirty seven with never a woman's name coupled with his own, either by way of a compliment or at the instance of a mud-slinger, and never likely to have one either judging by the way he passed them by—courteously, but as though they were his mothers and not somebody else's sisters.

For some reason I was thinking of these things as I watched him leaning against the stone parapet, and even Mickey had been reduced to temporary quiet by his own, and possibly similar reflections, when the moon became dimmer by comparison with a vision which had ascended the staircase and was gliding noiselessly to the farthest corner of the terrace. Obviously the girl considered herself to be alone for she placed her elbows on the cool waist-high battlement and looked out upon the peaceful night with a wistful crouch in her young supple body and the Lord knows what in her girlish heart.

Naturally I had forgotten the existence of Devlin but he suddenly seized my wrist and, jerking it with the persistence of a third-rate bell-ringer, intimated to me that he wished to say something in my ear.

"What on earth's the matter with you?" I demanded, to this day I don't know why, in a whisper.

"Don't move, Major," he replied under his breath.

"I couldn't very well help it," I growled releasing my cuff from his grasp, "but what the blazes are we whispering, for?"

"Hush," said he, and tip-toeing away like any agile young monkey, disappeared behind some palms in the background.

As I said before I had been thinking of Lester in conjunction with the marriage-market, and when Devlin left me looking down on this strange stage with two such characters upon it, each unconscious of the other's presence, I jumped to an appreciation of the situation; and became as enthusiastic as any old hen of a match-maker. For though it had never occurred to me before, Pamela

O'Grantsey was the one girl in all the world I should have chosen for Lester had I been the author and he the hero of a book. Words fail me or begad I'd make your hearts ache by a description of her, for in spite of her beauty which was renowned, she was and is the sweetest natured woman I've ever known.

I was just falling infernally badly in love with her myself and cursing Lester for not having succumbed to her charms and had a try for her hand—you notice there is something of the idealist in my composition—when Mickey crawls back covered with the soil of Ind and looking disgustingly sly.

"Not a word, Major," says he, "not a whimper."

"*Whimper*?" I gasped indignantly, but he prattled on without explaining.

"Could'nt find a stone flat enough" he grinned "and a round one would have rolled and given the direction away, so I had to bust a piece off a flower-pot." And before I could stop him, he had lobbed the small slab of earthenware on to the terrace below where it fell between Miss O'Grantsey and Lester with a report like a pistol.

Their thoughts scattered in an instant, they swung round and for the first time became aware of each other's presence. Both faces showed surprise but while the one went a trifle paler the other blushed divinely.

Damned if I ever forget the picture of those two facing each other on the house-top, their chins slightly higher than they should have been; the moon shining on his strong face and on her fair one, its beams kissing

each strand of her rich gold hair. Heigh-O ! Pass along that port ration, Durham, and let's be thoroughly sentimental while we're about it."

"What happened next, Sir ?" we asked in unison when the decanter had gone round.

"What ! Do you rascals think I stood by and looked on like an inquisitive poke-nose of a Cook's tourist ?" Do you sit there and ask me to tell you that I played eavesdropper with the shamelessness of a penny-dreadful-intoxicated parlour-maid ? Well, I did ; and so would you have had you been perched where I was, with my retreat cut off, and that blackguard Devlin hacking away at my shins to keep me from dancing with joy. For there, not ten yards distant, was the man of marble making most perfect love to a girl whose upturned eyes were soft and glowing with the love-light of a life-time.

I'm not going to tell you exactly what was said, but translated, it amounted to this. They had been dotty over each other for donkey's years (although they had only met for the first time six weeks previously) but neither of them had an opportunity of discovering that two can fall sick with that peculiar malady. In fact Pamela, like most other people, had believed Lester to be a woman-hater, and Lester, most modest of men, seeing her perpetually surrounded by the *jeunesse dorée* of those and other parts, had regarded her as utterly beyond his reach.

What extraordinary appalling asses Civilisation makes us, don't you think ? Blot out a few thousand years and the noodle who didn't give a damn for an Afghan blade or for a hail of German-manufactured,

cordite-propelled, spilt-nosed Boer lead, would have sailed in with his mace of stone, tapped daylight into the skulls of the opposition, and waltzed away to Gretna or Stonehenge (or wherever they did the trick in those times) with a highly infatuated Pamela! As it was it took a mighty convenient trick of chance, to say nothing of the grimy paw of friend Mickey, to drive him, astonished and incredulous, into the jaws of a rather-ahem-over-the-top-and-away proposal. For, believe me, given the time, the place, and the girl Lester didn't waste any time in pourparlers, but leapt to the stirrup and crashed off hell for leather in a cloud of what you young bloods would call Love.

I dined with them soon after their return from the honeymoon and when the story of the house-top cropped up, I swallowed a fish bone (unfortunately we had arrived at the ice-cream stage) and had to gulp down a premature peg of whiskey and soda as though I were suffering from internal drought.

But the story had to out, I being Lester's oldest friend and Pam's most faithful slave, and there was nothing for it but to sit tight and listen with a face the colour of a beetroot.

Mickey'd have split himself asunder if he could have heard her laying against her husband the charge of having-thrown the brick to attract her attention, then, and of looking innocent. Lester, very naturally offered no explanation and blessed the brick, for which she kissed him with her eyes while I wasn't looking.

But when Pam had left the room and we had got our bellows blowing at the ends of a couple of priceless Trichinopoly cheroots, Lester grew grave and swallowed nothing twice before telling me that that blessed, glorious cherubic, heaven-sent lump of baked mud had made all the difference to the scheme of things, so far as he was concerned. And so it had b' George, for so little had he thought of his own chances and so much of every other man's, that the stoopid cuckoo had applied for an exchange which would have cleared him out of Pantagore and of this present wife's sight for ever.

"It must have been Kismet," he murmured as we rose to go into the garden where Pam was awaiting us.

"Um-er-ah-yes," I replied, thinking how darned queer Devlin would feel if he had to walk about India with Kismet for a Christian name. I'd certainly not hear so decorous an adjective applied to him before, and I'm hanged if I have since. What?"

"No begad," we chorused from the depths of our hearts for each of us has an account to settle with that limb of Satan when he comes home..... if he comes home, bless him.

"Thanks awfully, Sir. Your glass?" and Carruthers charged it to the brim.

"One minute," said the Colonel holding up his hand, "before you mop that down. Mickey is serving under our late chief, General Lester, and even now their Division is butting in and stopping for no one. So, as its Christmas Eve I propose a toast."

Seven glasses rose high and sparkled red in the firelight.

"The General," said the Colonel.

"The General," said we.

"And his missus," added the Colonel.

"And his missus," we echoed.

"And PUCK Devlin," he cried.

"And PUCK Devlin," we howled, then whispered
"God bless him."

RICHARD NORMAN.

SONNET.

The moonless midnight gloom pervades the Earth,
The ghosts and fleeting phantoms roam abroad,
The spectral forms and imps dance wild with mirth
In peaceful slumber sleeps Almighty God.

A maid awakens from her tragic dreams,
Her Lord, beyond the seas, had gone to fight,
She saw him, calling, in a robe of beams,
Borne by a thousand fairies arrayed bright,
The rest of night she spent in counting stars,
The twilight morning saw her garbed in gold,
She kissed her buoyant daughter sweet and coy
And gave her all to beggars young and old.
The flames of burning sandal brought her Joy;
To find her-Lord she broke the mortal bars.

SHYAM SUNDAR LALL.

THE RELIGION OF GEORGE ELIOT.

I have often thought George Eliot to be a kindred Eastern spirit, such is her natural trend of mind as depicted in her novels, towards problems and questions which have always engaged the attention of Oriental thinkers. The Christianity of the day, at least that portion of it expressed in the orthodox Church, made her a confirmed sceptic. She never, however, became an atheist : she could not become such because of the profound depth of her comprehension, and her spiritual insight. No reader of her works would call her a born story writer, he would rather think nature made her a speculative philosopher. But the noble woman felt herself inspired with a mission as all the great writers in the East have felt. She wanted to deliver the message to the world and she did so under the pleasant garb of fiction, and the world listened to her with rapt attention.

The religion of George Eliot was extremely practical. Its cardinal doctrine was "Work is Worship" and this lesson she learnt from her father Robert Evans, who stood as prototype of her future hero, "Adam Bede." The sanctity of work is well-expressed by her in her novel "Adam Bede" where Adam says, "But t' hear some o' them preachers, you'd think as a man must be doing nothing all's life but shutting 's eyes and looking what

's a going on inside him.....And this is my way o' looking at it, there's the sperrit o' God in all things and all times—week-day as well as Sunday and in the great works and inventions, and i' the figuring and the mechanics. And God helps us with our headpieces and our hands as well as with our souls; and if a man does bits o' jobs out o' working hours—builds an oven for 's wife to save her from going to the bake-house, or scrats at his bit o' garden and makes two potatoes grow instead o' one, he's doing more good, and he's just as near to God as if he was running after some preacher, and a-praying and a-groaning". This and other passages indicate that she had a religion which demanded Action, Right action. George Eliot realised the teachings of *Karm-Yoga*.

Every reader of the novels of Eliot has been struck with one singular thing. It is the working of the Law of Cause and Effect, of the Law of Karma. Hardly any of her best novels is there but the line of Browning "Eternity confirms the conception of an hour" will stand for it as a motto. All her plots are dominated by this Inexorable Law. The Stories of Godfrey Cars, Tito Melema, and Arthur Donnithorne are webs woven by the gradual process of this law. Truly does George Eliot say "But our deeds are like children that are born to us; they live and act apart from our own will. Nay children may be strangled, but deeds never: they have an indestructible life both in and out of our consciousness."

It may be asked, does the religion of George Eliot present any sort of hope, or redemption for the sinner

who has been enmeshed by the coil of his own deeds. The reply would be yes. "Silas Marner" is the novel where this problem has been tackled and solved. Goodfrey Cars thinks he can by virtue of his wealth and social status be free from the effect of his previous evil deed of neglect of his child Eppie. He finds himself mistaken, for Eppie would not come to him. He repents sincerely, and finds comfort and solace, though without Eppie. The redemption of Silas Marner is described in a wonderful passage—wonderful both because of the beauty of the language and because of the spiritual insight it shows on the part of the writer. In "Romola" George Eliot clearly lays down the lesson that Renunciation and Selfless Service can alone make a cheerless heart happy and redeem the sinner. In the epilogue, Romola, whose cup of bitterness had been filled to the brim is telling little Lillo: "It is only a poor sort of happiness that could overcome by caring very much about our own narrow pleasures. We can only have the highest happiness, such as goes along with being a great man, by having wide thoughts and as much feeling for the rest of the world as ourselves; and this sort of happiness often brings so much pain with it, that we can only tell it from pain by its being what we would choose before everything else, because our souls see it is good. There are so many things wrong and difficult in the world that no man can be great—he can hardly keep himself from wickedness—unless he gives up thinking much about pleasure or rewards and gets strength to endure what is hard and pitiful." The Hindu philosophers have said the same thing—"No happiness without renunciation and as Lord Buddha" expounded, "No happenings without service to humanity and without harmlessness,"

One strong point in the religion of George Eliot as known from her novels is her toleration. She was not a Christian: she did not go to Church. And yet her portraits of clergymen in all her novels specially in the "Scenes from Clerical Life" have so impressed the constant readers of English fiction because of the sympathetic treatment and the intuition displayed towards the clergy, that several of them have been led to marvel at the odd contrast between these sympathetic creations from the pen of an avowed sceptic, and the cruel ugly portraits of the same class of beings as presented in the novels of Charlotte Brontë the daughter of a clergyman (of the three curates in "Shirley"). It is a fact that at the anonymous publication of the above "scenes" the readers had at first thought the writer to be a clergyman or a clergyman's wife.

George Eliot's life-long connection with Lewes in consenting to remain with him as his wife, without a legal marriage, is the only blemish in her upright life. Throughout life George Eliot and Lewes called themselves by the terms "dear wife" and "dear husband"; it has been remarked that their life-long connection was a continual courtship. The laws of England could not sanction their union; but the love of the pair was too strong for such social and legal barriers. George Eliot was an essentially "feminine" woman. She wanted a male person to lean upon and comfort her. She found her ideal in Lewes and him she loved to the verge of worship—she was too pure, her religion was too noble to make her marry a man whom she did not love. Society would not sanction her love with the man she loved, and

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she had the strength to be true to her love. In the religion of George Eliot, the dominating note was that of Love. At the altar of Love she sacrificed everything. The love of Seth as described in "Adam Bede" describes her own experience: "He was but three-and-twenty, and had only just learned what it is to love—to love with that adoration which a young man gives to a woman whom he feels to be greater and better than himself. Love of this sort is hardly distinguishable from religious worship. What deep and worthy love is so? Whether of woman, or child, or art, or music. Our caresses, our tender words, or still rapture under the influence of autumn sunsets, or pillared vistas, or calm, majestic statues, or Beethoven symphonies, all bring with them the consciousness that they are mere waves and ripples in the unfathomable ocean of love and beauty; our emotion in its keenest moment passes from expression into silence, our love at its highest flood rushes beyond its object, and loses itself in the sense of divine majesty"—The love of Eliot for Lewes was of this type. Notwithstanding her continual preachings in her novels, "No love without marriage, no marriage without love" (cf. Maggie Tulliver and Stephen Guest in the Mill on the Floss").

Among all the great English novelists George Eliot stands out as the most religious and spiritual. She came in a materialistic age to preach the necessity of the welfare of soul. She preached the lesson "An eye for an eye: a tooth for a tooth," but she also preached the corresponding doctrine, "no creature of God is eternally doomed." Leaving aside the flippant tone and sentimental twaddle of her predecessors she impressed upon the minds of her

readers the noble lessons of the Sanctity of Work, Need of Toleration, and the working of the Law of Action and Re-action. It will be perhaps safe to say that no standard novelist in England has ever felt so much of religious feeling and realised the immediacy of God. And all who read her works grow the better and purer by that. Some of the Western critics call her heavy and some call her too philosophical and speculative ; but an Oriental mind delights in the web she weave out from psychological and spiritual tissues.

L. H. AJWANI.

HINDOO IDEAL OF A WIFE.

A wife is the half of man ; she is a true companion of her husband. She is a source of duty, prosperity, pleasure and salvation." *Mohabbharat (Adi Parvo)*.

In the realm of Gujrat a Raja named Jaishanker reigned in the year 695 A.D. His capital was *Panchasar*, a renowned and populous city of India in those times, where learned men of every class could be found. The great poet Shanker, who has immortalised the name of this Raja, was an ornament of his court. This prince had a sister, Bimla by name, who was beautiful and accomplished. She had learnt all the arts necessary for a lady of her position, had duly qualified herself by the study of ancient Sanskrit literature ; many princes sought her hand, but none was considered to be a fit match for her. Nature had endowed Bimla with rare gifts, she not only possessed personal beauty of a rare type, but she had a very noble heart that felt for every one and a clear head that could solve the most intricate problem. She was always smiling and happy ; a few consoling words from her lips were sufficient to dispel any grief or to heal any wound. She looked to every minute detail of the household of her brother and attended to every thing with care and attention. Her noble mind inspired every inmate

of the family with feelings of good will and made a charmed circle of love round the family.

2. It happened once that the Raja of Multan passed by that way on his route to Parbhas—a place of pilgrimage in the land of Kathiawar. He was hospitably received and well entertained by Jaishanker. This king of Multan had a son named Surpal who was a noble, brave and handsome prince. One day while Jaishanker was showing him all the weapons of his arsenal, his queen expressed a desire to see a lion hunt, adding that she had never witnessed this sport even once in her life. The words of an honourable lady uttered in a tone of request mingled with feelings of curiosity could not be disregarded. A lion hunt was arranged in which Surpal took the greatest interest. Bimla was taken along with the party to see the sport. The real motive of Jaishanker in taking her was to create a desire in her heart towards Surpal by displaying in her presence the brave deeds of the latter. Both the ladies were accommodated on a machan which was luxuriously fitted and overlooked the hunting ground, they drove a lion out of the Jungle and Jaishanker and Surpal followed it on elephants. Jaishanker wounded the lion, and the wounded animal swept the hunter to the ground, he would have been killed but for the timely help of Surpal, who jumped upon the lion and in a few moments laid him dead on the ground. This heroic deed of Surpal inspired Bimla with admiration and a new and unknown fire sprang up in her heart. Bimla was allowed self-choice and was accordingly married to Surpal. It was as a wife that the rare gifts of her nature showed their real excellence. Born, and bred in a clear atmosphere of Hindoo

sentiments Bimla looked upon marriage as a union of two souls in bonds of eternal love. She took a spiritual view of the wedding ceremony. Herself a believer in the higher joys of conjugal love she infused her noble spirit in everything she touched. The ideal of eternal love was translated into her life. It sanctified all her movements and coloured everything with an aura of joy. Her intellectual gifts were exercised in keeping an exquisite order in the household arrangements. She saw the qualities of things and noted their claims and places. She did not allow any quarrel or malign sentiment to enter the precincts of her home. The home of Surpal was converted into a sacred place where no sorrow could enter and no malicious feeling could trespass. Her presence was quite sufficient to quiet any disturbance and to set right every wrong. The grim realities of the outer world could not penetrate here and no hostile element could darken the light of this atmosphere. Bimla realised well that the first duty of a wife was to create a home where harmony reigned and everything moved in rhythm. The love of Bimla towards her husband was too deep to be gauged even by her. She surrendered her whole heart to him. Surpal in return centred all his affections in her. His whole frame was electrified with joy in the presence of Bimla. He forgot all the cares and anxieties of his Kingdom in her presence and his worst sorrows were healed by her love. He learnt by experience that the purpose of marriage is the perfection of human nature through conjugal affection.

This happiness breathed new courage in the mind of Surpal and enabled him to enter upon a glorious career of conquest. The father of Surpal died soon afterwards and he

succeeded to his throne in the Kingdom of Multan. The Raja of Bhubar was a mortal enemy of Jaishanker; he now addressed a letter to Surpal inviting him to join with him in an invasion against Jaishanker, promising to give half his conquered territory to the son of Surpal. This letter was put in the hands of Surpal when he was sitting with Bimla. He placed it in her hands to consult her on the subject. Bimla read the letter and began to address her husband as follows.

"My dear Lord, this letter is disgraceful both to the writer and the addressee. None can dare to write such a letter unless he believes that such a letter must produce its effect upon the addressee. I do not know anything of the subject, but I apprehend a secret conspiracy in which you are tempted to be involved. The Raja of Bhubar wishes to entrap you by making an alluring promise to place your son on the throne of Jaishanker. Would you sell the blood of your subjects and adopt foul means of deceit and fraud to kill your relations? If I give birth to a son, I would never wish him to disgrace his mother by committing such a foul deed. To get a throne by bloodshed of the innocent and betrayal of the trust of the dearest and nearest of relations on this earth is the most heinous sin. I advise you to extend your dominions by all means, but you should not soil your hands with the blood of your relations to gain a temporal benefit, all such gains are always suicidal to the gaining party. A sinner does not see the consequences of his sin, but the consequences are there and are always inevitable; an arrow that you throw to hurt others comes back to you with an intensified speed. Whatever pain you inflict upon your fellow creatures returns to you with an increased force,

Laws of God are so just that you cannot wrong another person without suffering the same yourself. It is foolish to conquer the territory of Jaishanker if you can not compensate for the harm you do to him by adding to the happiness of his subjects. The harm you intend to do him is certain, but the happiness you are likely to bestow upon his people is quite uncertain and improbable. Therefore, my Lord, cease from this idea and do not fall into the trap set for you by the Raja of Bhubar."

These words of Bimla went deep into the heart of Surpal and he returned a flat refusal to the request of the Raja of Bhubar. Therefore the army of this Raja attacked the capital of Jaishanker and defeated him. Jaishanker was at length compelled to fly for his life in the company of Surpal. His queen was pregnant and so she along with Bimla was concealed in the trunk of a large tree in a jungle. Surpal soon learnt the news of the death of Jaishanker at the hands of his enemies who now went in pursuit of the ladies. They got scent of Bimla who was soon captured by Karan, the son of the Raja of Bhubar. Bimla tried more than once to commit suicide, but Karan prevented her from doing so by snatching from her hands once a weapon and then her diamond ring. Now he began to woo her and tried by all means in his power to persuade her to agree to his wish. In answer to his request Bimla replied as follows.

Bimla said "Karan, you cannot gauge the heart of a woman. If a woman once unsexes herself, there can be no limit to her unchastity. But if a woman takes a vow of chastity and faithfulness to her husband, nothing on earth can change her. Woman is pliable, feeble and frail. She is

liable to temptation and falls an easy prey to danger. But when she becomes conscious of her strength which comes through chaste life she can stand any misfortune and overcome any trial. Do not think for a moment that I will submit to any temptation or fear.

Karan replied: "You are now in my power and can not resist my will. It is better for you to yield peacefully otherwise I will make you yield by compulsion."

Bimla said: "You seem to be a believer in compulsion, but it is simply impossible for you to succeed in your wish. I can finish myself before you lay your hands on me. Remember every one suffers for his misdeeds in silence, and certainly your misdeed will bring you to grief. My body and soul are dedicated to my husband and no other man can have the power to conquer me. Though I am in a wretched state at present, but my piety shall make me a way out of this difficulty. Truth is always stronger than lies. My chastity will save me from any harm you contemplate, but you will certainly suffer for your misdeeds."

Karan now thought of another pretext. A Rajput who had formerly been a servant of *Surpal* was deputed to inform *Bimla* of the death of her husband. Hearing this *Bimla* said "my last tie with this world is broken and I will now burn my body."

Karan tried his best to dissuade *Bimla* from this resolution, but she remained firm and sent him away with hundreds of taunts and abuses. The resolution of *Bimla* was firm and she now began to make preparations to burn her body, she was taken to the funeral pyre where fire was lighted and a great concourse of people gathered to see

this unique rite. Surpal on the other hand was busy from the very day of the capture of Bimla to get news about her. He was seeking her everywhere and at last succeeded in getting news of her and managed in a disguise to approach the place where she was going to burn herself. Bimla was just ready to throw herself on the fire when Surpal shouted to her in a loud voice to desist. He appeared at once on the scene and took her in his lap and mounting the horse he had with him, disappeared immediately. All this happened so suddenly that none could make bold to catch the party. Husband and wife, now being united together, were soon able to recover their kingdom. The queen of Jaishanker also gave birth to a son who by the help of Surpal recovered in time the kingdom of his father.

BISHEN DASS.

Gurdaspur.

THE UPLIFT OF INDIAN WOMANHOOD.

FROM the beginning of time Woman has occupied a very important position in Society. She has always been in a large measure the source of strength and inspiration, and there are instances in the history of all nations where women have been the types of all the highest qualities. We have Savitri, the ideal of perfect Love, who conquered Death ; we have Sita, who is held in the highest reverence as the ideal of Indian womanhood. Women have always exerted a great influence on every race. Well has it been said, "The hand that rocks the cradle is the power that moves the world." It looks impossible that a nation can be great and free if its other half is held in bondage. That is a question with which we, in the India of these changing times, are confronted, and it looks as if in the path of our nation's destiny the words of the poet ring truer than ever.

"The woman's cause is man's, they rise or sink
Together, dwarf'd or godlike, bound or free."

In the main, we have forgotten the high ideals of the long age, and Indian womanhood is not given the freedom and knowledge which men enjoy and that is why our national awakening is only half complete. Women are looked upon as slaves and they are considered to have no duty higher than doing the ordinary household work.

They are denied the light and air of life. As for the state of their education it is very backward, and one feels the position which they nowadays occupy when it is borne in mind that on education depends the realisation of the values of life, the social, moral and political issues, as well as the knowledge of their duties in home and civic life.

It is the mothers who are the mainspring of all the activities of the race, the mothers who in their very laps arouse race-consciousness, that have been the builders and the mainstay of empires. These are the mothers like the mother of the Gracchi, that made Rome what it was—the pride of the nations, and the wonder of subsequent ages. There is no greater duty, no nobler task for Young India than the one which can be so simply expressed. "Make women realise their Self," for only in self-realisation lies the knowledge of God, and the world. Let them feel that they are the inheritors of great ideals, and that the redemption of their nation depends on them. Woman's position with man's is one of equality, and both complement one another in the labours of life. This idea must take deep root in us, and will give rise to a reverence towards women which is their due. Therefore the first duty that we owe to women as well as to ourselves is the proper realisation of the place of women in society. Having done that and felt how indispensable they are to national as well as individual well-being, how handicapped societies and individuals are without the help and guidance of woman-kind, the next thing is to equip them so as to become of the greatest service. This can be achieved by a healthy and proper system of education commensurate with their needs. This must not degenerate into a fetish of instruction,

that would be the greatest disservice we can do ; rather let it aim at developing their highest qualities. When we have succeeded there, we shall have solved one of our greatest national problems, and raised society to a nobler level where men and women still walk as comrades, and the progress of the state also in every sphere will be assured.

Unless, therefore, a feeling of sacredness and reverence surrounds womanhood, and the high ideals of a golden past where women were goddesses and partakers of life, and not mere jasmine flowers, there can be no real progress. The springtide of our regeneration will not come until our women hold forth the banner of a nation's freedom. For, as the Prophet of Araby has so exquisitely *said*. " Under the feet of the Mother lies Paradise."

Amritsar.

ABDUL HAMEED.

THE PROBATION OF INDIANS.

A gradual transfer of responsible government to Indians involves a constant weighing of them in the balance. Have they not already been tried? If not, where and how can a beginning be made? The Secretary of State and the Viceroy are of opinion that the experiments of the past were really not in making Indians responsible for any branch of administration, and a beginning has to be made by transferring certain subjects to Indian ministers chosen from the elected representatives of the people and responsible to the people. The Government of India agree. Most of the provincial administrators hold that the object will be gained if more effect is given to the resolutions and advice of non-officials, and that a divided Government will lack harmony.

Europeans and Indians as such need not differ on questions of this kind in theory. In practice a statutory injunction to give effect to certain non-official resolutions vests more real responsibility in Indians than a hope expressed, however solemnly, that Local Governments may be pleased to adopt that policy. Hence Indians would naturally prefer the Government of India's plan with all its disadvantages. Are these not exaggerated? Friction is not unknown under the existing system. The first Indian member of the Imperial Executive Council could not work smoothly with his colleagues, and he is now Mr. Montagu's lieutenant. The latest example of the friction between officials

and non-officials has become so notorious that the Afghan invasion itself has in some degree been attributed to it.

Though Indians may prefer the dual system recommended by Lord Chelmsford's Government, the idea did not originate with the National Congress. They care more for the effect given to the voice of the people, whether the ministers in charge of particular subjects happen to be Indians or Europeans. Among the subjects which the Government of India is not prepared to transfer, and which Indians would like to get under their control, are commerce and industries, land revenue, and secondary and higher education. It is alleged on one side that in these departments of vital concern to the nation the officials have in the past unjustly or unnecessarily sacrificed Indian interests, while officials fear that inexperienced visionaries may neglect the sinews of government and the peace of the country.

Critics have not been slow to draw a moral from several recent occurrences. The first contribution of a hundred millions sterling to England's war expenditure was readily voted by non-officials. The second offer of 45 millions was opposed by a few in the Legislative Council and by the National Congress at Delhi. The offer was still under consideration last month, possibly because His Majesty's ministers thought it prudent to wait for possible developments on the north-west frontier of India, which would necessarily throw a heavy burden on Indian finances. An obvious moral has been drawn from the attitude of the Congress by its critics. Among provincial heads of revenue the Government of India is prepared to transfer to Indian control the levying of excise duties under certain restrictions, but no other large source of revenue coveted by Indians.

For nearly a decade before the war anarchical crime had been unsuccessfully dealt with in India. During the war even loyal leaders advised enlistment in the army because a Government makes ready concessions to people who have learned the use of arms and the art of fighting. Even while advising the risk of life on behalf of Government, an ulterior motive was suggested. Coupled with this open avowal of the intention to utilise military training for political purposes after the war was the beginning made to communicate secretly with foreign Powers. In the circumstances the Government thought that revolutionary crime was not likely to disappear quickly unless it was vigorously combated. The opposition to special measures even by Moderates has naturally created the suspicion that revolutionary crime is welcomed as a handle provided by Divinity to squeeze concessions out of Government.

The world is asked to make a note of the Hindu-Musalman unity. Several deputations have gone to England, and the British nation may well be puzzled to know the differences between the National Liberals and the National Congress, the All India Home Rule League and the National Home Rule League. In the Benares Hindu University, the Vice Chancellor, the Principal and several of the Professors resigned last month for unpublished reasons, and European critics asked, if this is the way a small university, owned by one community, is managed how will Indians of all communities control the whole field of secondary and higher education? The Afghan invasion also gave rise to secret questionings regarding Hindu Moslem relations in the absence of a strong power like the British Government in India.

A SPECTATOR.

THE SLAYING OF A SPOOK.—(*Contd.*)

CHAPTER XVII.

“NOT at all, not at all, my dear fellow,” said Mr. Bond to his future son-in-law. It only wanted three days to the wedding and Desforêts had taken up his quarters at a hotel hard by. He was anxious to know the result of an enquiry he had placed in Mr. Bond’s hands, as a person far more likely to succeed in unearthing particulars connected with a criminal trial of more than a hundred years back than himself. They were in the book room, the portrait of old Tom Bond had been taken down, but Margaret’s had not yet taken its place.

Desforêts was easy enough to deal with. He was utterly unsuspecting, rather ashamed of having given so much trouble to a man whose infirmity made exertion doubly irksome, about what must have seemed to him a nonsensical fancy, exceedingly grateful for his sympathy, perfectly ready to submit to his judgment on the subject in hand. This made the deception Mr. Bond had to practise doubly repulsive. He wished Margaret’s picture had been hung up. He was doing all this for her. To have had her face in front of him would have been a support.

"It has really given me very little trouble," he went on. "An old friend in the Archæological got me all the local information I wanted. But you will be disappointed, I fear. Well, in 1801, a Mr. Tomlinson, described as a wool-broker, a man of some prominence, was murdered on the road at a place called Elsey not very far from Chichester. A large sum of money, in gold, over £90, was taken from him. The principal evidence against the man who was executed was a cap found by the body. That is enough, I think, to convince us that we're right so far."

"Quite", said Desforêts. "Who was the poor chap who was harged?"

"Here comes the difficulty. His name was MacMurrough. An odd name to find in Sussex. He didn't belong to the village or was a new comer, for the name doesn't appear in the church registers at all."

Desforêts pondered.

"But the clothes he gave Dubois had belonged to a son who had just died."

"That is the puzzle. The only thing that throws possible light on it is that in a village almost close by, the name "McMorris" occurs in the register of deaths, about two months before the murder. My friend Caswell examined those registers in the idea that MacMurrough might possibly have come from that village. The name occurred singly; it is not to be found elsewhere in the registers. The age is 20. The inference I am inclined to draw is that a mistake was made in entering an outlandish and unfamiliar name. My friend writes " (Mr. Bond consulted a typed letter which he took out of a bulky pocket book)." 'I can find no trace of local tradition

having reference to the murder. One old man said his father used to call the rise where Mr. Hogg's house is 'Gallows Hill'. Just give me that book on the table, will you? It's an old history of Chichester published in 1812. I turned it over on the chance of its having any mention of a murder that must have made some noise at the time. It does refer to it but quite casually. Look here—"the murder of Mr. Tomlinson, *by a discharged soldier*—". That accounts for the name but leaves the son a mystery. I *fear* your idea of separation is impracticable. We must put the story away with other "old, forgotten, far off things." Your ancestor was in no way responsible for the hanging of poor MacMurrrough, and his desire to do justice to his memory is very much to his credit. But let the dead rest."

"But do they rest, Mr. Bond?" said Desforêts. "I can't help connecting that strange manifestation among your chessmen—."

Mr. Bond laughed.

"It's a painful thing to turn the cold light of common sense on a harmless superstition! It's so easy to turn coincidence into consequence. The moment it occurred to some silly person (poor Clara, very likely) that Captain Dubois' promise about the pawn must stay in his memory wherever he was, the steps are easy. People have always believed in telepathy, under one name or another. The thought of him came whenever the chessmen were put out. A mistake, a joking remark about the absence of a pawn accidentally repeated. Quite enough for her, poor child. Then the story slept for sixty or seventy years and was revived by that foolish old woman

Etta was talking about. They don't play fair, these women! You're not old enough to remember the "Willing Game," we were all mad over thirty or forty years ago. All three of them had made up their minds you should shake out that bag. And you shook it out. Successes like that were common. "Dynamic mentality," they called it in those days. I hear that you and Madge believe you are fulfilling the disappointed destinies of Clara and Dubois"! (Mr. Bond laughed tolerantly). "Well, you've kept your promise about the chessman, and you seem to have explained your staying away for a hundred years or so in a satisfactory way. I think you may dismiss the past and go forward to meet the future with a good conscience. You have done all in your power to discharge the debt of honour you believe yourself to have inherited. No one is in existence to whom you *can* discharge it. You are free."

CHAPTER XVIII.

"*He* is all right at any rate," said Mr. Bond to himself as the door closed upon Desforet. "I wonder what old Tom Bond would say. All the same, there *is* something about those chessmen. If that story began with poor Clara—if his—spirit or whatever it is, found a way to her's through the promise to bring that pawn, while he was in the body, and made its presence known—as it does now, the road it opened then *may* have stayed open to it after he died. If he'd got to England and given himself up to justice as the real murderer of old Tom, he'd have been hanged to a dead certainty. He knew that. Remorse must have been with him passion—a passion as strong as what was able to carry his spirit to meet hers over the

chessboard. Who knows? His last thought may have been a longing to keep—somehow—among the living till the wrong he had done was righted, and those chessmen offered a way his spirit or soul, or—spook—had taken before—in life, and there was no other. Or is it only the persistence of a—phenomenon started by the yearning of a lover for his beloved?

If Dubois—or his spook—is really kept from his rest by his wish to see the wrong he did righted by the confession of his representative, he must feel himself—disappointed. That rectification is further off than ever. Hard lines on him—it—whatever you may call the presence that produces this absurd delusion.—I will see that the Blossoms have no cause to complain—as far as money goes. Wherever old Tom is, and I'm bound to give him credit for sense enough to be well pleased at this reconciliation, if he knows anything about it. But it is rough on the spook, as if he'd been imprisoned underground for a hundred years and more and was only at long intervals able to make his existence known by the feeblest of tapping—.

"Almost simultaneously with the word came a glad tap at the door. Margaret came in, radiant. "Are you very busy, father? You'll have it here? You won't come in?"

"You shall bring it to me here. Madge—where's the young man? You look as if you had heard something to your advantage."

"I'm all right," said the girl laughing. She stood for a moment by his chair. All at once she dropped down and hid her face on his knees.

"Oh, father, father! I've brought you your tea so often! And now I'm going away. I shall never bring it again and I can't help being happy. And I was so wicked and cross about the Mervyns. But I *couldn't* do it! And you and mother were so good about it."

She was crying now. Her words came through sobs. Mr. Bond stroked her hair tenderly.

"I remember the first time you were trusted to bring me my tea. You took a long time about it. You were a small thing, then, Madge. Well, but *we* are very happy too. A man of my age without a son-in-law, is—incomplete—and your mother. I never saw her take to any one as she does to Philip. And as for Charlie!—'It's no good talking of Etta. She firmly believes that it was she who brought all this desolation about. She's hardened. Now be off and bring me my tea. And mind you don't upset it.'"

Margaret went off laughing, with tears on her cheeks. Happiness and love were so interwoven with her life that it seemed impossible apart from them.

Mr. Bond sat perfectly still for a moment after she shut the door. Then he said to himself with conviction. "It's lucky it's not murder. I should do it."

CHAPTER XIX.

The wedding was ideal. Margaret went through all the thread-bare conventionalities of the occasion with a beautiful spontaneousness of acceptance that might almost make a spectator believe that the ceremony has been improvised for her special behoof. She was not too proud to cry and she was not too cold to blush and when at the spectacular moment of her leaving the church on her

husbands' arm, the camera moment, a tiny girl with flowers tumbled down right before her and uplifted her voice in lamentation, the bride did not seem the least embarrassed by the unfamiliar adjuncts of a husband and a prodigious bouquet. She picked up the little one, hugged her in a moment into happiness with a laugh that every creature is the churchyard echoed, and so passed on on the crest of a wave of good wishes strong enough to carry her high up on the shore of the new life that lay before her. Never was a brighter prognostic, said the old woman. Flowers and tears and love and laughter. And they seem right. Margaret is a happy wife.

One of Mr. Bond's old Oxford friends, a North country parson, had come to give his help at the wedding.

The Rev. John Hawkwood had been for a dozen years or so vicar of a parish in the moors and had to a certain extent acquired the conversational habits of his flock. They were mostly small farmers living in lonely glens, who dealt with words very much as their wives did with female domestics—made one do the work of half a dozen. The silver of speech was issued grudgingly; golden silences formed the common medium of conversational exchange. Under pressure, however, he talked but did not consider it necessary to do more than lay down premises. Such opinions as he held, he generally kept to himself. His power of taking things for granted was immense and he detested explanations.

Mrs. Bond had banished the two into the bookroom when the perturbation of departure was over, to smoke and talk until the usual landmarks of domestic life reappeared above the flood of Hymeneal impertinences.

under which they were submerged. Mr. Bond preferred cigarettes ; the guest indicated by a movement of his shoulders his preference for a pipe which he extracted from the unapparent pocket, along with an antiquated flint and steel.

"Nobody else's fire good enough for you !" said the host derisively. Mr. Hawkwood got his pipe satisfactorily under way before he removed it from his lips for speech.

"Charming bride, Bond. But a loss to you, I fancy."

"Irreparable," laughed Mr. Bond. It was no laughing matter to him but a wedding imposes levity. "The common doom of fathers."

"Seems a good fellow, the man, American, is he ?"

"New Orleans by origin. A great friend of my son Charlie. But there's a sort of hereditary friendship as well. We are quite satisfied,—and so is Margaret," he added completely.

"No need to tell me that. 'Beatitude was written on her face.'—Not a long engagement, was it ?"

"Not *quite* a run away match. But there was really no reason for delay. 'What thou doest do quickly' is a rule that saves sorrow in these cases. And 'happy is the wooing,' you know. You remember Wallis at the old place ? Coached me for Greats. After you went down, he fell in love with a girl who was staying with Mrs. Daubeney. Met her and married her in three weeks. Turned out admirably, in every respect. But it was odd. Looks, brains, money—everything on his side."

"Except Years," said the guest in a chuckle.
"She had the best of him there. Oh, yes, I remember

old Moonstone. It was you who called him that. Some one was speaking about him the other day. "Antenatal affinities. They recognised one another."

"Psychical as ever. I suppose. This coffee's cold. Chuck it into the slop basin and try some more. Weddings are the deuce."

Mr. Bond applied himself to the little glazed jug that simmered delicately over a tiny spirit lamp at his elbow.

"Sybarite!", said Mr. Hawkwood, "*and* cream.—worse, by a long chalk. But he's not the least good to the cause."

Mr. Bond looked a question.

"He suffers from an intractable conscience. Manifestations surround him. He believes, but his senses refuse entirely to supply him with proof. His clock strikes twelve, when it ought to strike six. A friend dies at the moment, and he says very honestly that he wasn't listening. His housemaid came rushing up from the kitchen the other day. The fireirons were possessed! They were dancing a jig! By the time he got down, the fit was over. It must be a temptation. But he *won't* lay claim to any personal experiences. My impression is that he has been a good deal coaxed. But — —."

"Sooner die, than tell a lie! You don't believe in that sort of thing. Spooky phenomena and the rest of it?"

"I'll be hanged if I know, Bond," said the parson, pulling up another chair and putting his feet on it in a way very reminiscent of Oxford. "No, I suppose I don't. But I keep my unbelief to myself in my parish."

"Why I thought up in the North you all had heads as long and as hard as"—Mr. Bond looked round him for a comparison—"that office ruler."

"Hard heads have mostly got soft spots. I knew a farming family for years before I found out that an Aberdeen terrier who used to sit in the armchair by the fireside and was not to be disturbed on any account, was really the grandfather. Oh, I don't know. Died of continued neglect never quite amounting to criminality, I believe. His work didn't earn his keep, so—I dare say he recognized the reasonableness of it."

"But how did he transmigrate?" asked Mr. Bond, taking the cigarette out of his mouth. He was getting interested.

Mr. Hawkwood shook his head.

"Never heard. Never shall.—There's a flagstone in a cottage kitchen I know, that a visitor mustn't put his foot on. Sort of taboo. People of the house don't know a thing about it. Took it over with the house. Half a dozen years ago, a man broke his leg coming out. I asked how he'd managed to do that. It seemed he'd stepped on this thing. So he tripped over the door sill as he went out."

Mr. Hawkwood produced a dry chuckle that did not commit him to any opinion of the truth of the story he had just told.

"Come on, Hawkwood!" expostulated the host. "You don't believe *that*."

The parson shrugged his shoulders.

"I take uncommonly good care where I step when I call there. I am not going to give it a chance at me."

"What on earth do you mean by 'it', man? The flag stone?"

"What's your objection to the word? 'It' is as good as another combination of letters, isn't it?"

"If you shuffle like that, I'll send for my wife to cross-examine you. Do you mean—a spirit, or anything of that sort? You *think*—sometimes, I suppose."

Mr. Hawkwood examined the bowl of his pipe and stopped it with his little finger before answering. The action apparently belonged to the process of bringing his mind to bear upon a given point.

"I'm not bound to think. And I don't. What possible good is it to exert your mind on the question whether a particular saucepan regularly returns to roost in the same place on the dresser, like a hen? One of the sharpest old ladies in my parish believes it. Not the least use putting it anywhere else, she says. Spooks and spirits are outside my purview."

"What I want to come at is this," said Mr. Bond, sitting up with determination. "So you believe in the existence of such—such—existences, or don't you? You seem to live in the middle of things you don't even attempt to explain! Now, my dear fellow, you know that's childish. You *must* have *some* theory."

"I'll construct one for you," said the parson who evidently regarded the whole subject in a humorous light. "Under certain obscure conditions, things animate or inanimate that have been brought into close relation with humanity, *may* become capable of—"

There was a gentle tap at the door. Mrs. Bond came in.

"Mr. Hawkwood, I bring the order of release. Things are becoming normal. And dinner will not be more than half an hour late. How comfortable you two look!"

"He has been telling gruesome stories of the Yorkshire moors, my dear. Pots and pans possessed by evil spirits—."

"Your husband is just as inaccurate as ever, Mrs. Bond," protested the guest, "No, but it sometimes seems as if things remained under the influence of their former owners. They catch the habits of the people who have used them."

"Oh, I can believe *that*," said Mrs. Bond, not unwilling for a minute to take refuge in a subject totally extraneous to the host of practical questions that beset the mother of a bride. "There's Ellen Cary's piano— But I can't stop a moment—"

"Sit down, sit down," commanded her husband. "Thanks, Hawkwood. There's another chair somewhere—."

"I *am* exhausted rather", said Mrs. Bond, submitting. "Just a moment then. Well, Mr. Hawkwood, there was a Mrs. Culliford. She never played in public but she had quite a celebrity of her own in musical circles. Something about her playing was so curiously distinctive they said. Well, when she died, she left her favourite piano to Ellen Cary. Now Ellen's musical cultivation is quite equal to Mrs. Culliford's, I believe, but her playing

is only just good—*very* good, you know, but like other people's. Nothing individual about it. But when she plays on that piano, musical authorities say that it is Mrs. Culliford over again. She knows it herself but she can't tell why. It's something in the piano, she says."

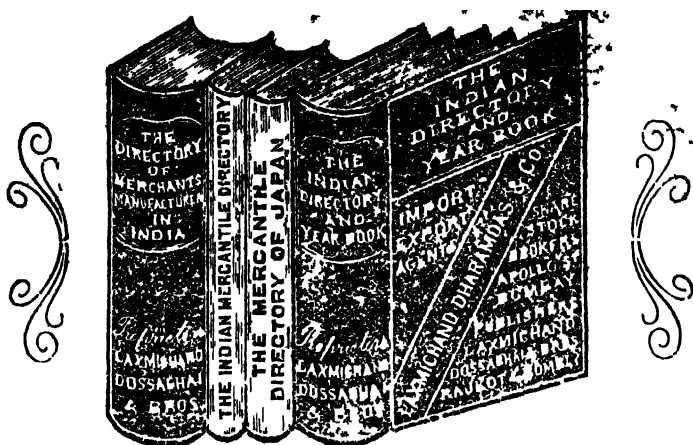
"Not the spirit of the last owner, I hope?" asked Mr. Hawkwood, laughing.

"Oh, she isn't like that at all. Things get habits somehow."

"Mrs. Bond has put it in a word. Things get habits," said the guest. "If you would only stay and help me, Mrs. Bond, I should confute him in no time."

"I'm glad I must go then—Tom, don't be late for dinner."

(To be continued)



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